OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

BEGINS A NEW ROMANTIC NOVEL

STRANGE HONEYMOON

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December 10, 1938

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Collier's

E CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISH-
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN
INE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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EC. 10, 1938

ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

From what our friends tell us this time-honored Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe has practically become a Christmas tradition. So here it is again. Just get some Four Roses Whiskey at your nearest package store, and follow these directions:

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

Be sure you use Four Roses! For it is *the* whiskey for a truly magnificent Bowl of Merry Christmas!

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof

The Smiles of the Browns are Brighter since teacher taught Sally to massage her Gums

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

TEACHER taught Sally about *gum massage.* And Sally taught Mother and Mother taught Dad! And so it goes. In so many homes, smiles are healthier and brighter because youngsters like Sally bring home that modern classroom lesson *"Gum massage for firmer gums, sounder teeth, more attractive smiles!"*

Gum massage is encouraged by modern dentists—taught in many modern schools—practiced in many American homes. For to keep healthy, gums need more work than our modern soft-food menus provide. Naturally, gums are apt to grow sensitive and lazy and all too often flash that danger signal, that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

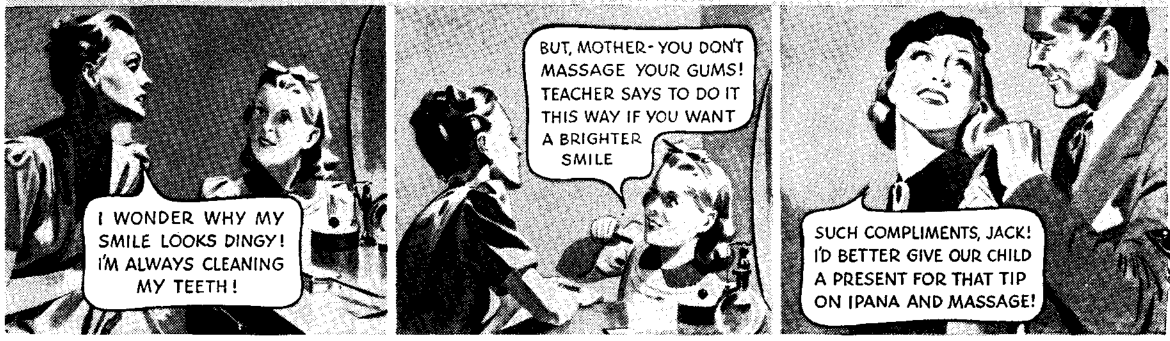
When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown flabby under our soft-food menus—gums that need more work—gums that respond to the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe—don't risk trouble. Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your regular dental health routine. Help your dentist keep your smile appealing, attractive!

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, get a D. D. Tooth Brush from your druggist today—the brush with the "twisted handle."

LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP MAKE YOUR SMILE APPEALING


I WONDER WHY MY SMILE LOOKS DINGY! I'M ALWAYS CLEANING MY TEETH!
BUT, MOTHER - YOU DON'T MASSAGE YOUR GUMS! TEACHER SAYS TO DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT A BRIGHTER SMILE
SUCH COMPLIMENTS, JACK! I'D BETTER GIVE OUR CHILD A PRESENT FOR THAT TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK

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Collier's

December 10, 1938

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		

Next Week

IT WAS Eddy Moore who took the drum solo and Eddy was very hot that night. The party was out on Long Island. All evening it had been working up to a climax. When somebody requested "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You," Eddy figured this was it and started to go to town. He plays that number with a lot of rim shots on the snare drum. The last two were extra loud; they sounded like revolver shots.

And when Candace Armour's body was found in the pantry, people realized that that's what they had been. "Death on the Offbeat," by John Wiggin, is a mystery story of nicely timed violence.

SOMETHING else that has been rising to a climax is the football season. You get the pinnacle next week with the appearance of Collier's All-America Football Team selected by Grantland Rice and the All-America Advisory Board. In addition to settling all bets and starting innumerable arguments, the All-America will give you a chance to review the season and see what 1938 has done to the game.

CAROL said she would leave him if he fought again and Jim Banning knew she wasn't joking. But somehow he couldn't help himself. He needed money; he hated his job; more important, he was still the champ and ached to prove it. He was so sure he could do it that he bet his end of the purse on himself and shut the door against advice. A great athlete dedicated to destruction. You would have said that no one could help him. In "We'll Try Again," William Fay shows that isn't quite so.

MAMA-SAN was very happy and very proud. She knew that she was very happy and very proud because the village headman had told her so. Through the clean-swept Japanese dawn she was walking to the railroad station to get a box. A small white box it would be, and in it the ashes of her son. It was not her province to understand the inscrutable forces that had flung her son across the China Sea and now brought him back in a small white box. But Mama-san could do what was expected—she could wave a flag and feel, or try to feel, very happy and very proud. W. B. Courtney gives you an accounting of the human costs of acquiring an empire in "To Be My Pride and Joy."

THE rest of the line-up includes Octavus Roy Cohen, Agatha Christie, Roark Bradford, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
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PAUL O'NEIL
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IRWIN SHAW
Stop Pushing. A very delicate affair—in a Philadelphia ring. Page 27

THOMAS McMORROW
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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SERIAL STORIES

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AGATHA CHRISTIE
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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Bright spots. Page 6

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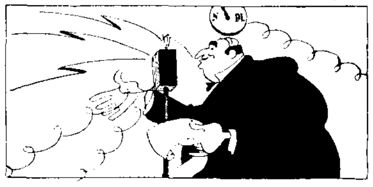
Legal Clinics. Page 74

COVER JARO FABRY

Any Week

MR. LESLIE McANDREW of Chicago, Illinois, is convinced that nothing is needed so much as lie-detectors for political candidates. Mr. McAndrew is not one to be content with a mere idea. He has rigged up a model. "Above the candidate's head as he takes his stand to deliver would be a large dial marked from N (for nonsense) to DL (damn' lie)," writes Mr. McAndrew. "A similar, smaller device would be attached to all radios. Any candidate who would refuse to submit to the necessary wiring and clocking would be denied the right to speak. Of course, between campaigns, it could be used on news commentators and polar explorers. It works, too. I have tried it out on myself."



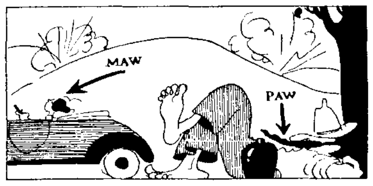
AND Mr. Jerome F. Dunest of Santa Monica, California, informs us that he "can read between the lines as good if not better than the next man." Thus endowed, Mr. Dunest is bent on writing "a true manuscript." For many years he has read "all the important magazines published in America, not for what they seem to be saying but for what they print between the lines or hidden meanings." Mr. Dunest purposes to write what he has read between the lines. Unless he is very much mistaken (and we earnestly hope that he is) "a lot of editors will be leaving the country without waiting to say goodby." This is disconcerting enough. But somehow we could wish that he hadn't added that postscript. "P. S.," writes Mr. Dunest. "What are your regular rates for truth?"

A FRIEND of ours from San Francisco tells us that he called at the offices of the New York World's Fair with what he thought was a pretty harrowing idea. It seemed a bit involved as he related it; but that's not the point. Anyway, it had something to do with hands across the continent and both the New York show and the San Francisco splurge would benefit. Our friend was met by a lovely creature who, he assures us, would have made Helen of Troy look like Typhoid Maggie with a hangover. When he asked for an audience with Mr. Grover Whalen and explained his mission, the dream replied haughtily: "Sorry. Impossible. Mr. Whalen does not recognize the San Francisco Fair."

BUT we're not feeling our best. The beating we've been taking from Elkins, West Virginia, is responsible. Elkins is a town of innumerable attractions amongst which is football player Marshall Goldberg. Not long ago we published a piece about Mr. Goldberg and Elkins, his home town.

We immediately became Elkins' unanimous candidate for the All-America slug. Virtually the whole town, running interference for Mr. Goldberg, mowed us down. Arising shakily to our feet we give you Elkins' denial that she is a coal town, that she possesses a Leisure Hour Poolroom, an Elite Café or tolerates lanky mountaineers slouching in barber chairs. Also Elkins is three hundred miles from the feud grounds of the Hatfields and the McCoys. When we've finished this chore we're going to rise and give three or four deafening cheers for Elkins, West Virginia, and dare somebody to make something of it.

AND Mr. Twell Tyckland of Hindman, Kentucky, while an admirer of Reamer Keller's hillbilly cartoons, is also somewhat cynical. They have, says Mr. Tyckland, "a certain homely humor, but Mr. Keller ridicules relaxation, almost holds it up to scorn. We mountaineers lack abundant means with which to travel, to broaden ourselves; yet, I am told that among the best-selling books in the North are several advising you impetuous folk to relax—and telling you how to do it. If our apparent mastery of this best-selling art gives you any of the relaxation you admittedly yearn for, we feel fully repaid for Mr. Keller's harmless libels on Maw, Paw and Zeke. But this effort has exhausted me. I seek the balm of noonday sleep in the shade of yonder prostrate houn' dawg. But Maw will not be near by splitting kindling. She is off to her bridge club, down Assassination Branch, driving her own car and only half convinced that her new electric range will have the roast done as advertised (see your own advertising pages) when she returns at six o'clock. Please give Mr. Keller my regards. Ask him to come down some day and relax. You too."



AW, SHUCKS! W. D.

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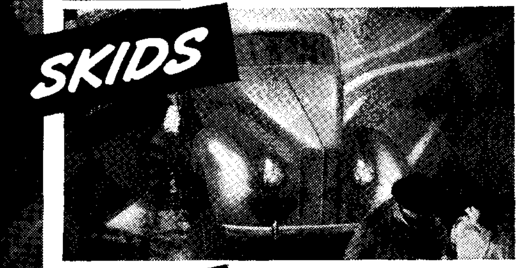
STUCK AGAIN!
HOPE I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE LIKE THIS ALL WINTER!

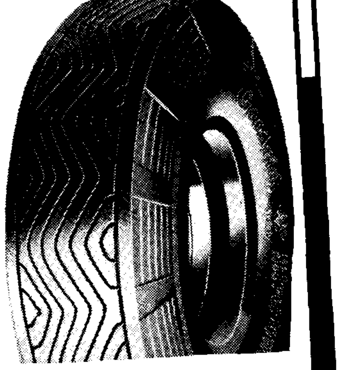
AVOID WINTER GRIEF!



To Avoid SKIDS! STALLS! SHIVERS! Get This 3-Way Protection Now!

1. QUICKER STOPS—

SURER PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDS WITH THIS NEW ROAD-DRYING TIRE!

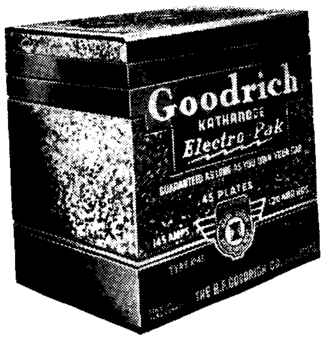


● With wet, skiddy weather ahead, it's no time to be riding on smooth, worn tires. Play safe. Change now to the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with its amazing Life-Saver Tread that acts like a whole battery of windshield wipers—*sweeps wet roads dry*—gives you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever seen! And remember, AT ALL TIMES Silvertowns give you that other great life-saving feature—the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection. *Yet they cost not a penny extra!* See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store *today.*

The New Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

2. QUICKER STARTS—

WITH THIS NEW-TYPE BATTERY GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR!

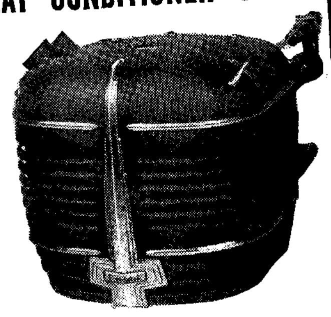


● Yes, sir, that's the sensational Goodrich guarantee! Drive your car as long as you like—as far as you like—and if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge,* as clearly stated in the written guarantee. If you want to save battery grief and expense this winter . . . next winter and for years to come, put this guaranteed super-powered battery with its *exclusive* Power-Saving Top Cover in your car today. That's the way to get off to a "flying start" no matter how cold the weather gets.

The New Goodrich KATHANODE Electro-Pak

3. QUICKER HEAT—

ALL THROUGH YOUR CAR WITH NEW TWIN-FAN "HEAT CONDITIONER"!



● Here's a complete *heat conditioning unit* for your car that has TWICE the number of fans found in ordinary heaters! That's why it sends glorious warmth down to the floorboards—up to the windshield defroster outlets—to the whole front seat—and out through the entire car. What's more, this Goodrich Model "81" Heater is streamlined—compact—gives plenty of leg room. And it has the most powerful car heater motor ever built. Install a Goodrich Model "81" Heater now. That's the way to give EVERYONE in your car a real "heat conditioned" ride.

The New Goodrich Model "81" Heater

See Your Goodrich Dealer

FOR MONEY-SAVING, TROUBLE-SAVING PRODUCTS ALL YEAR 'ROUND • *Free Service*

"Gee, pop, WHY DON'T YOU GET A WIG?"

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

Baldness invites comment. And the younger you are the more of a drawback it may be, in your social and business life. Don't let this happen to you.

Protect the hair you have by the use of Kreml every day. It is one of the wisest investments you can make in your appearance and your future.

Kreml not only removes ugly dandruff that litters your hair and snows down on your collar. It also stops excessive loss of hair, and its wonderful tonic benefits stimulate the scalp.

If you are a skeptic, don't risk the price of a full bottle. A call for it in the barber shop will give you the "feel" of Kreml—its refreshing, cleansing effects on the scalp and hair. You will also note that your hair stays neatly combed without having that greasy, pasty, plastered-down look. And then, we believe, you'll buy a bottle at your druggist's on the way home.

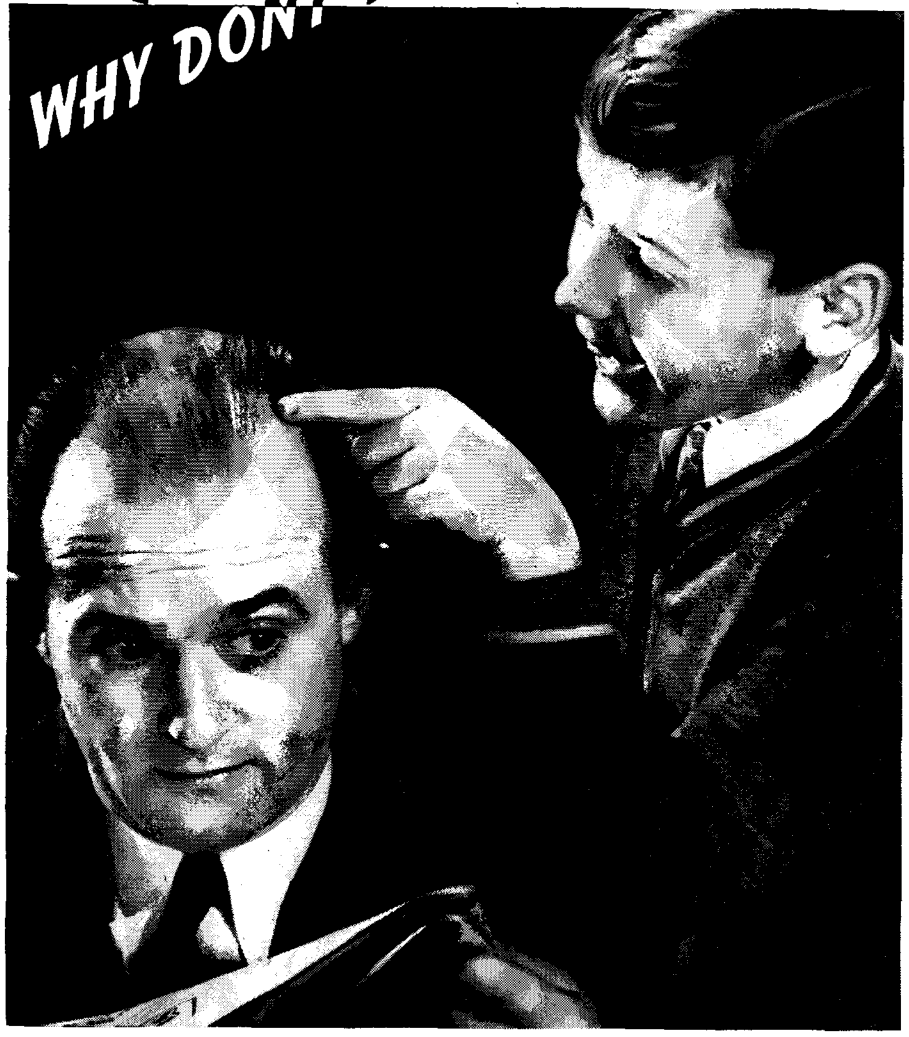
And here's a tip for your wife: almost as many women as men use Kreml. It's grand for the coiffure, giving it a soft, alluring sheen. Ideal for use after permanents.

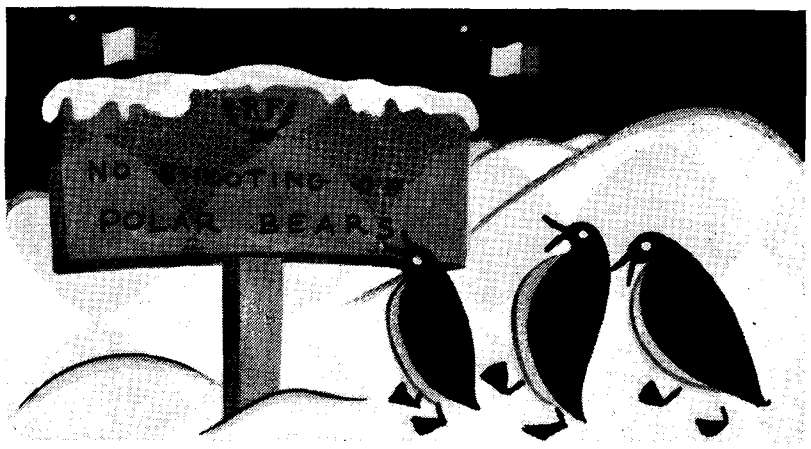
Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When France claimed a section of Antarctica many years ago, it issued a proclamation against shooting polar bears within the territory, not realizing that no land mammal of any kind inhabits these vast South Polar regions.

Because there is no property right in oceans, it is widely believed that anyone is entitled to hunt and keep the countless millions of dollars of treasure lying in sunken ships. However, this is not true as the underwriters become the sole legal owners of these wrecks and all contents on the day the insurance is paid.

Queen Elizabeth of England established a precedent at Windsor Castle last year by having tea served in the Orangery instead of the Green Drawing Room. All liked the new arrangement except the footmen who had to serve from the kitchens to the apartment, a distance of more than half a mile.—*By Arthur E. Collard, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.*

Recent records made by sailplanes and other gliders, which are supported solely by rising air currents, include a straight-line flight of 405 miles, an altitude flight of 14,190 feet above the starting point and a duration flight lasting 36 hours and 35 minutes.

No orchid has been patented since the passing of the plant patent bill in 1930, because nature, it is believed, has somewhere produced, or is likely to produce, a hybrid quite similar to any that may be invented. Not long ago, an American and an Englishman found that an orchid that grew wild on a South Sea island was exactly like one they had worked on for years.

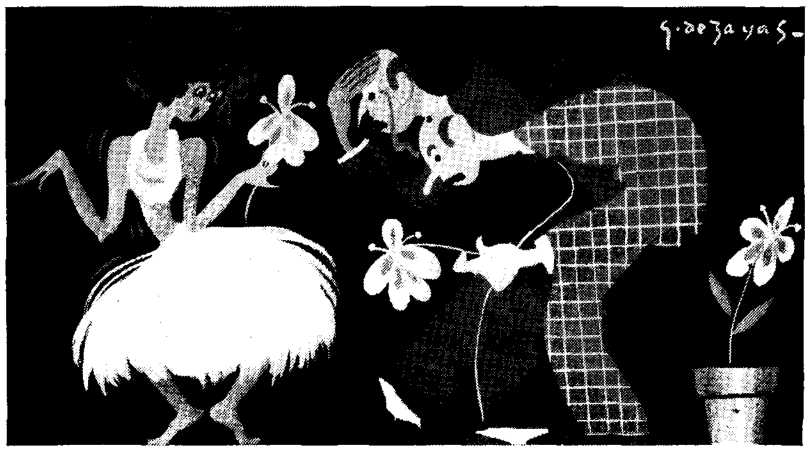
The Tanka of China are the only people, so far as is known, who were ever forbidden to own or to live on the land of their country. Until the downfall of the monarchy in 1912, they were made to live on boats or in pile dwellings on the waterways in and around Canton. They were also prohibited from intermarrying with land people and attending land schools.

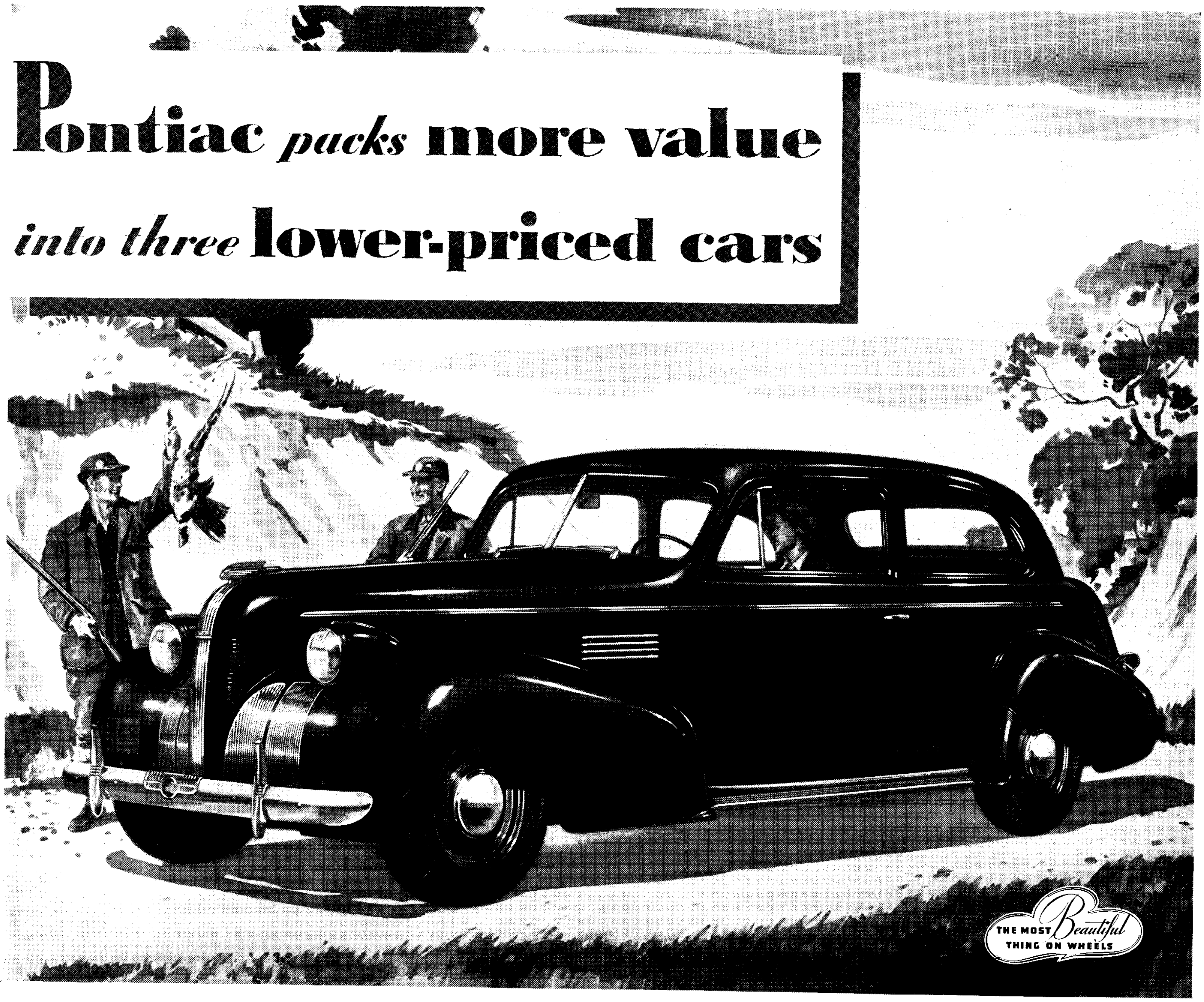
Nearly every large seaport in the world has a "Monkey Wrench Corner," a street intersection near the docks where sailors congregate to exchange news and stories. The spot is so named because it is usually crowded with unemployed seamen, or "monkeys," who wait there to borrow money from, or put the "wrench" on, those in better circumstances.

America's first temperance societies pledged their members to a limited consumption of alcoholic beverages, not to total abstinence. One such organization, formed in Morristown, New Jersey, in 1825, required that each member reduce his drinking to one pint of applejack a day.—*By Elsie McCormick Dunn, Westport, Connecticut.*

A British government trawler that studies the movements of fish in the North Sea has caught, tagged and released the same fish several times. The record is held by a 500-pound ray, which has come up in the net and been thrown back into the sea twenty-one times in the past five years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. *None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher*




THE MOST Beautiful THING ON WHEELS

Pontiac *packs* more value *into three* lower-priced cars

Thanks to Pontiac's lower prices—*you now can own a top-flight car and never miss the dollar-difference!*

When you sign that check for a new Pontiac you sign your own passport into a brave new world where every road seems a boulevard . . . every mile holds a thrill . . . and gas and oil bills shrink to a point you've never believed possible! It's a finer world than you've ever known, because no car, *at any price*, has ever given you *all* that the 1939 Pontiacs provide. Never have you enjoyed the equal of the new gliding ride—smooth as flowing oil—made possible by Pontiac's new Duflex rear springs. Never have bodies so rich and reposeful been mated with such glamorous style. And never have engines whisked you silently about your business with the same winning combination of economy and power. Pontiac has packed the new Silver Streaks with everything your heart could desire. The Quality Six, the De Luxe Six or Eight—*all* are genuine top-flight cars. And here's the frosting on the cake! That check mentioned earlier will be mighty small, because Pontiac prices are *lower* this year—*so near the lowest that you'll never miss the dollar-difference.* Why not talk turkey with your Pontiac dealer today?

You can't match all these features in any other low-priced car!

• Distinctive New Silver Streak Styling • Newest Ride with Duflex Springing • Lower, Wider Bodies with Curb-High Floors* • Improved Safety Shift at No Extra Cost • Improved Knee-Action • Thrilling L-head Engine Performance with Record Economy • 25% More Window Area* • Safety Glass All Around • Extra Large Trunk Space at No Extra Cost • Multi-Seal Hydraulic Brakes • New Self-Cushioning Clutch.

*De Luxe models only.

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

You'll be proud to own a Pontiac

America's Finest Low-Priced Car

THRILL YOUR FAMILY! GIVE THIS GLORIOUS PHILCO RADIO THAT YOU PLAY FROM ANYWHERE IN YOUR HOME....WITHOUT WIRES OR CONNECTIONS OF ANY KIND!

WBT
WHAS
WSB
WSM
SOFT
LOUD

THE NEW PHILCO WITH *Mystery Control*

WHAT better time than Christmas to bring the new joy and comfort of a Philco with Mystery Control into your home! The very spirit of the season is expressed in its glorious tone, its exquisite beauty . . . and in the luxurious ease which you enjoy for the first time through the miraculous Philco invention—*Mystery Control.*

Just picture this scene in your family circle on Christmas morning . . . *imagine the thrill!* The lovely Philco Spinet cabinet makes your living room alive with new beauty. You pick up the Mystery Control unit and carry it like a book to any place you wish in your home. You turn the dial . . . and the whole family thrills with astonishment as the stations change on the radio. You raise and lower volume, you even turn the radio off . . . *all without wires, plug-in cords or connection of any kind to the radio or house current.*

Yes, your Christmas morning becomes a doubly thrilling experience with this new and unusual gift. But more important, every day thereafter brings you and your family a luxurious radio comfort you have never before enjoyed. *Remote Control* —from as near to the radio as you wish or as far away in your home as you can enjoyably listen. No more pacing to and fro to tune the radio . . . no more annoyance.

See it! Try it! Buy it for Christmas! Let Philco with Mystery Control head your Christmas list. See the Philco dealer near your home *today* . . . he'll gladly demonstrate . . . and arrange for Christmas delivery.

The easiest of Monthly Terms make Philco with Mystery Control truly easy to buy. Liberal Trade-In Allowance. Ask your Philco dealer.

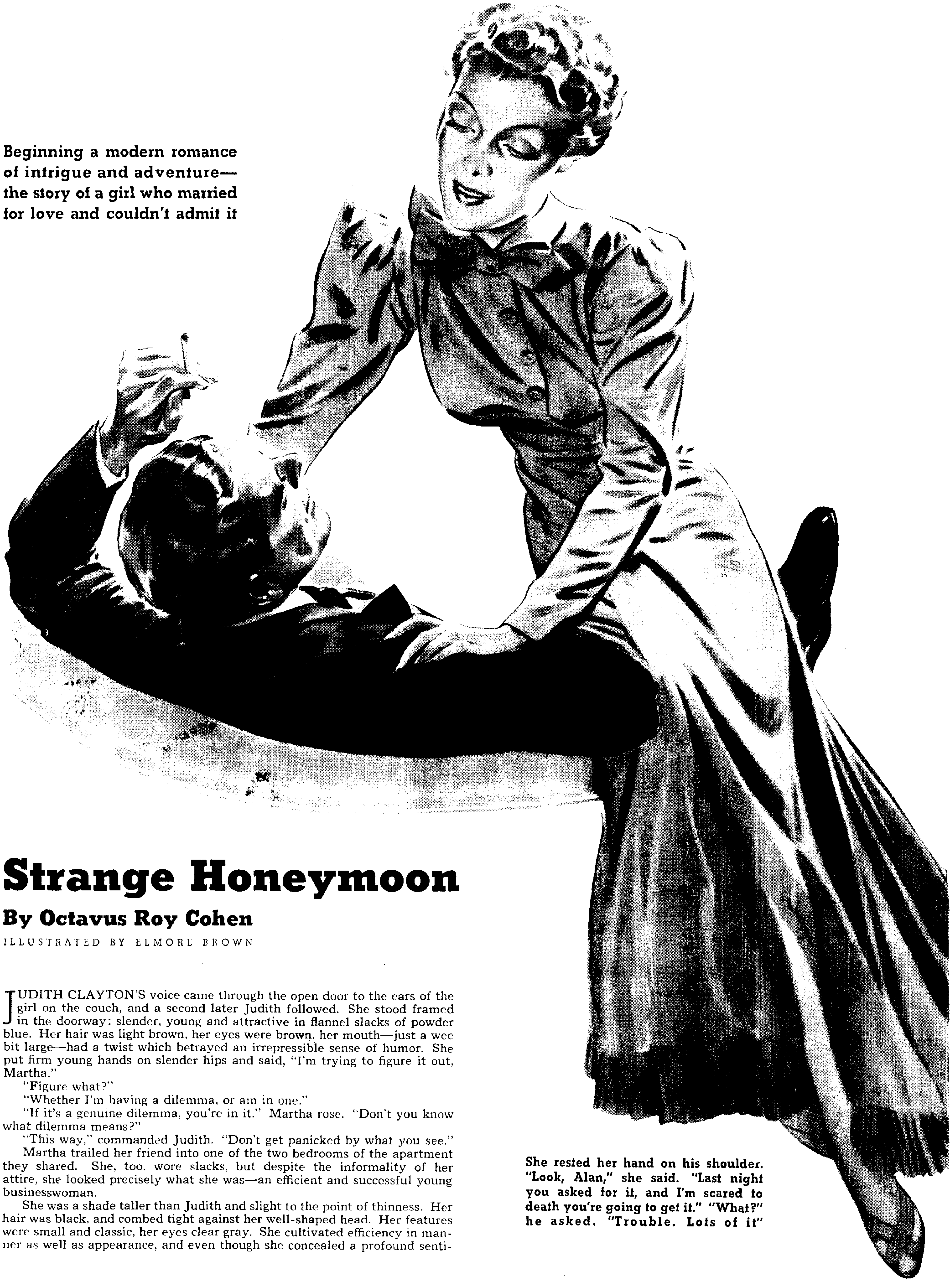
The lovely new Spinet type cabinet of the 1939 Philco has set a new vogue in radio furniture that will endure over the years. Graceful simplicity, quiet charm, costly, highly figured Walnut woods . . . a cabinet that enriches the home and blends with the furnishings of any room. Setting the key for several Philco models, it is acclaimed by home decoration experts as the complete reply to the universal demand for radio cabinets of good taste which do not clash with their surroundings.

In *tone,* thanks to the new Philco Balanced Field Speaker and the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board, the 1939 Philco brings you thrilling reality . . . glorious, full-bodied, deep richness. In *performance,* the powerful circuit of the Philco 116RX brings you all that's interesting in the air in American and Foreign reception. Your eight favorite stations are tuned away from the set with Mystery Control; *all* stations may be tuned at the set with the handsome Finger Tip Disc Controls on the Inclined Instrument Panel.

Even without the *added* feature of Mystery Control, the 1939 Philco would justify its famous name. Year after year Philco has stood for the utmost in radio tone and performance, the summit of scientific research and achievement in the industry. The new 1939 Philco carries the tradition to new heights. A musical instrument of quality, worthy of the spirit of Christmas.

THERE'S A CHRISTMAS PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE . . .
Consoles, Table Models, Radio Phonographs, Auto Radios, Farm Radios

Beginning a modern romance of intrigue and adventure—the story of a girl who married for love and couldn't admit it



She rested her hand on his shoulder. "Look, Alan," she said. "Last night you asked for it, and I'm scared to death you're going to get it." "What?" he asked. "Trouble. Lots of it"

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

JUDITH CLAYTON'S voice came through the open door to the ears of the girl on the couch, and a second later Judith followed. She stood framed in the doorway: slender, young and attractive in flannel slacks of powder blue. Her hair was light brown, her eyes were brown, her mouth—just a wee bit large—had a twist which betrayed an irrepressible sense of humor. She put firm young hands on slender hips and said, "I'm trying to figure it out, Martha."

"Figure what?"

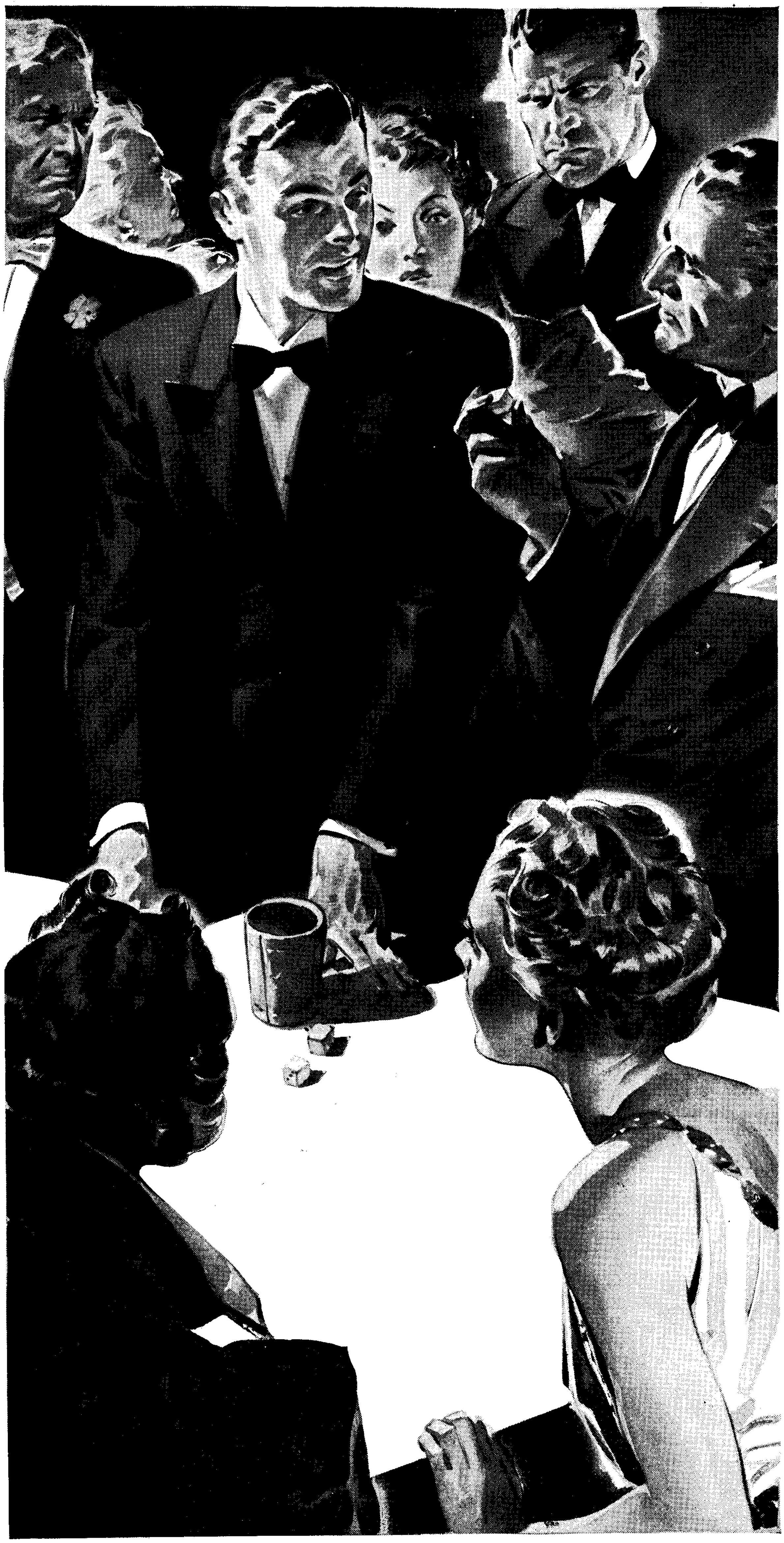
"Whether I'm having a dilemma, or am in one."

"If it's a genuine dilemma, you're in it." Martha rose. "Don't you know what dilemma means?"

"This way," commanded Judith. "Don't get panicked by what you see."

Martha trailed her friend into one of the two bedrooms of the apartment they shared. She, too, wore slacks, but despite the informality of her attire, she looked precisely what she was—an efficient and successful young businesswoman.

She was a shade taller than Judith and slight to the point of thinness. Her hair was black, and combed tight against her well-shaped head. Her features were small and classic, her eyes clear gray. She cultivated efficiency in manner as well as appearance, and even though she concealed a profound senti-



He passed out the dice they were using and suggested that they be examined

mentalism under her armor of efficiency, she told herself fiercely and frequently that because she was successful in the business field, life held no other attraction.

But now, as she stepped into Judith's bedroom and Martha saw the extravagant array of handsome gowns on display in the two hanging closets, the light which came into her eyes was definitely feminine and admiring. She dropped into an easy chair and said, "What's worrying my little girl?"

"Clothes! I don't know what to wear tonight."

MARTHA surveyed the wealth of gowns. "An embarrassment of riches," she commented. "They're all pretty, and you look wonderful, no matter what you wear."

"But this," stated Judith, "is something extra special. I've got to look ten degrees more seductive than nature intended."

"And just exactly why must you radiate feminine allure on this particular night?"

"Because . . . well, to begin with, I asked for this date. Shamelessly. I called up a man and compelled him to invite me to dinner."

"A hussy," laughed Martha. "I hope your intentions are strictly dishonorable."

"Lady, you don't know the half. They're worse than dishonorable." Judith's lips were smiling, but her eyes were serious. "I'm a designing female. I'm predatory—whatever that means. And I'm getting a swell case of jitters thinking about it."

"You talk like a she-wolf on a lone prowl . . . and your voice carries a somber note. Just what are you planning to do to this unsuspecting male?"

Judith drew a deep breath. She said, "I'm planning to propose to him."

Martha was visibly startled. "Propose!" she echoed. "Propose what?"

"Marriage. I'm going to ask a man to marry me, and if he refuses I shall die of hurt pride, disappointment and other forms of mortification."

"Maybe he'll offer to be a brother to you."

"Don't want no brothers, Martha darling. It's a husband or nothing."

Martha spread her hands in a gesture of resignation. "Why not?" she asked. "You have everything else in the world. Enough money to sink a battleship—clothes, youth, beauty, freedom, independence, and a lovely friend like myself. But still trying to be serious . . . are *you?*"

"Are I what?"

"Serious. About this marriage business?"

"Yes." The quizzical smile left Judith's lips and she seated herself on the arm of Martha's chair. "It begins to look as though matrimony is the only answer to my problem."

"And by all odds the most interesting." Martha hesitated: "It's none of my business, Judith. . . ."

"Of course it's your business. In fact, you're almost the only person I can talk to frankly." Judith's cheeks flushed. "It isn't pleasant to acknowledge that dishonesty is rampant in one's family."

"IT ISN'T your family," stated Martha shortly. "Jonas Morgan is your father's sister's husband. He's no relation of yours."

"For which the good Lord may be thanked." Judith stared silently for a moment at a spot on the opposite wall. "Isn't it odd that Dad should have appointed him sole trustee under his will?"

"Not 'specially. He was fond of his sister and trusted her husband—"

"Yet my lawyers tell me that Jonas Morgan's record has always been on the slightly unsavory side. But Dad never suspected, and so here I am, Dad's sole heir, compelled to plunge into marriage to protect myself."

"There's no other way?"

"None. The problem has one answer and only one." She looked squarely at her friend. "You know the setup, Martha. Dad's will left everything in trust, with me as the sole beneficiary. Enough income to look after a dozen like myself, with oodles left over The body of the estate doesn't come to me until I am twenty-one *and* married. Becoming twenty-one happened all by itself. To fulfill the other condition, I need a bit of masculine aid."

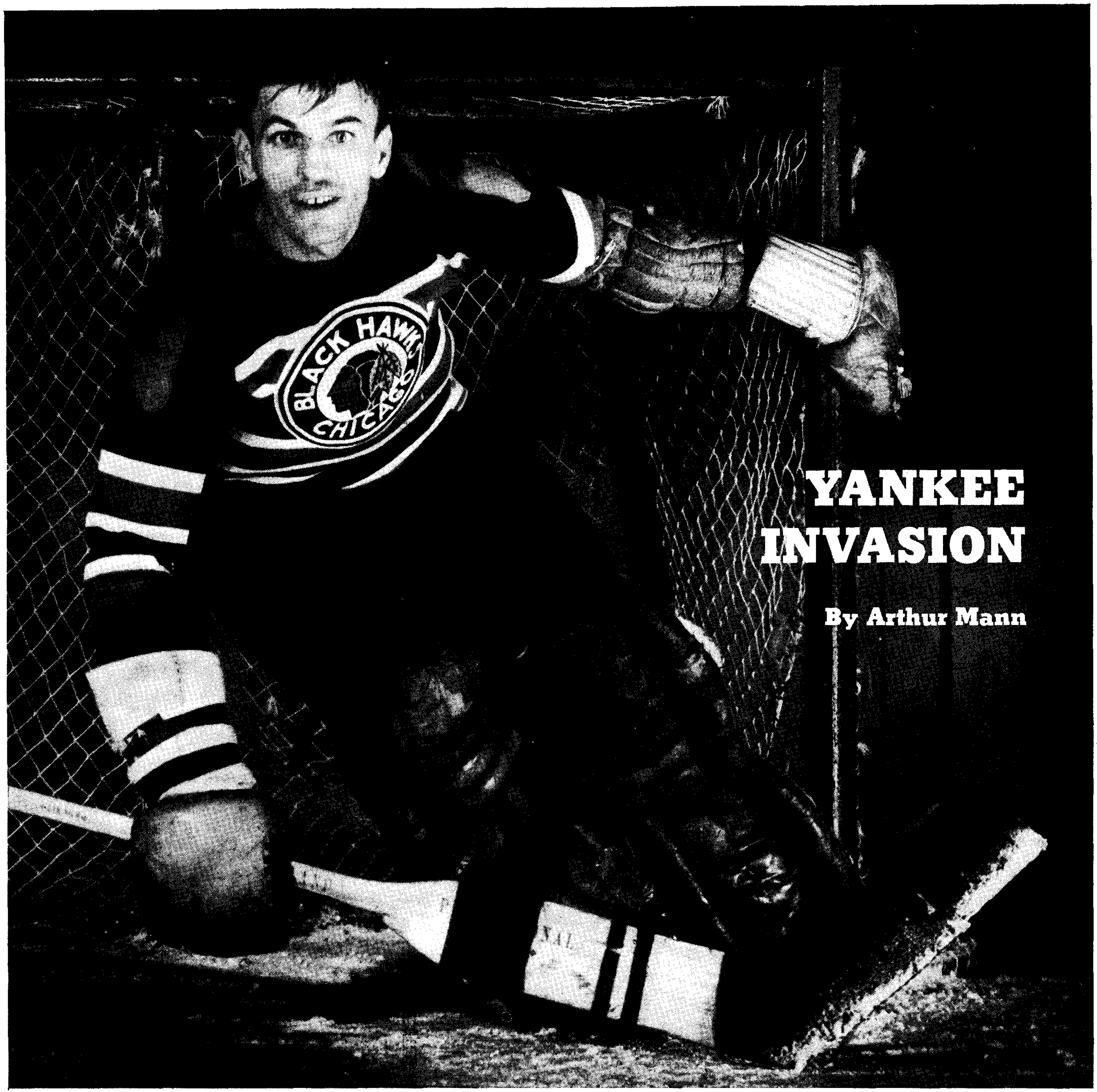
Martha said, "It isn't absolutely essential, you know."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, the law protects trust fund beneficiaries: especially attractive ones like yourself. You can have your uncle-in-law's handling of the estate reviewed—and if the showing is as bad as you think, the court will appoint a new trustee."

Judith shook her head. "No can do."

"Why can't you do it?" *(Continued on page 64)*



YANKEE INVASION

By Arthur Mann

VALENTINO SARRA

The first Yankee-born goalie in the history of major-league hockey—Mike Karakas of the Black Hawks

Mike Karakas stayed in hockey because he took what it had to give. And now he has what it takes

THINGS were pretty tough for Mike Karakas three years ago. Hard luck and failure dogged his heels. Clubs were sold from under him. Whole leagues were abandoned, and one goaltending job after another vanished. Those setbacks always hit a kid of twenty-three harder when he has a wife and baby back in the home town, waiting for him to make good on promises of gold and glory in professional hockey.

Now Tulsa had returned him to Hibbing, Minnesota, which wasn't so bad, except that Hibbing didn't have a team any more. Mike had to beat a strategic retreat to the home town, Eveleth, Minnesota, and wonder what to do next.

His five seasons of toil and bruises for a variety of minor-league teams had passed unnoticed by the big-time club owners and managers, though he had often played under their noses. They told the sports writers that goalies like the late Chuck Gardiner, who had led the Chicago Black Hawks to the Stanley Cup the year before and then died from the punishment he had taken, came once in a generation. They said that all good hockey goalies are born in Canada, and certainly not developed anywhere, and that the minor leagues didn't contain a single puck-stopper who could wear Gardiner's shoes.

Low and discouraged, Mike went over to see Cliff Thompson, his old high-school coach, who knew a lot of answers.

"Why do they hunt for another Gardiner?" he asked Thompson. "Why don't they compromise on a Karakas?"

Being the most consistent developer of championship high-school teams, and not a big-league manager, Thompson couldn't say why. Nor could he offer any suggestions as to how Mike was to get a job for the fast-approaching season.

Mike finally decided that the easiest way to ask for a job is to write a letter. It would save the embarrassment of appearing personally, and he could write all of what he'd forget standing tongue-tied before the man who does the hiring. And so he did the human thing—that is, he tried to. He started a letter several times, but the pen wouldn't act right. He tore up other attempts. Eventually he got a flying start through the date and official salutation, "Major Frederic McLaughlin, Owner, Chicago Black Hawks, Chicago, Illinois. Dear Major McLaughlin. . . ."

From there he sailed into a description of his plight after five years of hard work; how, as goalie for the Chicago Shamrocks, he had spent every spare minute in the Chicago Stadium watching Chuck Gardiner work his puck-stopping magic in real games and practice workouts; and how he had patterned his every move after Chuck,

(Continued on page 42)

Obituary of a Democracy

By Martha Gellhorn

What's it like to have your country traded out from under your feet? Collier's sent Martha Gellhorn to talk to the homeless border people, Czechs and Sudetens, whose unspectacular lives got in the ruthless path of international politics. Here is the human story unrolling along the frontier as the lights of Prague flicker and grow dim

ON ALL the roads in Czechoslovakia, the army was going home. You would see them walking in small groups or alone, not walking fast and not walking well, but just going back from the frontiers as they had been told to do. Once in a while you would see a company, with its officer leading, marching along; but not the way an army marches to war. People would stand at the side of the road and watch them in silence. No one spoke and no one cheered, and the soldiers' faces were like the faces of the civilians, sad and bewildered and somehow hurt or ashamed. Sometimes soldiers would come by, with faded flowers in their caps, standing up in the commandeered trucks. But they were not singing, they were not calling to the girls. And then you would pass the artillery, the short-nosed, khaki-colored, clean, strong guns, twelve of them, twenty of them, hauled by quick small cars; and the people watched the guns go by, in silence and despair.

At night, the headlights of your car would pick out a line of horses, three abreast, led by a cavalryman, forty horses, sixty horses, more than you could count, sleek and well-fed, being led back to the farmers who had given them to the army. In every village you could see the khaki-covered wagons, drawn up in a semicircle in the village square, and the soldiers, like gypsies, camped around their carts, waiting to move to the next place, farther from the frontier—home.

The rain-dark sky gleamed over the woods and in every hollow there was a little lake. Peasants worked in the fields, kneeling to cut the sugar beets. The pale, cement-colored villages lay in the ripples of the green land. And there on the road were the soldiers, like waifs, like hoboes, begging a lift.

A man waved to us and we stopped. He ran, banging his small suitcase against his legs. He was a corporal and wore thick glasses.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I'm going home," he said without gladness. "It is two villages farther down the road."

He began to talk, all by himself, as if he had to say it to somebody whether he was understood or not. "You realize we were all alone," he said. "England and France will see for themselves when it is Alsace-Lorraine he wants, or colonies. Even the Poles will see when he wants the Corridor. And now we are going to be very poor. It will be hard for us to live and it will be hard for the Sudetens to live. But what could we do, as we were alone?"

"Your family will be waiting," I said to cheer him up.

"I have one son," he said. "I am sorry for him."

They stopped you all along the road, everywhere.

ACME

Bewildered and terrified, thousands of refugees like these fled their Sudeten homeland—

Trains weren't running: railroad lines that once led to their homes now ran through Germany; busses had been conscripted for the army. They walked very wearily and without haste, and they raised their arms, asking for a lift, but they did not seem to care whether you took them along or not.

The army scarcely knew where it was going. Men would ask you on the road if you knew whether such a village was German now, or Czech. Or had Poland taken it, or had it fallen to Hungary? They did not know where their families were. "I live in Teplitz," a middle-aged man said, and he held his trench cap tight in his hands, frightened and worried. "But my wife will have gone with the children. She would not be safe there. But where would she be? Do you know where the people are from Teplitz?"

Poverty That Means Labor Camps

Those who lived in the part of Czechoslovakia that still remained did not know what work there would be, because so much had been lost: mines and factories and railroads and fields. So where would a man work now? In a café near Tabor some soldiers were talking over the newspapers.

"There are going to be labor camps for the unemployed," one of them said.

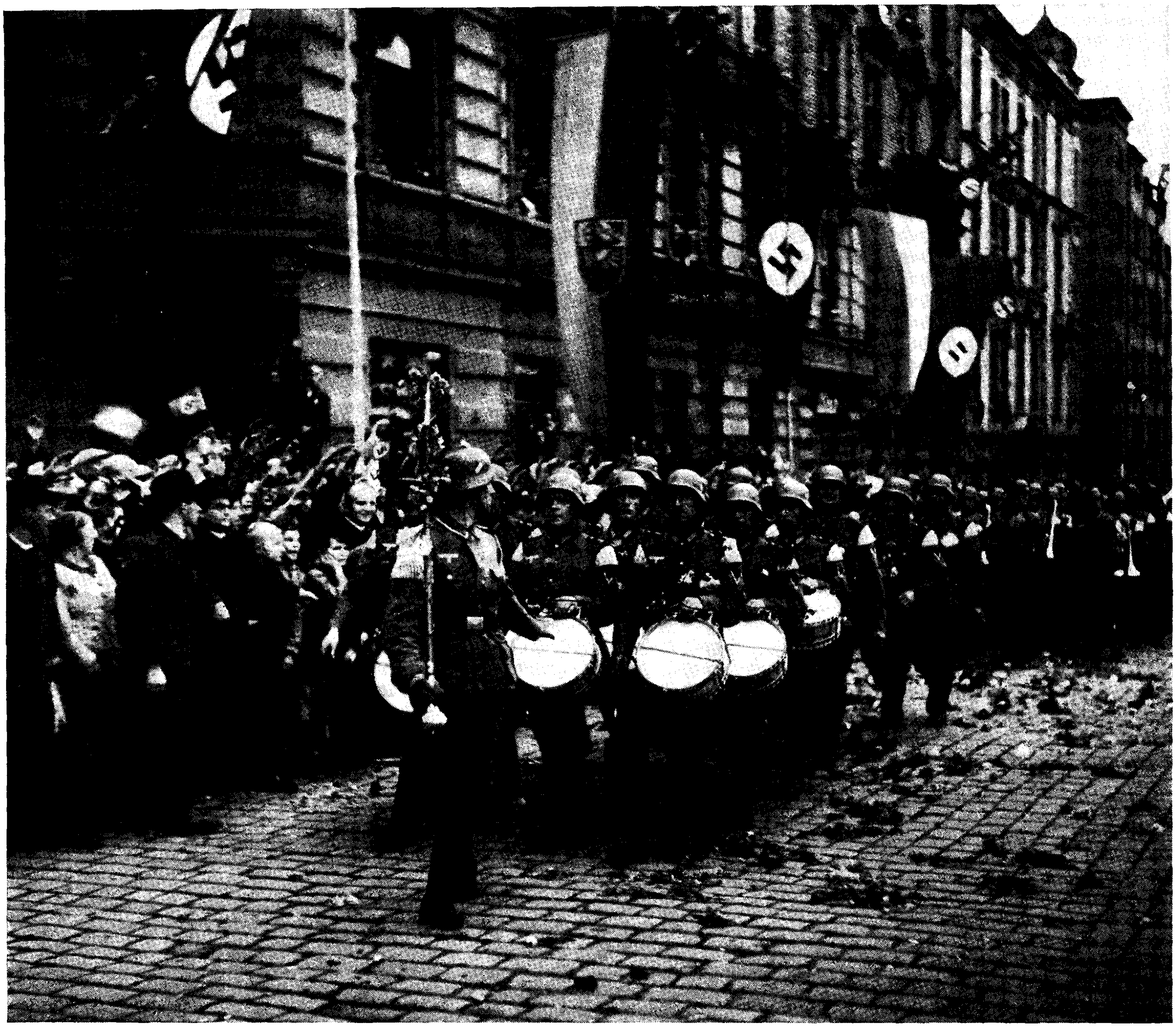
"There are no unemployed in Czechoslovakia," another said.

"Yes, there are," the first one said, leaning close to the paper and reading the small, smeared print. "It says that in the month of July and August there were 160,000 unemployed in the whole state, but now of course there will be a great many, since the Germans have taken so much, and as we are poor we must now have labor camps."

"Like Germany," a third soldier said bitterly. "Labor camps for the Czechs. As if we were Germans." He spoke slowly in an angry, ashamed voice. Being a soldier was one thing—a soldier was a free man who fought gladly for his state. But to be herded into camps to work, when you had always worked proudly and freely, coming back at night to your home, your own things, your wife and your garden—that was another matter.

"We cannot help it," the first one said. "We cannot do what we like now."

So there they were, everywhere, the army that never had a chance to fight. They had given up their fortifications that they would have held against aviation, artillery and infantry until they were dead. Their frontier had been pushed back, behind the mountains and the forests that they could have defended, and now the frontier was a mad zigzag across open indefensible country. All that remained to them was the third line of defense in the north, a neat double row of steel spools with barbed-wire twisted on them, a neat black row like cross-stitching cutting



While gleeful Henleinists lined the streets of Bodenbach to welcome the first German troops

BLACK STAR

across the open fields, with here and there a camouflaged pillbox, looking like a haystack, with antitank guns in it. But the Czech army never thought it would be driven back to the third line; the army was proud and it was good.

It cost four million dollars a day to mobilize the army, and now it was going home. It cost four hundred million dollars to build the great Czech Maginot Line, a copy of the French defenses constructed under French orders and on French plans, and now that was lost, and its secret, the secret of the French Maginot Line, belonged to the Germans. (But a Czech officer told me that when the Germans came to take over the fortifications he walked through them with a German officer, and the German looked at these defenses with awe, and said, "We would have lost hundreds of thousands of men getting through here, and maybe we couldn't have done it.") In two years it cost the people of Czechoslovakia seven hundred and fifty million dollars to arm themselves; in six weeks, just before the peace, they gave in voluntary contribution twenty million dollars to the National Defense Fund. They had never counted the cost because they were the outpost of France in Central Europe, they were a democracy, and they were prepared to fight with their allies for what they believed. But now all this meant nothing, the country was helpless, and the army was going home.

On September 23d at 4:30 P. M. there was a telephone call from London to the Czech Foreign Office, stating that England and France agreed they could no longer take the responsibility of counseling the Czechs not to mobilize. At 6 P. M. the same message came by telephone from Paris. At 9 P. M., therefore, on these instructions, the Czech government ordered mobilization for war. Eight hundred thousand men answered the call. Waiters in restaurants put down their trays and ran to their homes to get their equipment. Telegraph operators, taxi drivers, streetcar conductors, theater ushers, newspaper venders—all the people who worked at night left their jobs.

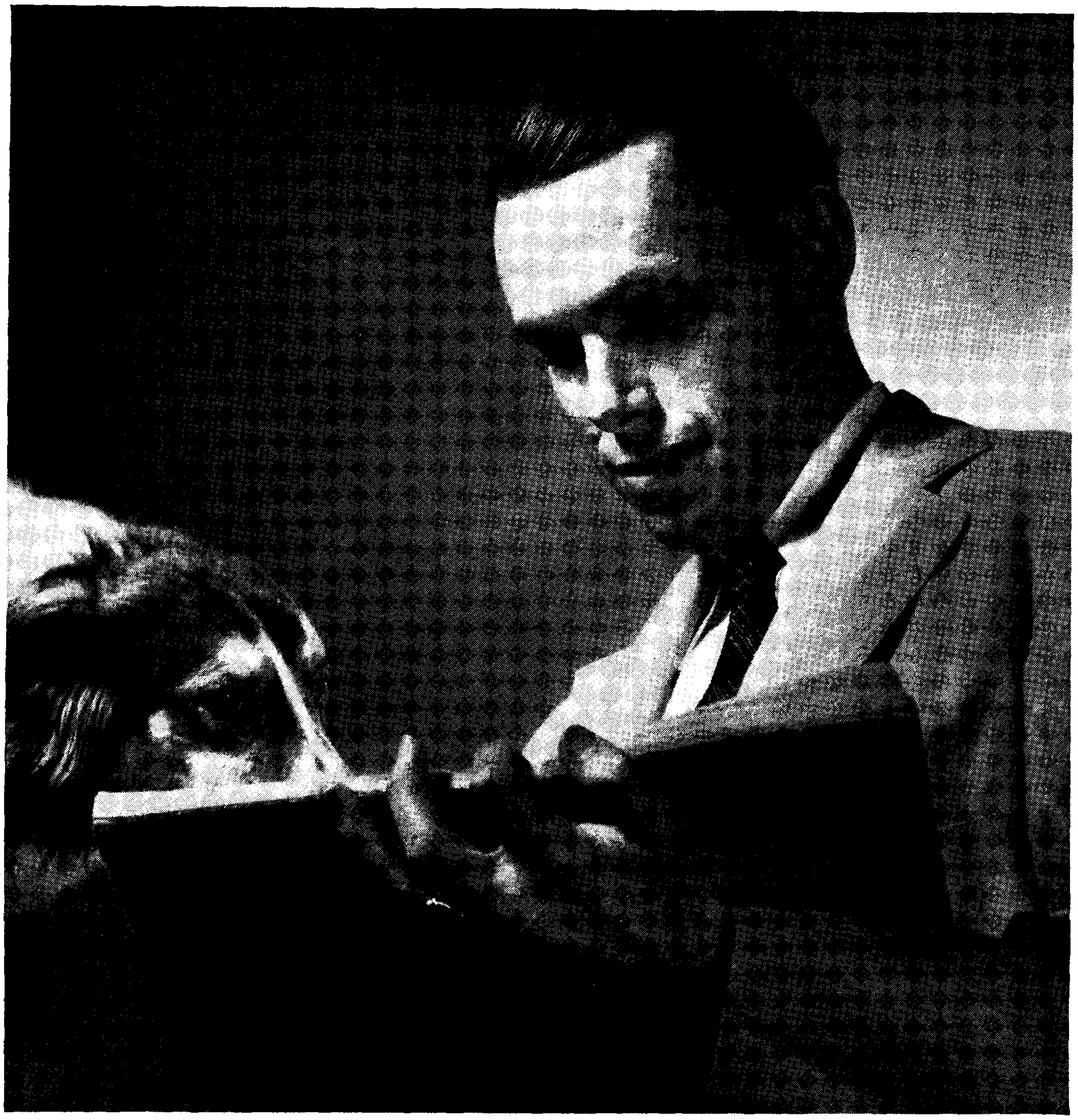
A Defeat Without a Battle

People raced through the streets. The mobilization was supposed to take six hours, and it took three. There was no singing, no hysterics, no war fever. But the Czechs were going to defend the land they had won back after three hundred years; they were going to fight for the democracy that they had spent twenty years patiently building. They were a fine army and they knew it; they were trained and disciplined and brave and they knew what they were fighting for. No women wept; no women held their men back; no women were afraid, though they knew that cities were like trenches: in war nowadays there is no safety anywhere, there is no rear guard. So the Czechs moved off in trucks and trains and private cars, and even on bicycles, to join their regiments.

And when they came back it wasn't like a retreat—because a retreat is fierce and alive, and all during a retreat you know that somewhere the army will stand and hold. But there was nothing to hold now: the land had been given away without asking them. They had never fired a shot; they were not allowed to die for their country. They were sent home. It was defeat without battle.

The soldiers weren't the only people walking without purpose, but always inland, away from the frontier. They weren't the only people waiting hopelessly in villages, not knowing where to go or what to do. In the north you got a feeling that the whole country was moving, lost, fleeing. On the road you passed a peasant's cart with a blue enamel pail hanging from it, with a funeral wreath of dead flowers sitting up on top of the mattresses. Four people walked beside it—an old man and an old woman and a younger couple. The women were eating dry bread: they had two slices apiece in their pocketbooks. They did not speak to each other and they walked with great weariness. They had been walking since before dawn and now it was late afternoon; they wanted to go as far from the frontier as they could before they stopped.

They were Czechs; poor people, not what you would call dangerous people; but the new Germany proved unhealthy for all *(Continued on page 28)*



Conrad Arnold Elvehjem, whose cure for dog pellagra has been applied to treating the disease in humans

Magic Pill

By J. D. Ratcliff

The story of an all-American research that ended dramatically in a cure for pellagra

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

THE big Negro was a wreck of a human being. His body, emaciated by disease, made only the faintest outline under the covers of the bed in Cincinnati General Hospital. His mind was deranged and his neck, hands, elbows and feet were covered with rough, scaly skin. His swollen tongue garbled his speech into a mush-mouthed patois. He had pellagra, the starvation disease that strikes people who don't eat enough of the proper foods.

Less than two years ago that Negro would have had far less than an even chance of ever getting well.

Despite these facts the doctor allowed himself a smile. And well he might. This patient, he knew, wasn't going to die as so many thousands had died in the South, in Egypt and in Italy. Within twenty-four hours this patient would be sitting up in bed, most of the inflammation gone from his mouth. He would be eating without pain and the cobwebs would be brushed from his mind. He would be doing these things because of a wonder-working white pill.

The story of conquest of any disease is nearly always a story of activity in several countries. But pellagra represents a very special case. The job with this ancient disease has been an all-American job; one that mercifully ended with the finding of a magic white pill. It is the story of a Jew from the slums of New York, of a Norwegian from Wisconsin and a physician from Texas. And nothing could be more American than that. For the sake of proper sequence look first at the magnificent work of that petulant and stubborn East Side Jew, Dr. Joseph Goldberger.

Fighting came naturally to Goldberger, product of the Ellis Island immigration station. He had to battle for his primary education and for his medical degree. So it was natural that he should carry the savage intensity of the street fight into the laboratory. In 1914 he was told to head for the South and try to find the answer to pellagra.

What it did to men everyone knew. There was the sore mouth. And the classic "three D's": dermatitis, diarrhea and dementia. A little over half of the bad ones died. And the number that got mild attacks each spring was somewhere high in the hundreds of thousands.

Italian doctors thought the disease was caused by too much sunlight; called it *mal del sole*. Others blamed a mysterious corn rot. But the best medical opinion held that some specific microbe was responsible. Why, just at the time Goldberger was ready to start on his epic journey, a very important commission arrived back from the South. Yes, commission members said, a bacterium was responsible. No one, however, had troubled to single out this microbe.

Goldberger had no patience with any of these groups. Why, he persistently asked, didn't many classes of people—Portuguese fishermen, for example—who worked constantly in the sun catch the disease? And why didn't nurses and doctors in pellagra wards catch it? And why . . . There were a thousand whys. With the full strength of his convictions Goldberger proved that a microbe had *nothing to do with the disease*; proved it by injecting himself with blood from a woman acutely ill with the disease.

Meanwhile, Goldberger had convinced himself that the disease sprang from poor food; that there was something missing in the corn meal, salt pork and molasses diet of the poor Southern white. What this P-P (pellagra preventive) factor was, he didn't know. But he had to prove that it existed. There was only one way—he had to experiment on human beings. Goldberger told all this to the governor of Mississippi, and the governor agreed to help. If any inmates at the Rankin Prison Farm wanted to co-operate by eating a diet Goldberger suggested, he would grant them pardons at the completion of the trial—if they were alive.

To trim a long and dramatic story to its barest essentials, a dozen convicts did volunteer. For months they subsisted on a diet of white flour, polished rice, fat pork, corn meal and molasses. One by one they came down with pellagra. Then Goldberger fed them eggs, milk, lean meat and yeast and they got well. He cured youngsters in orphan asylums that had been pellagra pesthouses; brought light to their eyes and color to their drawn, tired faces with the P-P factors that lay hidden in decent victuals.

Goldberger was utterly hard-boiled about the matter. There, gentlemen, he said in effect, is your answer. He ruffled Southern feelings, this outsider.

The Problem Remained Unsolved

Goldberger talked on to his death in 1929. But pellagra remained an unsolved problem. Submerged portions of the population simply could not afford the foods that prevented the disease of the great tiredness.

So, despite the magnificent work of Goldberger, pellagra remained an unsolved problem. Its toll even reached new highs in 1928 and 1932. Then in Cleveland a scrappy, enthusiastic youngster named Tom Douglas Spies decided he would go to work on pellagra.

Spies had seen pellagra on the Texas cotton plantation where he was born and raised. And he had seen an occasional case in Boston where he attended Harvard Medical School, and a large number of cases—mostly of alcoholic origin—in Cleveland, when he was interning at University Hospitals. Those alcoholic pellagrans got the disease after they decided gin represented a well-rounded diet, and neglected to eat pellagra-preventing foods.

The first thing that struck Spies was the fact that the Goldberger diet, which was supposed to bring pellagrans back to health, was failing so miserably. This diet contained milk, eggs, fruit and lean meat and a portion of vitamin-rich brewers' yeast. Somewhere in this bitter stuff everyone supposed lay the vitamin that prevented pellagra.

Spies decided patients weren't supplied enough of the pellagra-preventing factor by the Goldberger diet. They should have more yeast and more milk and more eggs and more lean meat. And maybe they should have calves' liver too. At the time Spies made this decision 54 out of every 100 pellagrans who entered University Hospitals died there.

Offhand, you'd think that not even a lumberjack could get around all the food Spies decided his pellagrans were going to eat from that moment on. It contained cream soup, liver extract, eggnogs, fruit juices and a quarter of a pound of brewers' yeast a day! There was an almost unending succession of

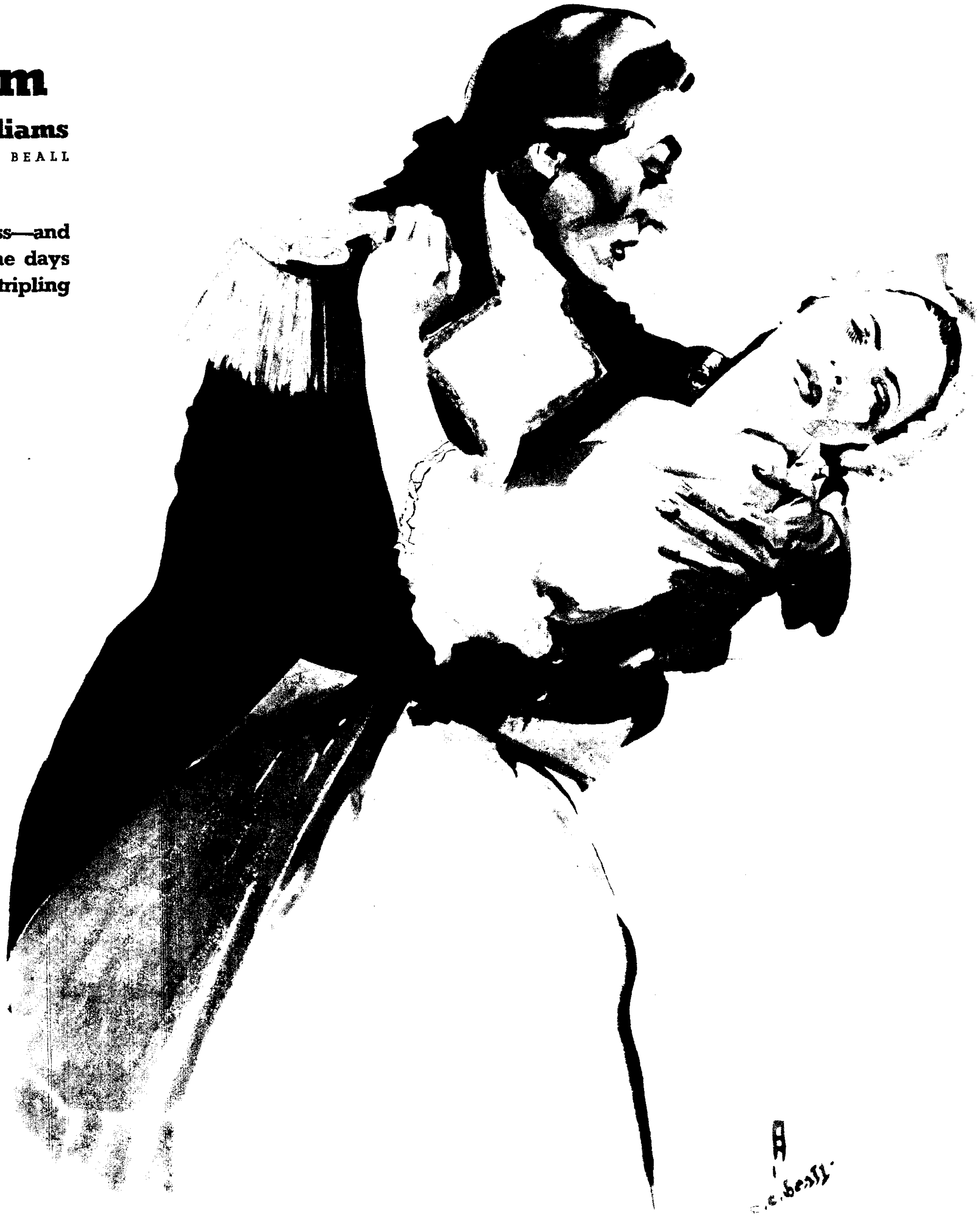
(Continued on page 72)

Fog Loom

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Captain Percy steals a kiss—and pays for it. A story of the days when Uncle Sam was a stripling



"He said a kiss was the key to any girl's bedroom, and he tried to kiss me"

THE sun was just risen when Annie Beal came out from the great kitchen into the farmyard. She stretched and yawned, still warm from sleep, her fair hair brushed back smooth and caught in braids but not yet put up for the day, her thin dress prettily snug about her bosom and pulling up at the sides when she lifted her arms to stretch and yawn. In the house behind her she could hear her sister Mary bringing to life the banked fire on the great kitchen hearth; and a dog barked over at the Morrison farm on Moose Point, and the clack of an ax came clear and distinct from where someone split his morning kindling over in Belfast town.

Annie turned to look eastward across the bay. The British frigates still lay at Castine—or at least they had been there last night. There was too much fog now for her to see whether they had departed. She hoped not. Having the British soldiers in Belfast, with the frigate and the transports anchored just below the farm, had been the most exciting experience in Annie's life, even though her father had not allowed her to cross over to town. "You keep yoreself this side of the harbor, Annie, long as the graybacks are over there," he told her harshly, "or I'll wear out a slat on you, big as you are."

Amasa had been in a rise of rage, as much at the local militia companies as at the enemy, during the five or six days the British held the town; and even now, two weeks later, he and Eben Stuart and some of the other Belfast men were gone away to the eastward to hear the tales of the British raid up the Penobscot. Mary and Annie were left at the farm alone.

Mary looked out from the kitchen door now and saw Annie still standing indolently in the warming sun and told her to go find an egg or two for their breakfast. "We'll milk after," she said. Annie went obediently into the barn. The hens had nests here and there in the hay, so Annie climbed into the mow above the tie-up. She was surprised to find that there were no eggs in the first nest, nor in the next three or four she tried; and when she saw the man staring whitely at her from the dark inner corner of the mow, only his head visible above the hay, she squeaked in dismay. Then, as brave as a dog in his own yard, she said sharply:

"You get out! You get right out of here!"

He did not move nor speak, and his silence alarmed her. She backed away from him to the edge of the mow and called her sister; and Mary from the kitchen porch demanded:

"What's the matter, Annie?"

"There's a man in the haymow!" Annie called, and dropped six or eight feet to the barn floor. The fall stung her feet, and Mary came running. She was the older of the sisters, with heavy brown hair almost black where Annie's was like gold, and deep blue eyes where Annie's were like a kitten's eyes; and she was inches taller, and broad and strong where Annie was soft and round.

At Annie's cry the man had come scrambling out of his hiding place, beseeching her silence; and when the two sisters looked up now, he said in humble, low-voiced appeal:

"Don't screech! I ain't going to hurt anybody."

Mary realized that this young man was no older than she herself, and that he was as much afraid as she. He wore a flat tarpaulin hat, a round blue jacket, striped shirt and neckerchief. "Yo're English!" she said accusingly. Better not let him know she and Annie were alone at the farm. "Annie, you go in the house and fetch Pa and Uncle Jim and Eben and the others."

"No, don't!" the man begged. "Please, ma'am. There ain't anybody here but me."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Off the Endymion frigate, ma'am. My name's Joe Saladine. I swum off in the fog. They chased me, and shot me in the shoulder, and ever since I've traveled at night and hid in the day. I hid here all day yesterday. I guess I was too sick to move!"

Mary said harshly: "Come on down. We'll cook you up some breakfast. You won't get hurt, long as you behave."

But for the hurt man to descend from the mow proved to be a matter of some difficulty. They managed at last, and he stood erect to face them, a fair, beardless youngster hardly older than Annie. He tried to speak, but his lips drained of all color, and he bowed forward, bending at the waist. Mary caught him in her arms before he fell, and they carried him into the house, forgetting terror in solicitude. They laid him on Amasa Beal's bed in the little room, and Mary brought rum, and he coughed and opened his eyes and smiled up at them; and Annie touched his cheek.

"You're awful sweet!" she said.

Mary, behind her, made a disapproving sound. "What's Eben going to say to talk like that?" she demanded, and

(*Continued on page 70*)

ZING
ARIE

Broadway Madhouse

By Quentin Reynolds

Sometimes a single gag artist can produce a panic. Combine the talents of two craftsmen like Chick Johnson and Ole Olsen, and what you get is Hell za Poppin, loud, mad, preposterous

EDWARD DURYEA DOWLING is quite young but he had an old, gray, harried look on his face. The curtain was to go up in three minutes and so far nothing out of the way had happened. This was definitely not according to the rules of Hell za Poppin backstage conduct. Dowling, as director of this adventure in strait-jacket behaviorism, was worried. He knew that the quiet interlude was too good to be true. Finally Bobby Barry, a small, apologetic-looking member of the cast, came to him and said, "Eddie, I got bad news. We can't use the plant gag tonight."

Dowling shuddered. The plant gag was one of the best bits of business in the show. The tempo of the show, the timing of it, depended a great deal upon the small, apologetic man's business with the plant. It goes like this. Barry walks down the aisle, a few moments after the show begins, carrying a small plant and crying loudly for "Mrs. Jones." Olsen and Johnson on the stage rebuke him for interrupting their performance but he stubbornly insists that a flower shop has ordered him to deliver the plant to Mrs. Jones, who is in the audience. He is thrown out. He reappears every fifteen minutes or so with the plant, which gets larger each time. Again and again he interrupts the performance with his plaintive cry, "Mrs. Jones." Toward the end of the second act the plant is bigger than he is. He staggers under its weight. The show ends, and as the crowd files out into the lobby, there, perched at the top of a full-grown tree, is the harried Mr. Barry still wailing piteously, "Miss-uss Jones."

"Why," Dowling demanded, "can't we use the plant gag tonight?"

"Confidentially, I'll tell you, Eddie," Barry said, almost weeping. "Today after the matinee a lady comes up to me and says, 'I am Mrs. Jones. Gimme that plant.' She was a large lady and I couldn't argue with her so she took the little plant, the next size plant and the big plants and then she sent over a truck for the tree. So, Eddie, we ain't got no plant."

"So you ain't got no job if you pull another one like that on me," the nervous Edward Duryea Dowling said, wiping his moist forehead. He was very nervous, so he reached into his pocket to pull out a cigar that Ole Olsen had just given him. He lit the cigar and it promptly exploded.

"No smoking backstage," someone yelled and Edward turned in a cold rage. He took one step and then tripped over a chicken. The chickens have a habit of getting loose backstage in the Forty-sixth Street Theater. So have the doves and rabbits and the dogs and the geese. They had a pig during the first week of the show but one day Edward Duryea Dowling was petting the pig and it bit him. Chic Johnson assured him that a pig's bite was poisonous, so Eddie rushed to a hospital for antitetanus injections. Then he eliminated the business involving the pig and let the little pig go to market.

Director Dowling picked himself up from the floor, looked around for someone to slug and found himself staring at the laughing audience. Someone had rung the curtain up a moment ahead of time. Someone named either Olsen or Johnson. Dowling has never found out.

Well it is like that backstage at the Forty-sixth Street Theater where Hell za Poppin, under the twitchy hands of Olsen and Johnson, is showing to eight capacity audiences per week. Those two amiable daffydills, not satisfied with displaying nearly three hours of uninhibited insanity on stage each night, insist upon extracurricular exhibitions of their first art before and after the scheduled performance.

Never a Dull Moment

Today the three most successful theatrical ventures in New York are the beautiful and moving Abraham Lincoln in Illinois; the beautiful and moving Hamlet of Maurice Evans and—oh, what is his name? Ah, yes—Shakespeare—and Hell za Poppin, which is neither beautiful nor moving. Hell za Poppin is not exactly laying audiences in the aisles but that is because the aisles are always crowded with people selling tickets for I Married an Angel; people selling balloons, people looking for Oscar or Mrs. Jones and people who are walking around aimlessly asking you if you are enjoying the show.

John Siegford Olsen and Harold Ogden Johnson have been engaged in mad antics ever since November 28, 1904, when they met in a theatrical agent's office. Johnson (who is called Chic) was the hottest ragtime player in town while Olsen (who is called Ole) sang at Rody's Garden with something called The College Four. Johnson had been in vaudeville with a partner, Ruby Wallace, but Miss Wallace had been unkind enough to marry right out of the four-a-day so for the moment Johnson was at a loose end. Olsen's College Four needed a piano player.

"Olsen was a funny-looking guy with big yellow shoes," Chic chuckles now.

"Chic didn't even have shoes when I met him," Ole says blithely. Within a few weeks Olsen and Johnson had become a team. Chic played and Ole sang, usually comic songs like the Hold-up Rag or The Pullman Porter's Parade or Take Me Out to the Ball Game.

Their real break came when they caught on for a turn at the Majestic Theater in Milwaukee. There was an act on the bill called Phoney and O'Neil, and Phoney and O'Neil sang a song called Rollin' Stone. One afternoon, to enliven a dull matinee, our two heroes rolled two big stones out on the stage just as the startled Phoney and O'Neil began verbally to roll those stones. The audience screamed with laughter and at that moment Hell za Poppin was born. They knew they had something, these two skillful but as yet unknown zanies.

From then on everything they did was off center. If they sang a song, they sang it like no one else had ever sung it. They'd sing a comic song dead-pan and they'd clown a serious song. George Primrose, then the greatest attraction in vaudeville, liked them and he liked their work. He sent a wire and just like that Olsen and Johnson were on the Pantages Circuit. They played New York and people liked their clowning. Their salary leaped to $350 a week and they played in and around New York for five years.

They'd walk out on the stage and there would be an anticipatory roar before they had done a thing. Big affable Olsen would stand there smiling with pseudo-nervousness: burly Johnson would sit at the piano with wide, startled eyes. Finally there'd be quiet. Olsen would look at his partner.

"What would you charge to haunt a house?" he'd ask solemnly.

Chic would consider for a moment and answer, dead-pan, "How many rooms?"

Thousands of us used to howl at that one. Thousands are howling at it today in Hell za Poppin. Olsen and Johnson were vaudeville at its best. Thousands of us were brought up on vaudeville. In those pre-1920 days parents were reluctant to expose the plastic minds of their offspring to the Perils of Pauline or the Iron Claw or the other flamboyant hair-raising products of young Hollywood. Vaudeville, no matter what else, was clean. Matinee audiences were largely composed of women, often with offspring trailing along, and the moguls of vaudeville realized that purity was commercial. Vaudeville acts were censored strictly, but the insanity of Olsen and Johnson didn't need the prop of suggestiveness. It stood on its own unsteady but screamingly funny feet.

By the time 1920 had rolled around Olsen and Johnson were drawing top salaries—$8,000 a week. By now they had four stooges working in the audience (each got $35 a week). Even with this overhead there was considerable left for our two heroes. Other acts were glad to co-operate with them. They would break into Victor Moore's act or Emma Littlefield's or Jack La Vere's or Bessie Clayton's or the Avon Comedy Four and would embellish those acts, kidding them, but always making them look good too. They were never cruel. Olsen talked incessantly, ad libbing half his stuff. Johnson would play the piano from all angles and then start talking to people in the audience. They made use of every prop known from elephants to doves, from airplanes to toy automobiles. They learned how to wring the last drop of laughter out of any vaudeville audience.

The Public Wanted Flesh

Vaudeville awoke one day to find that it had died and was being decently but hurriedly interred. The corpse was lively and it protested for a while but it soon succumbed to what the doctors mistakenly said was public indifference. Large pretentious picture houses sprang up, gilded and gorgeous. Vaudeville actors crowded Broadway, cluttering up the street corners and flooding the streets with nostalgic tears. Except Olsen and Johnson.

"We knew one thing," Johnson says. "We knew that the public wanted flesh."

You might kill vaudeville, these two laddies figured, but you couldn't kill the audiences that had laughed at them for twenty years. Moving pictures had assumed great importance but they weren't enough to fill the huge gingerbread palaces that had been built for them. The combination of pictures and what the profession calls "flesh" came into being and Olsen and Johnson were ready. They collected a few of their old vaudeville pals and went right to work. They had a unit of about forty men and women. They'd play anywhere, and they didn't care about guarantees. Give them a percentage of the gross and they knew they'd break any house record. They did too—and it was a bad week if they made less than $8,000.

Now they played the city of Buckeye, Arizona, last spring. It was the annual fiesta held by the cotton growers and the cattlemen of the country. The first day they were in town Johnson dropped into a drugstore for a vanilla ice cream soda.

When he asked for the check the man said, "No check, Mr. Johnson. We all got orders that you and Olsen can't pay for anything while you're here."

Such hospitality completely won over our two heroes. They loved Buckeye, Arizona. They loved the fiesta, which was conducted along their own well-ordered crazy-quilt pattern. The fiesta was called Hellzapoppin'."

A few weeks later they were playing in Philadelphia. Nils Grantlund (N. T. G.) was in town and he caught their act. Afterward he met the boys.

"You got a great show," he said. "You

(Continued on page 46)

Even before the curtain goes up, the monkey-business is under way backstage at Hell za Poppin

Lover Come Back

By Paul O'Neil

One woman discovers the right answer to the most important question any wife can put up to herself

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE pulse-quickening knowledge that she could fall in love again came to Mrs. Catherine (everyone called her Skid) Malloy Schultz Allen in an improbable setting. It happened without warning in a bare little hangar office at Boeing Field, Seattle, King County, Washington, her home town.

She had never seen Johnny Holland before that still, drowsy October afternoon. He had opened the door and walked in, so young and fresh and right, and stood there like a gift from some benevolent god, with involuntary admiration in his eyes.

She could not have told herself how she sensed a feeling of intimacy beginning instantly between them. But even before he spoke she felt her restlessness dissolved by a hunter's quick excitement, something like the stirring shock of a first whisky taken neat after a month on the wagon.

He wanted to see Mike Allen, he said, talking with just the exact, effortless shade of friendliness that had come from getting a pony on his tenth birthday, and going carelessly to military schools and a little, famous old college, and of having a present, patriotic interest in a rich family's business. Somebody had told him he ought to fly, and that Mike Allen could teach him to soar like an eagle. Or like a crow, he added, with a grin that was easy, and a little shy.

She stood up, smiling, and told him in her brusque, throaty voice that she was Mike Allen's wife. Something—could it have been the same, vague, nameless disappointment she felt at telling him?—stilled his expression for a split second.

She gave herself a comforting, momentary glance in an imaginary mirror. She was wearing—Allah be praised she needed no girdle—a light print dress. Her dark blond hair almost touched her shoulders—showy, but nice. All of her was showy—her long legs, like a chorus girl's in sheer tan—but she kept it under wraps.

She said something quickly after that. "Mike's taken the firm's number two eggbeater to Spokane." Something that wasn't quite up to standard. Then she said, formally, "He's always here in the mornings. We'd love to teach you to fly."

Then, for no reason, they both began to laugh, and she said, "All our pupils find it's very healthy. Better than a sanitarium for the weary executive. Why don't you give Mike a ring tomorrow?"

"I'll give him a call," he said. "My name is Holland. Johnny Holland." And with the easy grin again, "Thank you."

And that was all—but after his big roadster was gone she paced, slowly, humming happily under her breath.

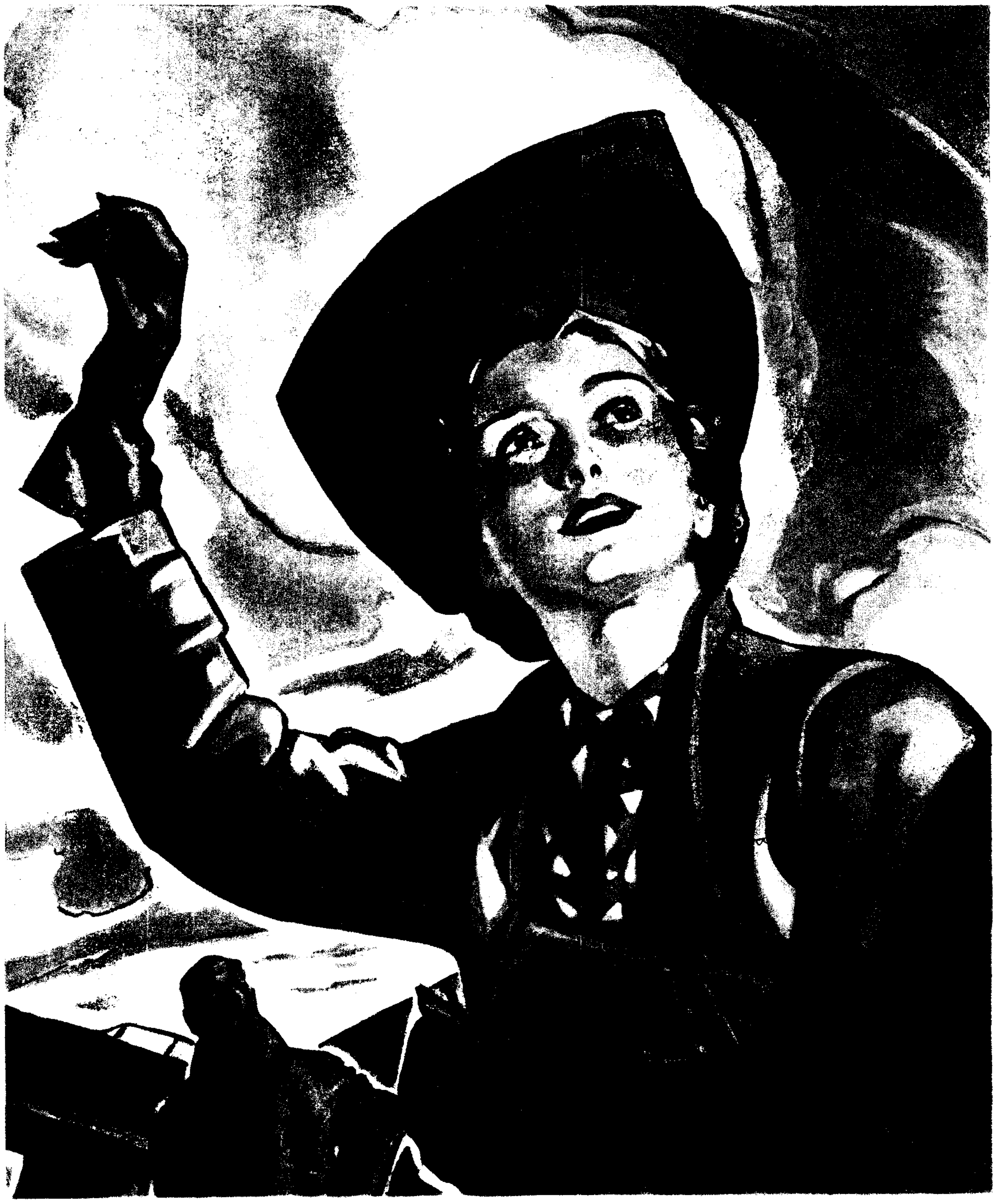
Skid could forget things she wanted to forget merely by thrusting them into one of the thousands of little cubbyholes reserved for unpleasant memories. She could remember, for instance, the way big, easygoing, patient Mike had once given her this same wondering yet triumphant excitement, and the same feeling of suspense. And then she could say, as though she were talking to a naughty child, "My conscience, bad cess to it," and let her thoughts go back to Johnny Holland, like a moth to a candle.

IT HAD always been that way since The Picture. Since she was sixteen. Her father, a struggling physician, lived on Capitol Hill, a few blocks from great homes, and she had been conscious, always, of other girls and of the things—maids, and the ability to give parties in big, old houses, and in a few cases chauffeurs—which made them seem apart and to be feared.

She saw the picture in a history book. It was a drawing of a man with ruffled lace at his throat, and long curls, standing, sword drawn, with one foot slightly before the other. The caption had said, simply, Cavalier. There was an arrogance and an elegance about it that crystallized all her half-formed longings, and made her see the things she wanted from life. But she was too young to see below the surface of her ideal to the realities that made him what he was.

It resulted, at first, only in her letting her hair grow long and loose like his. But it also made her smile so imperturbably at the feminine whispers this innovation aroused that before she was graduated she had become a member of a secret sorority banned by the school board, and had been to parties of the girls she had feared, and had developed an emotion akin to contempt for women. She had spurned the kisses of half a dozen boys, and had fallen in love, wildly and triumphantly, with the handsome, insolent son of a rich man who was as sought after as she. And in a few weeks she had begun to find a sameness and a sullenness about him and had begun to look past him at farther horizons.

That summer the great wide adult world was



She returned Mike's wave without giving a thought to the high country over which he would fly opened to her. One afternoon she crossed the Sound with other girls on an officer's launch, and boarded one of the battleships moored in the harbor for Fleet Week. And dancing beneath a quarter-deck awning with ensigns and young lieutenants, she breathed an atmosphere so heady, so romantic, that she knew she had stepped into some storybook existence.

She was married that autumn to Lieutenant (junior grade) Harry John Schultz. The newspapers carried photographs of her slim figure beside his short, almost pudgy one, beneath the swords of his brother officers. She mailed clippings to her friends, signing them, jubilantly, in the margin—Skid, the Child Bride. She was almost eighteen.

She lived gratefully in a new and exciting world for a year. There was an autumn and a winter in a little Coronado apartment. She used Navy slang with the great, thrilling knowledge that it was now her right, and wrote letters gleefully on Navy stationery. They were ordered to the Asiatic Fleet in the spring, and she spent a summer and part of another autumn in a sort of Arabian Nights wonderland peopled by Chinese bar boys and ricksha men, new Navy people, Englishmen, and other less-impressive foreigners.

She lived another year with no gratefulness at all, with a growing boredom and a growing restlessness, while the newness and the glitter wore away in a Manila house in which mold appeared overnight on her shoes. While the excitement wore away in afternoons at club bars with other wives whose faces and voices she knew too well. While the gratefulness was replaced by the knowledge that her husband was a little absurd and a little pompous; that he repeated the old Navy stories and the old Navy tricks of speech and action as though they had been drilled into him, and that one of his fingers which had once been broken stuck out a little when he held a coffee cup. While it came to her that Harry would be happier without her. For this last she was unaccountably grateful.

She filed her suit for divorce (mental cruelty, uncontested) almost exactly two years after the arch of swords and emerged from the cocoon of marriage to flutter against the lights of Shanghai's International Settlement.

The lights were beginning to hurt her eyes a little, a year after that, when she met Mike Allen, who was so nicely civilian. She liked the way his teeth looked when he smiled at her quick, nervous talk. She liked his height, and his shoulders. She was tired then, always, and she thought it would be nice to put her head on that kind of shoulder and drop off to sleep. But that was all she thought about him until she reflected, two days later, that he had not tried to kiss her good night.

SHE might have seen him a dozen times more without ever experiencing the hero worship, and the tremulous, frightening, intoxicating need of offering herself like a lovely sacrifice, that she knew when they met again. Because she might not have seen him at the exact time and the exact place.

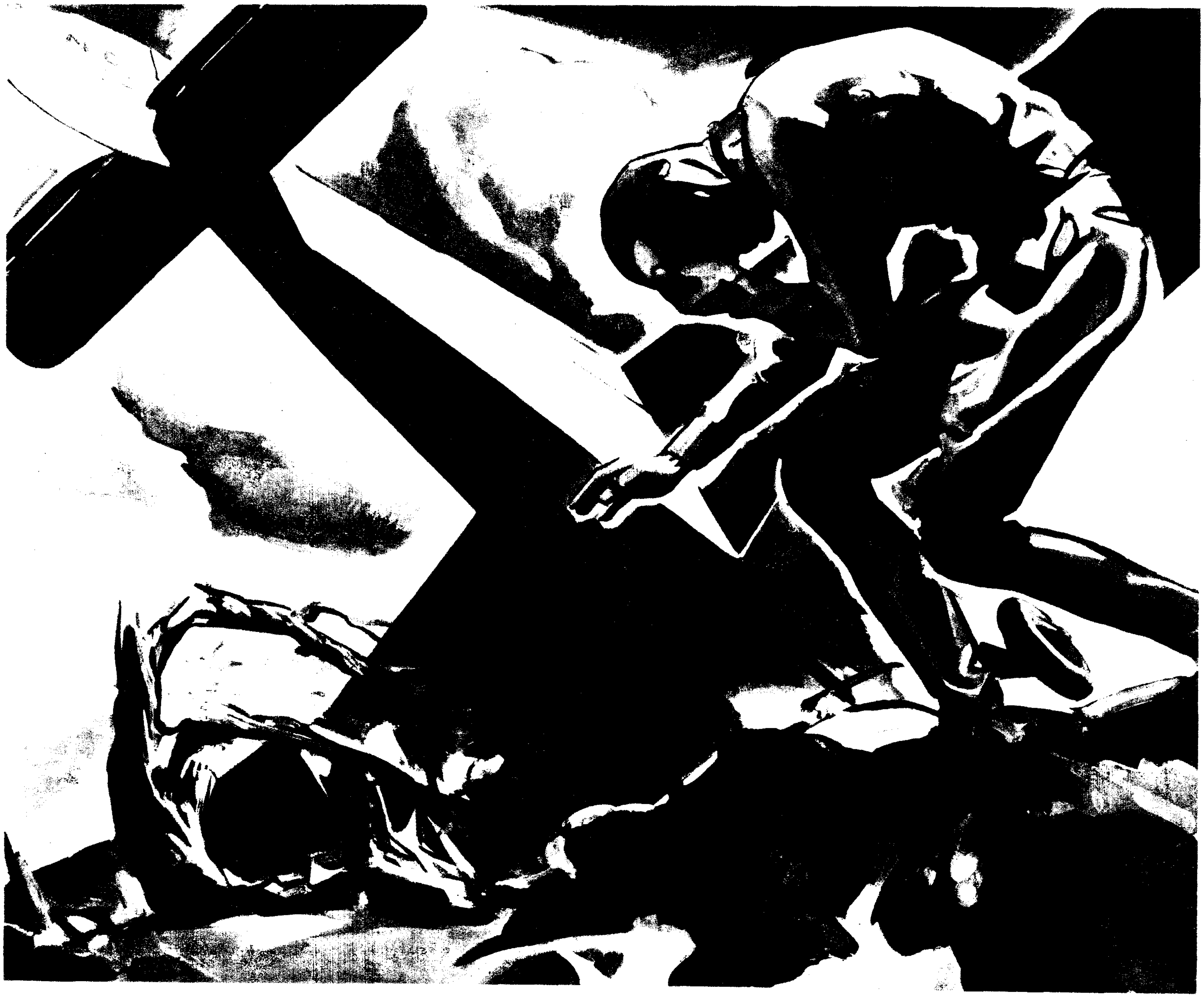
But as it happened Madge Evans called her on the telephone that certain day and said, "Let's go out and meet Mike Allen when his plane comes in." She asked, remembering him after a second, "Where has he been?" And Madge replied, "He flies it. Didn't you really know? How shocking—after a whole evening with him."

And so she was there when Mike brought the big tri-motored ship he was flying on the Peiping-Shanghai run, down with only one landing wheel. "Like my son John, with one shoe off and one shoe on," she was to tell people, later. She stood, staring, while the ship settled lower and lower until the one wheel touched and rumbled. The ship skimmed along, as though it would never stop, until it began toppling over on one wing. She did not feel Madge's grip on her arm while it skidded with a wounded, metallic roar, and was almost hidden in a cloud of dust. She began running, then, in the first wave of running people, with Madge, beside her, gasping, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" over and over.

He was out of the ship with the Chinese co-pilot when they stopped, panting, beside it. His headphones were dangling in one hand, and he was cursing, bitterly, the souls of the native mechanics who had serviced the wheels and had replaced but one properly. The passengers emerged, white-faced, but safe, and he turned to leave.

He stopped, grinning in quick recognition, a tall, homely, and suddenly gallant figure. "The damned thing dropped off—probably at the end of the take-off," he said, "and I've been thinking about it all the way down." Skid, in that moment, wondered how soon he would kiss her.

"We were married," she wrote the next spring, "by the same judge who handled the dissolving process for me. It was all very quiet and simple and lovely. Afterward we drank champagne in a room at the hotel with a lot of people who wanted to wish us well, and threw the glasses out the window like officers of the King's Foot on the Queen's birthday or something. It almost started a civil war with the Sikh policeman down below. I flew to Peiping on Mike's next trip. I have a house as big as a castle practically within spitting distance of the Forbidden City, and nine—or is it ten?—yellow jobs scurrying around with the housework. *(Continued on page 55)*



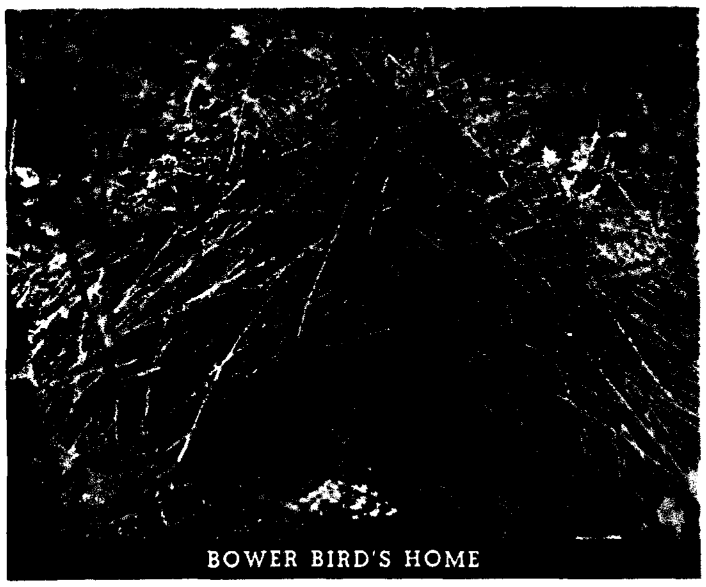
"He was out of the plane when I got to it—though God knows how he did it. Out on his feet, but trying to get somewhere"

S. Dillon Ripley sailed halfway around the world in a small schooner to bag the exotic and queer pets shown on these two pages. He and a cannibal safari found them in the Tamrau Mountain jungles of Dutch New Guinea, a section never penetrated before by white men. As zoologist of the Denison-Crockett Expedition sponsored by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the author brought back to this country seventy live specimens and the skins of 1,500 others

SIX-PLUMED BIRD OF PARADISE

CASSOWARY

LORY


BOWER BIRD'S HOME

SPINY ANTEATER

FROM THE DIARY OF S. DILLON RIPLEY

BOWER BIRD—I found the house of one of the most inventive birds in the world. It was shaped like a wigwam, perhaps six feet broad at the base and nearly four feet high. Many slender yellow orchid stems had been woven around a small sapling. Inside was a circular room, about two and a half feet across, the little tree making a central column. A well-rounded archway led out to a squared terrace, kept scrupulously clean, and ornamented by neat piles of different-colored fruit and flowers. And all this elaborate creation was the work of a dull-colored brown bird, hardly bigger than a robin.

I heard the bower bird chattering to its mate excitedly. Soon the bird came along, hopping and running on the ground. Once in its clearing I saw it stoop, pick up a match I'd dropped, and with an angry shake of the head toss it into the underbrush. Then it started rearranging a little bed of blossoms where I had moved them slightly with my hand. Then with a flirt of its tail it darted over to examine a pile of small blue plum-shaped fruit, for all the world like an impatient housewife.

There were seven different beds or piles of things on the terrace, each separate and each of a different color. One large bed was black, made of charcoal brought from native campfires perhaps miles away. Two beds were of different-colored flowers, three of kinds of fruit and one of toadstools and lichens.

Later I found many more such houses, more or less elaborate, all with terraces decorated with fruit and flowers. I tried bringing different kinds of flowers, some of which were too hard for the birds to pick off the stems themselves. Mostly my offerings were rejected; other colors than the ones they liked would be thrown out, but on one memorable occasion an orange orchid that I had picked was given the place of honor before the front door.

SIX-PLUMED BIRD OF PARADISE—A first cousin of the bower bird was one of the most beautiful birds I have ever seen. Its name is the six-plumed bird of paradise and it is a velvety coal black with brilliant china-blue eyes. It has six long wires, barely perceptible in the photograph, three on each side, coming from the sides of the head and sweeping back to end in feathery tufts high over the tail. Patches of brilliant metallic feathers on throat and neck and a snow-white one over the bill complete the plumage of this gorgeous bird.

Working through the jungle, we sometimes saw small flocks of these birds of paradise, mostly female or young birds, dull in sober brown plumage, while one or two brilliant old males screamed harshly and were reluctant to move away from their perching trees as I went by. It was not long before one of my native boys found out the reason. These birds, like the bower birds, have their dancing places, in this case not a house but a plain terrace on the jungle floor, kept free of fallen twigs or leaves, and here year after year the males come to dance and show off in front of the seemingly very indifferent females.

I noticed that the males descended with angular leaps and bounds from branch to branch, looking as if they landed on exactly the same spot every time. Later I found this to be true, as when I looked at the branches I could see grooves worn for three quarters of an inch down through the bark where their claws had gripped the branch.

CASSOWARY—If the ostrich is one of the most grotesque and ungainly of birds, his near relative, the cassowary, which roams over New Guinea, runs him a close second. In the Tamrau Mountains this huge flightless bird occurs in a dwarf form about three and one-half feet tall and is covered with long, hairlike feathers. On the end of a scraggy, partly naked and brightly colored neck there is a silly-looking head composed of huge bill and eyes, horny rooster's comb and not much else. The natives raise young ones that they find in the jungle and are devoted to them.

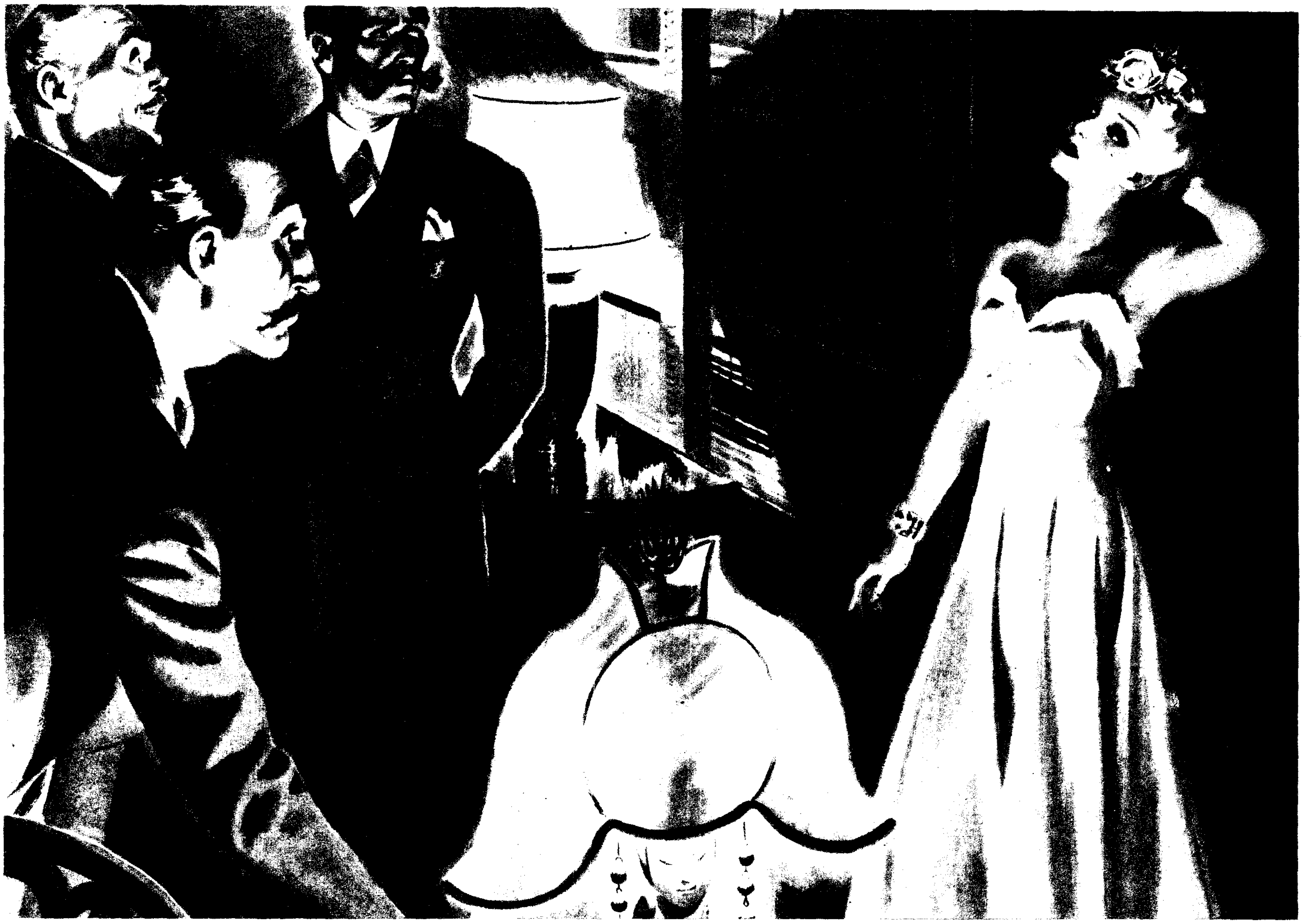
One in our camp was about a year old and nearly full-grown, but followed his owner everywhere like a pet spaniel. If it became separated from its master for a while it would make a dash through the camp, lunging to right and left, big feet flying, peeping like an overgrown chick until it found him. At night it slept beside him near the campfire. There it would lie perfectly quiet with legs outstretched, more like a dog than a bird.

But cassowaries can be dangerous. Their powerful legs have claws, especially on the inner toe of each foot. Their method of defense is to jump in the air and kick, and a full-grown bird can disembowel a man with ease. Birds raised by natives have been known to turn savage and run amok when they became older.

HORNBILL—Augustus, my pet hornbill, is a young bird, so his musical-comedy bill has not had time to develop fully, but later it will get even larger with a regular row of horny wrinkles on top, which the natives maintain show how old the bird is—by the simple method of counting a wrinkle for each year. But Augustus is at least a year old and so far has no wrinkles to show for it, so I rather doubt the natives' theory.

Hornbills are a model of *(Continued on page 69)*

HORNBILL



"She's a mannequin by instinct," thought Poirot. "But her eyes are hard"

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with Alfred, his oldest son, and Alfred's wife, Lydia, at beautiful Gorston Hall, in England, rich old Simeon Lee invites —*orders* is perhaps the word—the members of his family to assemble at his home for a Christmas reunion.

Simeon is a disagreeable old tyrant. Nevertheless, his married sons and their wives—David, an artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene—presently arrive. Also, the old man's granddaughter, Pilar Estravados, who comes all the way from Spain, and the black sheep of the family—Harry Lee, who, after embezzling a large sum of money, had left England twenty years before. There is one unexpected guest: Stephen Farr, whose father had been Simeon's partner in South Africa, when Simeon was accumulating a fortune in the diamond business. A total stranger, Farr calls at Gorston Hall, and Simeon insists that he remain over Christmas.

But a short time before Christmas, while the guests are having their after-dinner coffee—some in the dining room, some in the drawing room—someone slips into Simeon's bedroom and cuts his throat!

Arriving at the house, to keep an appointment with Simeon, just as the tragedy occurs, Superintendent of Police Sugden examines the body. Then, to the astonishment of everyone in the room, he forces Pilar Estravados to hand over a small piece of rubber that she had picked up, surreptitiously, from the floor. What that bit of rubber is Sugden does not say; but he seems to regard it as of great importance.

Colonel Johnson, chief constable of the county, arrives on the scene. He is accompanied by the brilliant Hercule Poirot, Europe's most capable detective, who happens to be in England. Johnson and Poirot interrogate various members of the household. They are especially interested in the disappearance of some uncut diamonds (valued at ten thousand pounds) which Simeon had kept locked in a safe in his bedroom.

When Harry Lee—cynical, clever, harum-scarum—is questioned, his answers are amazingly frank. Johnson makes a mental note of everything he says. Then: "Have you any ideas on the subject of the murderer's identity, Mr. Lee?"

V

HARRY shook his head.

"No," he said slowly. "No—I haven't. You know—it's *rather* a jolt. Because I've been thinking about it—and I don't see that it could have been an outside job. . . ."

"Ah," said Sugden, nodding his head.

"And if so," said Harry Lee, "then someone here in the house killed him. . . . But who the devil could have done it? Can't suspect the servants. Tressilian has been here since the year one. The half-witted footman? Not on your life. Horbury, now, he's a cool customer, but Tressilian tells me he was out at the pictures. So what do you come to? Passing over Stephen Farr (and why the devil should Stephen Farr come all the way from South Africa and murder a total stranger) there's only the family. And for the life of me I *can't* see one of us doing it. Alfred? He adored Father. George? He hasn't got the guts. David? David's always been a moon-dreamer. He'd faint if he saw his own finger bleed. The wives? Women don't go and slit a man's throat in cold blood. So who did? Blessed if I know. But it's damned disturbing."

Colonel Johnson cleared his throat—an official habit of his, and said, "When did you last see your father this evening?"

"After tea. He'd just had a row with Alfred. About me. The old man was no end bucked with himself. He always liked stirring up trouble. In my opinion that's why he kept my arrival dark from the others. Wanted to see the fur fly when I blew in unexpectedly! That's why he talked about altering his will, too."

Poirot stirred softly. He murmured, "So your father mentioned his will?"

"Yes. In front of the whole lot of us. Watching us like a cat to see how we reacted. Just told the lawyer chap to come over and see him about it after Christmas."

Poirot asked, "What changes did he contemplate making?"

Harry Lee grinned.

"He didn't tell us that! Trust the old fox! I imagine—or shall we say I hoped?—that the change was to my advantage! I should imagine I'd been cut out of any former wills. Now, I rather fancy, I was to go back. Nasty blow for the others. Pilar, too—he'd taken a fancy to her. She was in for something good, I should imagine. You haven't seen her yet? My Spanish niece. She's a beautiful creature, Pilar—with the lovely warmth of the South—and its cruelty. Wish I weren't a mere uncle!"

"You say your father took to her?"

Harry nodded.

"She knew how to get round the old man. Sat up there with him a good deal. I bet she knew just what she was after! Well, he's dead now. No wills can be altered in Pilar's favor—nor mine either, worse luck."

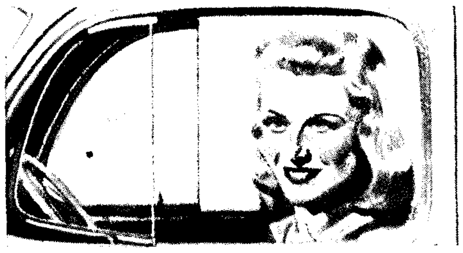
He frowned, paused a minute, and then went on with a change of tone:

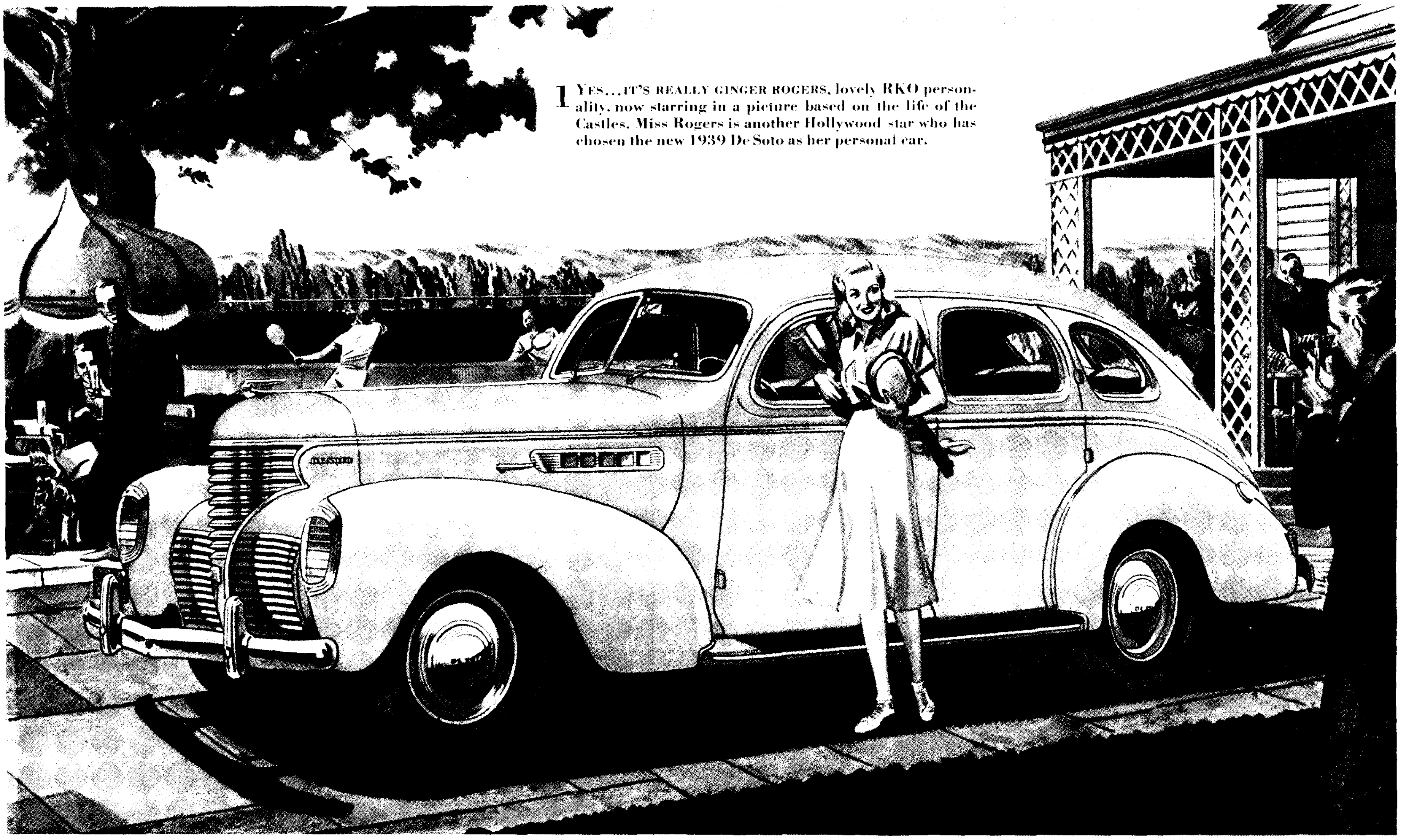
"But I'm wandering from the point. You wanted to know what was the last time I saw my father? As I have told you, it was after tea—might have been a little past six. The old man was in good spirits then—a bit tired perhaps. I went away and left him with

(Continued on page 48)

GINGER ROGERS

DRIVES HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST CAR—DE SOTO!



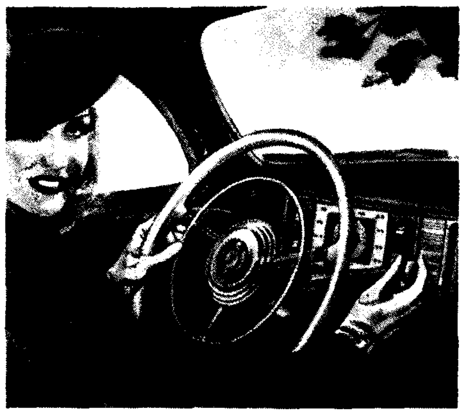


1 YES...IT'S REALLY GINGER ROGERS, lovely RKO personality, now starring in a picture based on the life of the Castles. Miss Rogers is another Hollywood star who has chosen the new 1939 De Soto as her personal car.

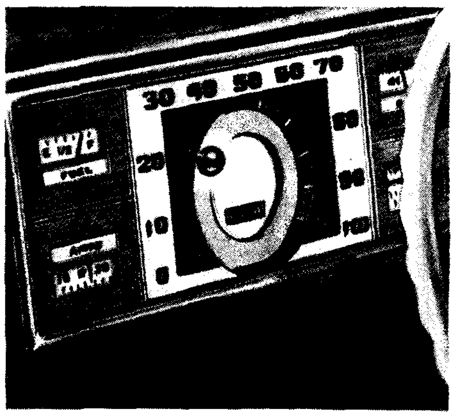
"I LIKE ACTION!

...I Get it in my De Soto. And with Such Ease of Handling—Every Control is right at my Fingertips!"

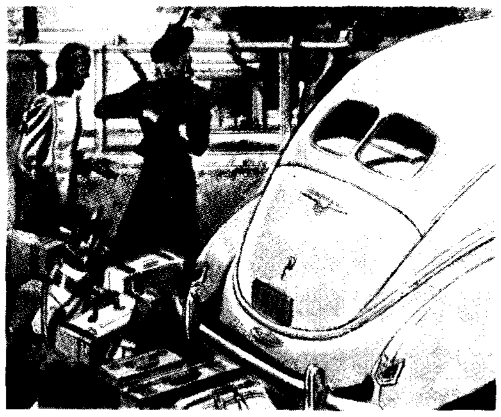
Ginger Rogers



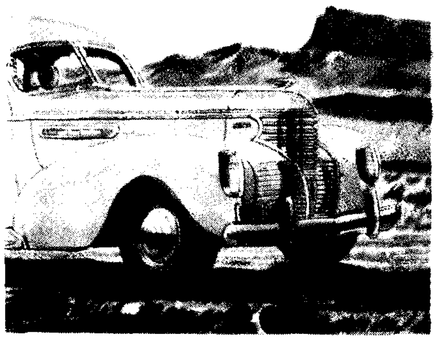
2 "WOMEN WILL welcome De Soto's new Handy-Shift. It's so easy...so much more convenient. And with the floor lever gone, there's real room for 3 in front!"



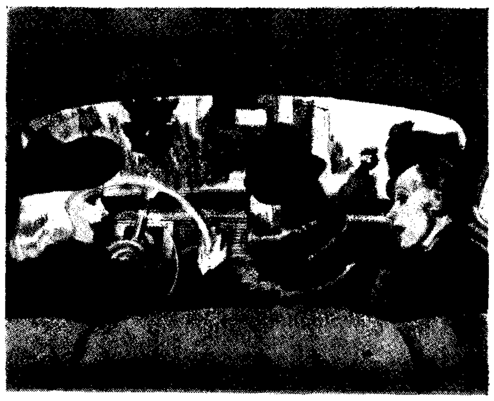
3 "THERE'S A REGULAR 'traffic cop' on the dash. A light shows green, amber, or red, as your driving speed changes. It's a great reminder to 'Play Safe'."



4 "I LIKE LOTS of luggage space and I get it in De Soto's Streamlined Luggage Locker. And with the trunk bulge gone, the car looks much smarter."



5 "THAT SMOOTH DE SOTO RIDE is really something! Better than I've found on much more expensive cars. Even the roughest roads aren't tiring."



6 "AND THOSE SEATS! They call them 'Sofa-Wide' and that's what they are. No more 'guest-room' worries! There's really plenty of room for six big people!"

7 AND BEST OF ALL, De Soto's priced right...amazingly easy to buy! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

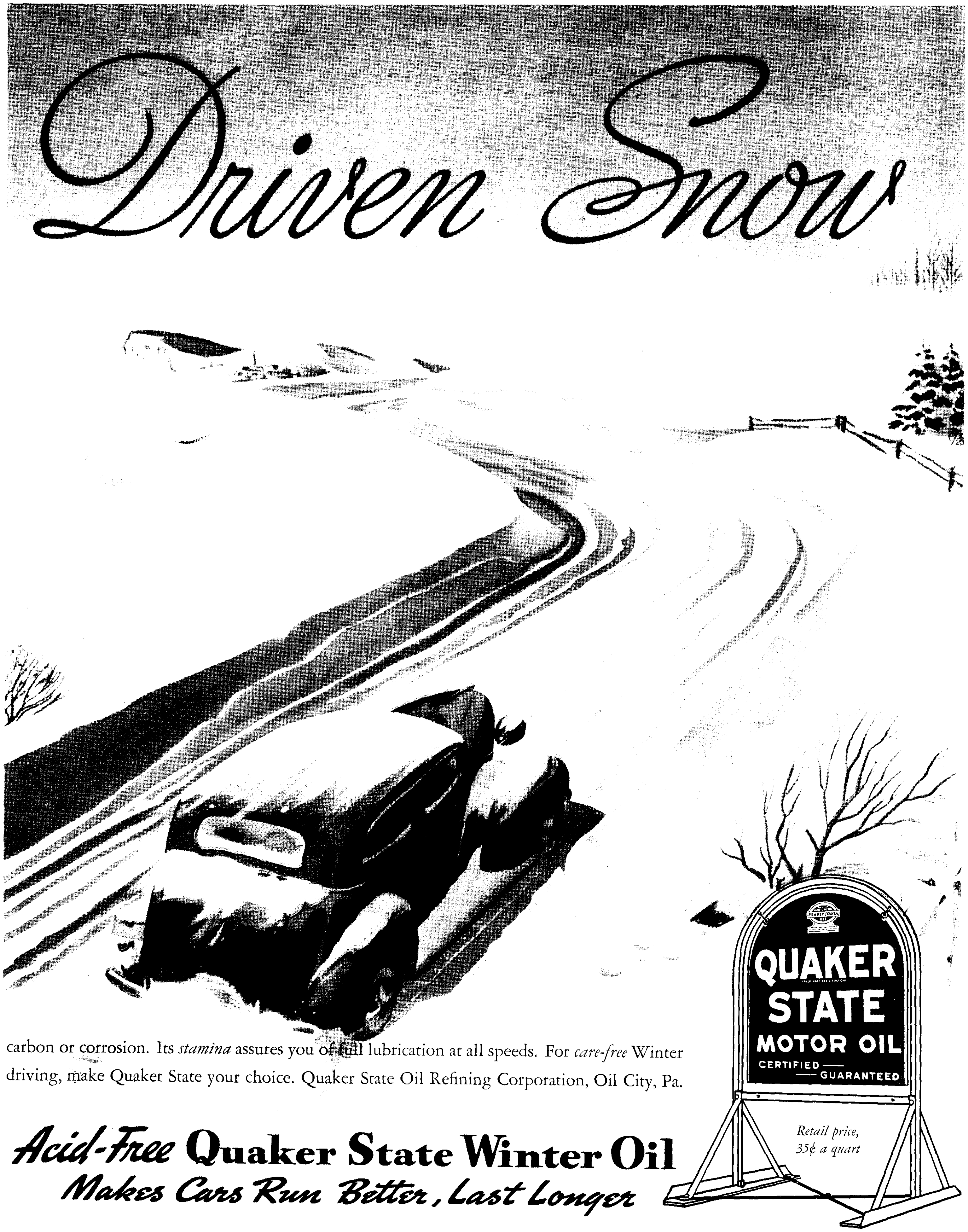
SEE YOUR

DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A GREAT CAR...FINE SERVICE & A SQUARE DEAL

Acid-Free Quaker State is a scientific achievement in *oil purity*... made possible in Quaker State's four great modern refineries.

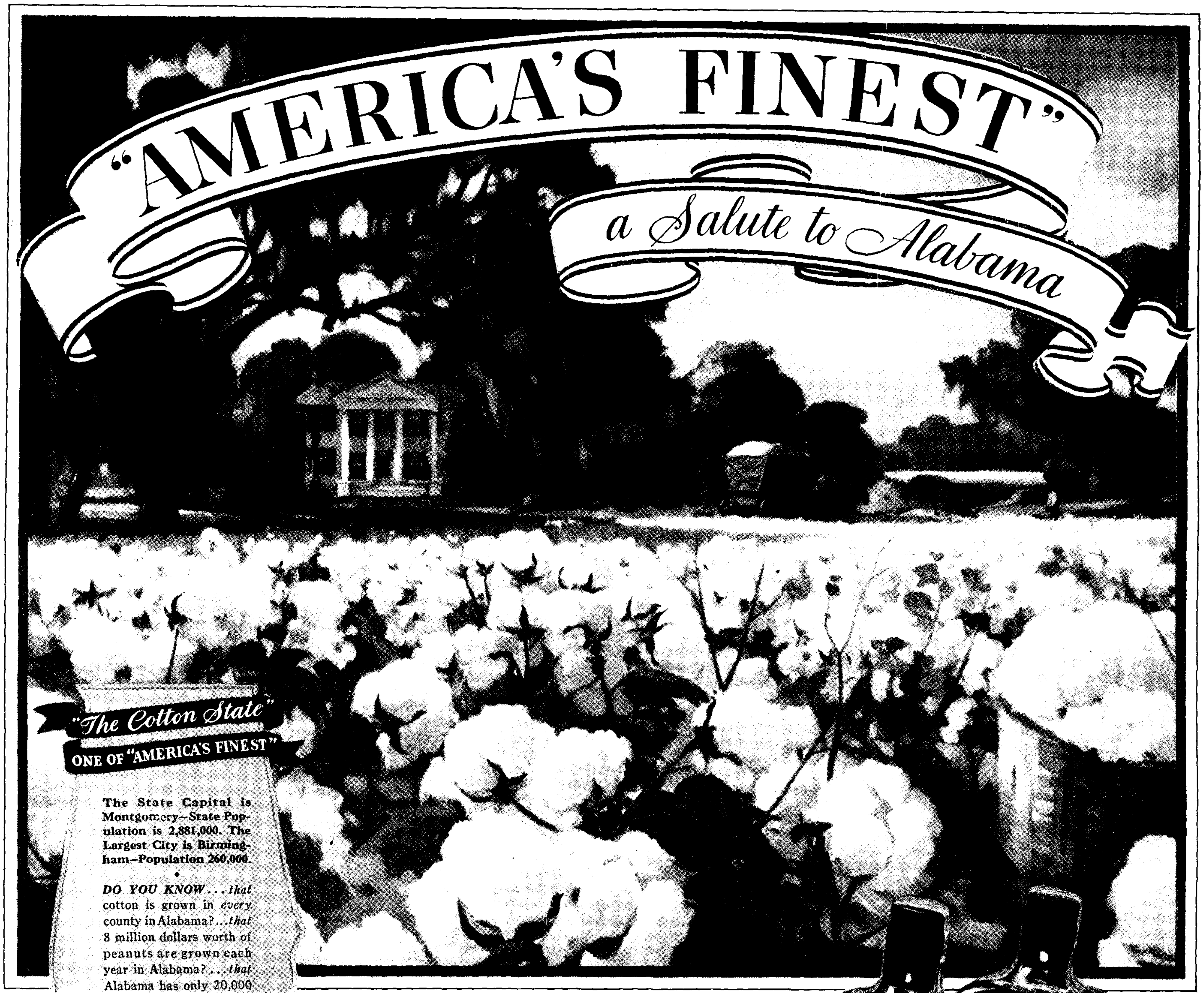
WINTER OIL should flow freely at low temperatures . . . yet be sturdy enough to stand up under hard driving. And Winter oil must be exceptionally pure... because impurities aggravate the common Winter hazards of sludge, carbon and corrosion. Quaker State pioneered in the development of motor oils for Winter driving. The *low cold test* of Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil will relieve you of starting troubles. Its *purity* will free you of worry about sludge,


Driven Snow
PENNSYLVANIA OIL
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

carbon or corrosion. Its *stamina* assures you of full lubrication at all speeds. For *care-free* Winter driving, make Quaker State your choice. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.

Retail price, 35¢ a quart

Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil
Makes Cars Run Better, Last Longer


"AMERICA'S FINEST"
a Salute to Alabama

"The Cotton State"
ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

The State Capital is Montgomery—State Population is 2,881,000. The Largest City is Birmingham—Population 260,000.

•

DO YOU KNOW . . . that cotton is grown in *every* county in Alabama? . . . *that* 8 million dollars worth of peanuts are grown each year in Alabama? . . . *that* Alabama has only 20,000 foreign born people?

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Say Seagram's and be Sure of "*America's Finest*"

To keep the quality of Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown faithfully uniform, year after year, is a task that calls for rare genius in the art of blending fine whiskies.

With an experience that dates back 80 years and a never-ending treasure of more than 80 million gallons of fine whiskies to draw upon, Seagram's master blenders are able to perpetuate with unerring accuracy the famous Crown taste.

Through the years, men have learned to trust the quality of the whiskey in a Seagram bottle. If the label says 7 Crown or 5 Crown, you can be sure you are getting "America's Finest".

At your favorite bar or package store.

· *CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED*

Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
5 Crown
Blended Whiskey
"AMERICA'S FINEST"
Seagram's Crown Whiskies
90 PROOF

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.

Delicate is the word for an amazing fisticuff encounter you can't afford to miss

Stop Pushing

By Irwin Shaw

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

MR. GENSEL carefully wrapped six feet of adhesive tape around Joey Garr's famous right hand. Joey sat on the edge of the rubbing table, swinging his legs, watching his manager moodily.

"Delicate," Mr. Gensel said, working thoughtfully. "Remember, delicate is the keyword."

"Yeah," Joey said. He belched.

Mr. Gensel frowned and stopped winding the tape. "Joey," he said, "how many times I got to tell you, please, for my sake, don't eat in diners."

"Yeah," Joey said.

"There is a limit to everything, Joey," Mr. Gensel said. "Thrift can be carried too far, Joey. You're not a poor man. You got as much money in the bank as a Hollywood actress, so why do you have to eat thirty-five-cent blue plates?"

"Please do not talk so much." Joey stuck out his left hand.

Mr. Gensel turned his attentions to the famous left hand. "Ulcers," he complained. "I will have a fighter with ulcers. A wonderful prospect. He has to eat garbage. Garbage and ketchup. The coming welterweight champion. Dynamite in either fist. But he belches forty times a day!"

The door opened and McAlmon came in, flanked on either side by two tall, broad men with flat faces and scarred lips curled in amiable grins.

"I am glad to see you boys," McAlmon said, coming up and patting Joey on the back. "How is my little boy Joey tonight?"

"Yeah," Joey said, lying down on the rubbing table and closing his eyes.

"He belches," Mr. Gensel said. "I never saw a fighter belch so much as Joey in my whole life. Not in thirty-five years in the game. How is your boy?"

"Rocky is fine," McAlmon said. "He wanted to come in here with me. He wanted to make sure that Joey understood."

"I understand," Joey said irritably. "I understand fine. That Rocky. The one thing he is afraid of is maybe some day somebody will hit him. A prize fighter."

"You can't blame him," McAlmon said reasonably. "After all, he knows if Joey wants he can put him down until the day after Thanksgiving."

"He's got nothing to worry about," Mr. Gensel said smoothly. "Everything is absolutely clear in everybody's mind. Clear like crystal. We carry him the whole ten rounds."

"Lissen, Joey." McAlmon leaned on the rubbing table right over Joey's upturned face. "Just in case any party forgets their agreement, let me introduce you to Mr. Pike and Mr. Petroskas."

The two tall, broad men smiled very widely.

Joey sat up slowly and looked at them.

"They will be sitting in the audience," McAlmon said. "Watching proceedings with interest."

The two men smiled from ear to ear, the flat noses flattening even deeper into their faces.

"They got guns, Mr. Gensel," Joey said. "Under their lousy armpits."

"It is just a precaution," McAlmon said. "I know everything will go along smooth. But we got money invested."

"Lissen, you dumb Philadelphia hick," Joey began.

"That isn't the way to talk, Joey," Mr. Gensel said nervously.

"I got money invested, too," Joey yelled. "I got one thousand dollars down even money that that lousy Rocky stays ten rounds with me. You don't need your gorillas. I am only hoping Rocky don't collapse from fright before the tenth round."

"Is that the truth?" McAlmon asked Mr. Gensel.

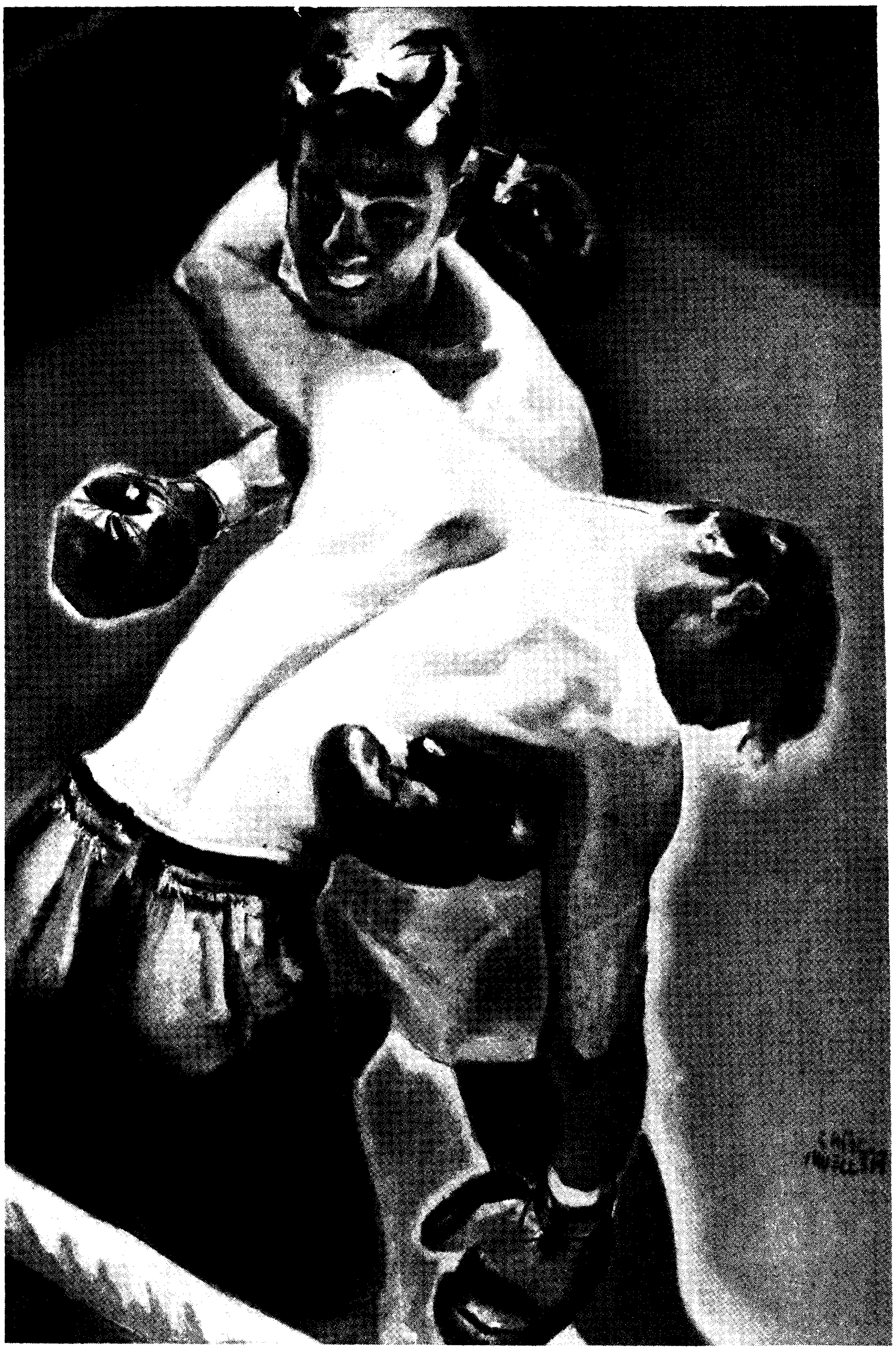
"I put the bet down through my own brother-in-law," Mr. Gensel said. "I swear it."

"All right, all right." McAlmon put out both his hands placatingly. "There is no harm done in straightening matters out complete beforehand, is there? Now nobody is in the dark about anything." He turned to Pike and Petroskas. "Okay, boys, just sit in your seats and have a good time."

"Why do those two bums have to be there?" Joey demanded.

"Do you mind if they

(Continued on page 41)



Rocky just leaned against Joey with the glaze in his eyes, while Joey conducted the fight by himself

Obituary of a Democracy

Continued from page 13

Czechs and they were getting out. Many of their friends had been threatened or had already disappeared. They did not understand what had happened to their country; but their home was lost, their fields lay behind them, work and safety were gone. . . . You could always tell the refugees by the way they walked, though most of them were empty-handed; they had left home too fast and in too great fear. You could tell the refugees by their shoulders, by how they held their heads and by the weariness.

Louny is a town near the new frontier: a stiff little stone city with some factories, some shops, schools. The peasants came here from the rich Bohemian plain to buy and sell; it had a quiet, orderly life before all this. There were 11,000 people here in normal times and there have been 7,000 refugees shuttled back and forth in the last days. In the Sokol house, where the Czechs used to practice gymnastics, the refugees sleep. In a room are the bicycles that some of them rode in on; freshly washed stockings and underclothes dry from the upturned legs of desks and tables; straw is piled in the corners to sleep on, some people have mattresses. There are as many as sixty people in a room. They all had homes before: they were people who built their homes solidly to last forever because they believed in them.

Just to look at their faces is enough, but they will talk if you wait. A man of forty is sitting on a table holding his little yellow-haired daughter in his arms. He has a dark face that has grown bitter in this room. He was a mechanic, a German Sudeten.

"Everything is left behind," he says, "my tools, the shop, everything." The child seems still frightened and he holds her gently; it is a strange thing for children to be waked in the night and hurried over the dark roads in silence.

"We were democrats," the man says. "Look, I have always lived here; I am a Czech citizen. But I cannot speak Czech and neither can the child: she went to the German school, I did my work always in German, my wife speaks German. I do not think you can say we were very oppressed."

A man in a cap crossed the room and asked if I knew whether they would be allowed to emigrate to Canada. They say the names of these distant places hopefully, not sure what the country is like or where it is, but maybe there will be safety for them there. Canada, they know, is a safe country for people who believe in democracy.

They have gathered around in a crowd, and a thin, sick-looking man elbows his way into the center; there are tears on his face. But by now you are used to this, you have seen so many people—men and women—weeping as they talk, not like people who pity themselves, but with helplessness and anger.

Are France and England Happy?

"What good does it do if we can go to Canada?" he shouts. "I have lost my wife; I cannot find my wife and the two children. What are they going to do then—send us to Canada and not send the women? Are we never to see our families again?"

"Where is your wife?" I said.

"I don't know," he said; "in Germany. When we first crossed the frontier coming here, they shipped us all back. Back to Germany, you understand. I had fought with the Czech gendarmes against the Henleinists when they started to terrorize our town. But I was sent back. There were 1,200 of us and when the train got to Chomutov, the Henlein people came and took us all, took us prisoner. I lied and said my home was in Dux, and we got into another train. Then at Dux I escaped. I came back here on foot alone—my wife made me. We saw what the Henleinists were doing to the people who were against them. But I know nothing of my wife. And who will find our families for us?"

His voice had risen. The Red Cross nurse who was in charge here was standing away from them all with a stricken face. She kept saying, "It is worse than sickness; it is worse than death; the poor people."

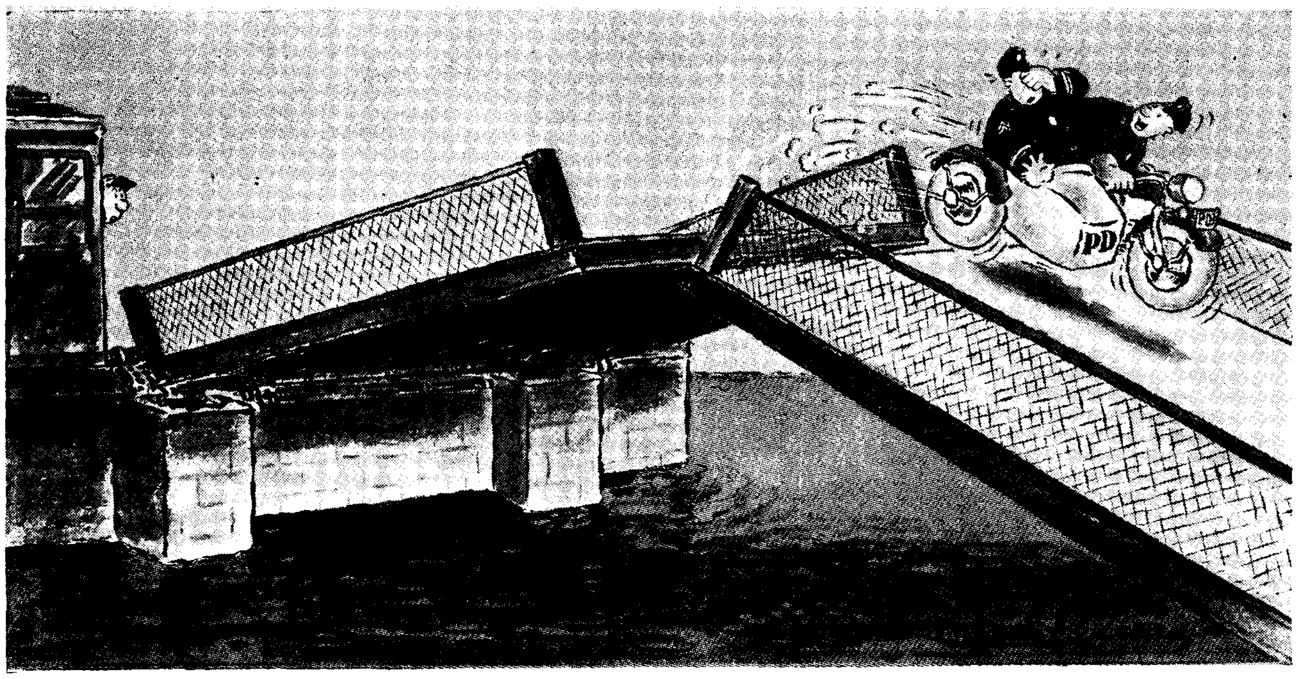
There was a woman by the window. She had not spoken. "Ask her," the others said, "ask her what happened to her." I could see she was weeping. But when she turned to speak her face was carved with anger. "Look," she said, "the Henlein police go about the street; they own the street and the village and the country. And so you are walking on the pavement. So one came up to me like this," and she drew back her arm, "and struck me across the face, and said I was a dirty Czech and they would make the Czechs, all the Czechs, so small," her hand reached to the ground, "in concentration camps. I had seen it before, and I feared for my child. I came here with her, walking, with nothing but the clothes on our backs, and there she is. My daughter has no home, no school, no country. Are the French and the English happy now?"

At Kladno, a small, dismal town halfway between Prague and the new frontier, the refugees were all over, wherever there was room. They had housed a few hundred in the old folks home. The refugees wandered about among the old women with their kerchiefed heads and the old pipe-smoking men, lost and bewildered. The old people did not care any more: this home was their safety against a mad, uncertain world. But the refugees slept on straw in the clean, bright basement, and worried about tomorrow.

"They cannot send us back to Germany," a gray-haired Czech said. "I cannot go. My son was a soldier in the Czech army. He went home after the demobilization with three comrades. He did not know I had escaped. He walked into the house to see me and get clothes, and they arrested him. Only one of the three got away. He has told me. No one is safe," he said, "none of us; they cannot send me back."

The refugees from the German occupied territory were also in the German school at Kladno (there were even German schools, it seems, in these preponderantly Czech towns), Czechs and Germans mixed together, closely bound by disaster, fed by Czech women, and no one cared about their nationality or politics. I have seen the way refugees live in America when the Mississippi rises and drives them from their homes. These people were fleeing too, from something they had not made, as innocent as the people who escape the danger of the rising river.

There were two tiny blond children, too small to speak, who bumbled around on fat legs and got in everyone's way, and everyone loved them. They were called Hansel and Gretel because their



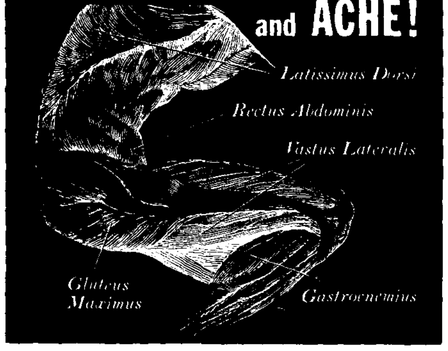
"Okay! You can look now, Sarge! We made it!"

JAY IRVING

Whether You Do THIS

—or THIS

FATIGUE ACIDS make these Muscles SWELL and ACHE!



RELIEVE MUSCLE PAIN—

Flush *Poisonous* acids out!

EXCITING SPORT or household chores do the same thing to muscles. Hard use causes poisonous fatigue acids to settle in them—make them swell and ache!

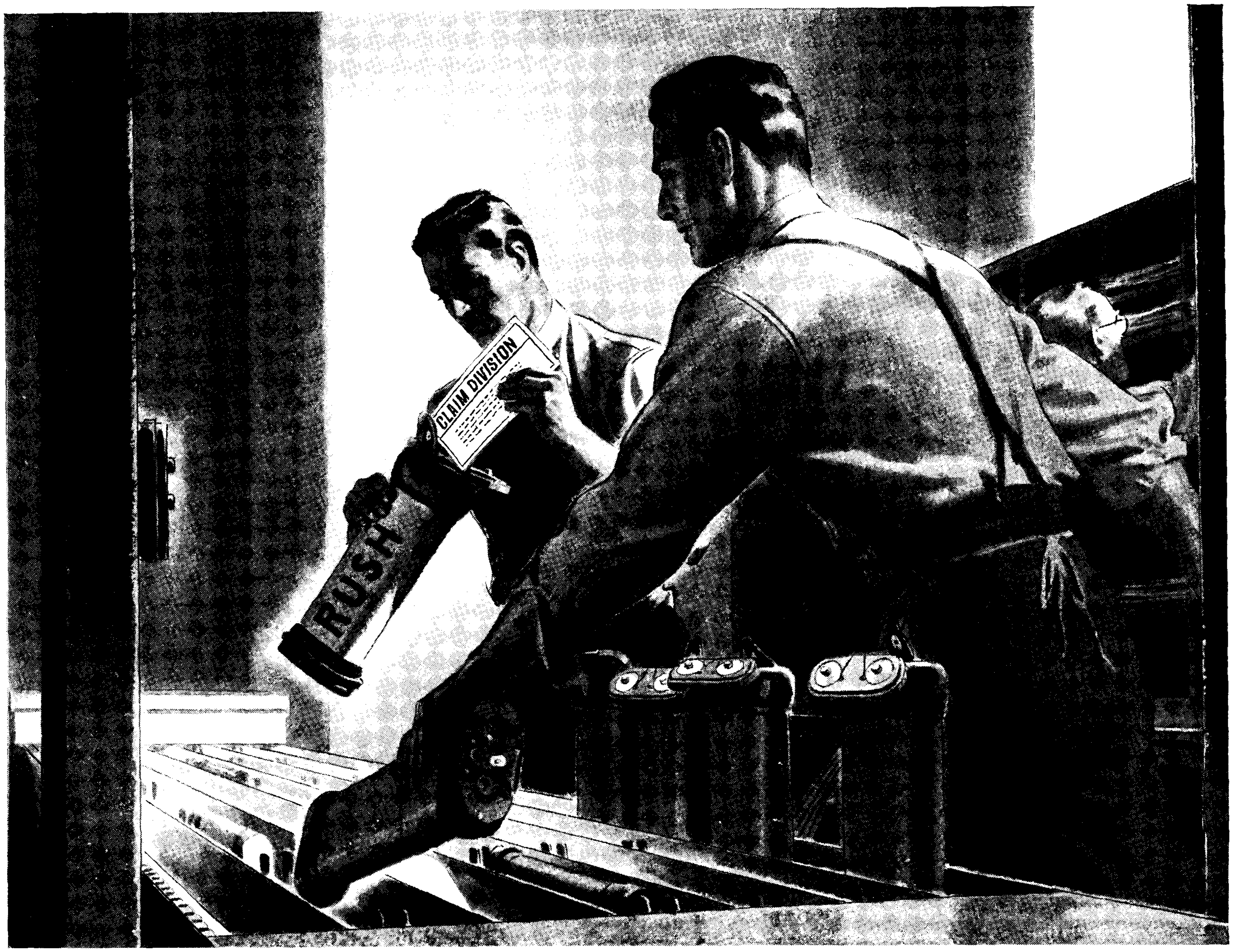
Relieve soreness quickly—Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the aching muscles to flush out poisonous acids. The pain eases. Muscles limber up—feel like new.

Use Absorbine Jr. right after unusual exertion, and 2 or 3 times a day. You needn't rub—just splash it on. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

Famous for: Athlete's Foot, muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn and bites of small insects.

ABSORBINE JR.



How a yellow envelope saves an hour in time of need

EVERY morning, into the mail room of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, pours a flood of mail equal to that handled by the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Among the tons of mail will be some 1200 to 1500 yellow envelopes. If it were necessary to open these yellow envelopes and classify their contents, at least an hour would be lost ... at a time when every hour is precious.

But there is no need to open them. The color says that *someone insured in Metropolitan has passed away*... and that someone else is left behind, faced with the extraordinary and immediate expenses that always accompany death.

So the yellow envelope takes precedence over all incoming mail. Unopened, it is hurried to the proper department, where the claim, when verified, is *immediately* put through for payment.

That is one of the reasons why, in the vast majority of all death claims, Metropolitan is able to mail the insurance check on or before the second day following receipt of the claim.

Incomplete or inaccurate information accounts for nearly all cases of delay. Last year, less than one-third of 1% of the claims reached the courts. Legal defense was undertaken only when necessary to protect the interests of the other policyholders and beneficiaries.

The truth is that life insurance companies wish to pay every claim promptly. But competent management and system, as well as sound financial structure, are necessary to make that wish come true.

COPYRIGHT 1938 —METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

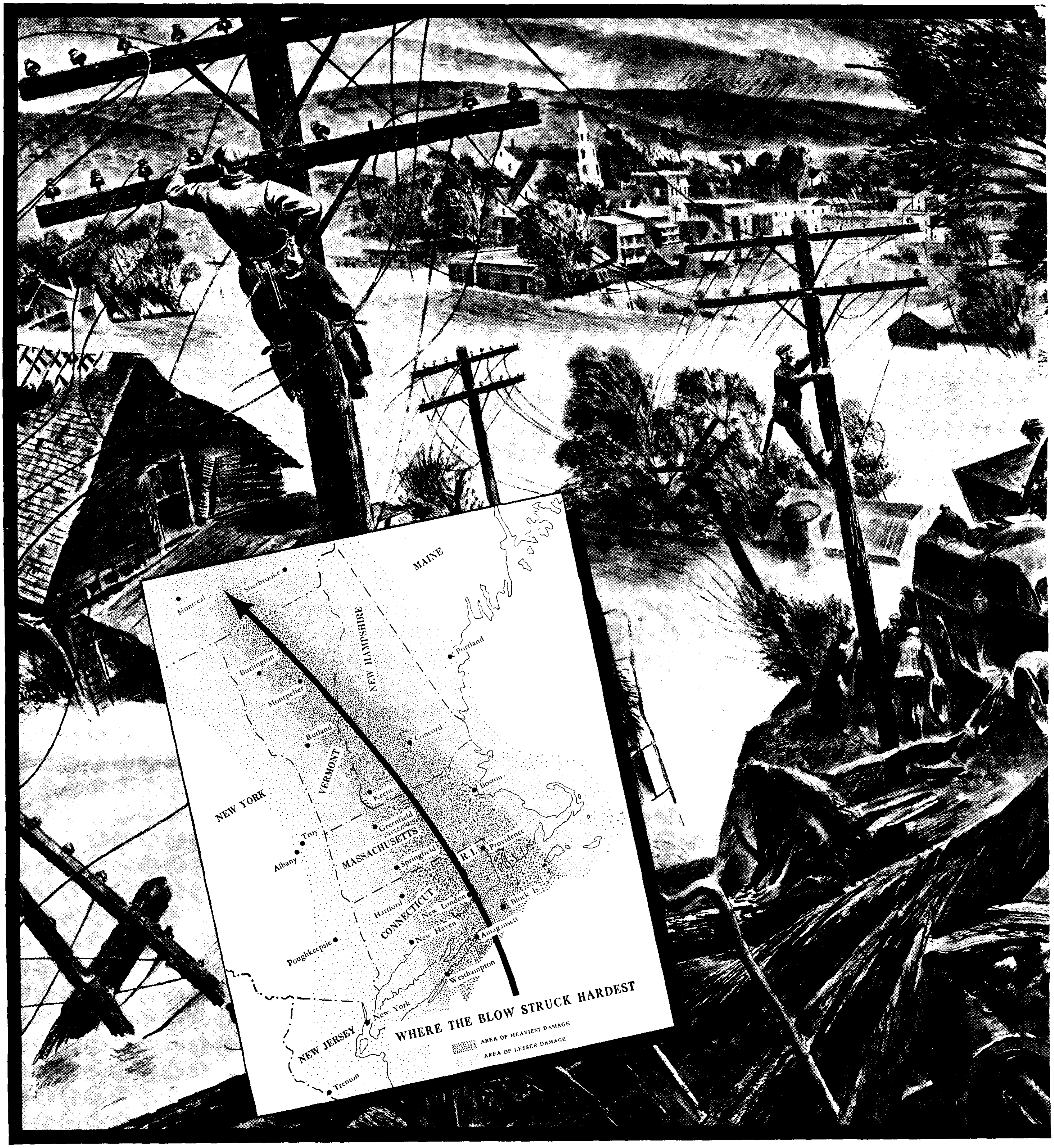
This is Number 8 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THIS YEAR A


Montreal
Sherbrooke
MAINE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Portland
Burlington
Montpelier
Rutland
VERMONT
Concord
NEW YORK
Keene
Boston
Greenfield
MASSACHUSETTS
Troy
Albany
Springfield
R.I.
Providence
Hartford
CONNECTICUT
New London
Block Is.
New Haven
Amagansett
Poughkeepsie
Westhampton
New York
NEW JERSEY
Trenton
AREA OF HEAVIEST DAMAGE
AREA OF LESSER DAMAGE

WHERE THE BLOW STRUCK HARDEST

HURRICANE

Last year, sleet in the Middle West—floods in the Ohio Valley. Year before last, floods in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland. This year, a hurricane in New England, New York, New Jersey. Half a million telephones out of service. Three hundred communities isolated.

RESTORING service was a staggering job. But the local telephone people were trained, ready. They snapped into action instantly—even before the hurricane was over. And they were not alone. The entire Bell System was behind them. Additional men and materials swept in from Bell telephone companies in twenty-two other states.

No Man Lacked Materials

Whether they came from Pennsylvania, Iowa, Virginia, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska or Michigan, they all used the same methods, the same tools—and the same Western Electric equipment that is standard throughout the Bell System.

Because of this nation-wide standardization in Bell companies and Western Electric's ample supplies in key cities—because of the spirit of service that is common to Bell employees everywhere—telephone service in the hurricane district has been rebuilt with amazing speed.

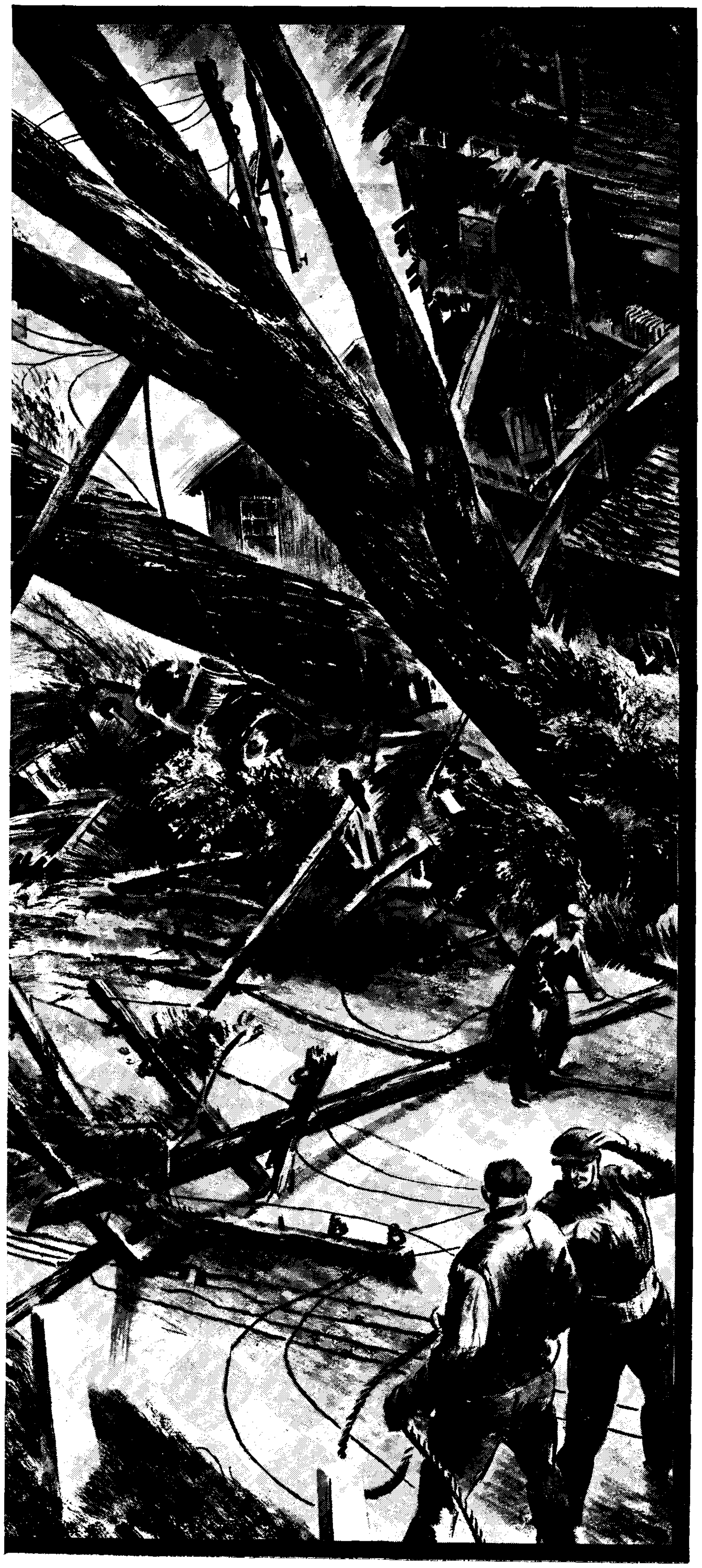
An Army of Telephone Workers

More than 10,000 trained men and 3000 fully equipped telephone trucks saw duty in the area. Hundreds of regular telephone operators, aided by many former operators who volunteered, rendered valiant service.

The patience and understanding of the public and the loyalty of telephone employees during this trying period were beyond words.

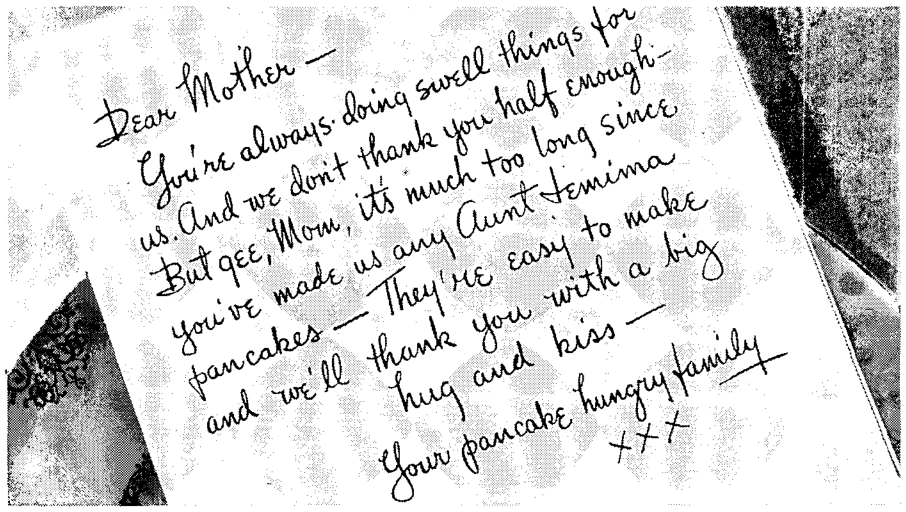
Once again a unified nation-wide telephone system, under experienced management, proves its value in an emergency. And day by day, this country gets the best telephone service in the world at the lowest possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



AUNT JEMIMA solves a Mystery Note and brings "HAPPY DAYS" to the Jones Family

WHY DOESN'T MOM GIVE US SWELL TASTING AUNT JEMIMA'S OFTENER? SHE GENERALLY KNOWS WHAT WE LIKE.
DEY SURE NEEDS ME IN DIS HOUSE!
KIDS, WE'VE GOT TO LET MOTHER KNOW WE'RE PANCAKE HUNGRY
"I'se a big help to millions of happy Mothers everywhere. Dey jus' adds milk or water to my secret recipe, and de most scrumptious pancakes is all ready in a jiffy. Glory be! How 'em golden cakes makes folks sing wid joy!"


Dear Mother —
You're always doing swell things for us. And we don't thank you half enough.
But gee, Mom, it's much too long since you've made us any Aunt Jemima pancakes — They're easy to make and we'll thank you with a big hug and kiss —
Your pancake hungry family
+++

PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
"Make a grand and glorious hit wif yo' family too. Give 'em an Aunt Jemima treat tomorrow! Dem tender, 'licious pancakes of mine is light as a feather and dey *digests easy too.* Dey's even easier to make an' costs less dan de ordinary cookbook kind. An' dey's real nourishin' fo' de young folks, an' busy men folks, too."

AUNT JEMIMA SAYS: TRY MY TASTY, LUSCIOUS PANCAKES AN' MY TEMPTIN', TANGY BUCKWHEATS TURNABOUT FO' A HAPPY FLAVOR CHANGE. GET A PACKAGE OF EACH FROM YO' GROCER'MAN RIGHT AWAY
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEAT CORN & WHEAT FLOUR
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES

names had gotten lost in transit. They had come here with their blind grandmother, who was now in a hospital with pneumonia; no one knew where their parents were. There was a tall green-eyed boy who kept his shoes neatly shined, who somehow kept his hands and face washed and his shirt clean. (Sleeping on straw, of course, washing when and as he could, waiting in line for his daily soup.) His green eyes were sad and he was very alone. His mother was sick and had to stay behind in German territory; his father was in Prague.

"What is your father?" I said, meaning what is his trade.

"A Liberal," the boy said, like saying, "A man doomed."

The boy was living there and waiting. He was a student of chemistry. The school was in this town; it would have to open again sometime. He said, with a quick flash of obstinacy, standing there alone against a world that was upside down and mad and cruel, "I will sleep on hay and I will eat soup and I will be dirty and without my family and without my friends. But I will finish my studies. I am going to learn."

Hitler, Power of Darkness

And at Postelberg I got a look at the frontier. You couldn't believe it: it didn't make any sense. Just barbed wire stretched across an open road, and on one side was Czechoslovakia and on the other side what had suddenly become Germany. A crowd of Czechs stood on their side of the barbed wire and stared; they were like people who doubted a dream. One young German soldier leaned on his rifle on the other side of the fence. He was very embarrassed by all these eyes; he tried to look confident and only looked awkward and uneasy, shifting from foot to foot. So the Czechs stood there staring into that land that had been theirs and was now no longer theirs, a land that had suddenly filled with darkness and terror for them.

It was not easy for them to understand. They knew that there were four new concentration camps already on what used to be Czechoslovakian soil where a concentration camp could never have existed: two near Carlsbad, one at Eich, another at Elbogen. And that people like them were already in these camps. They knew that the Henleinists roamed their new territory, drunk with power and the strange brutality that can come over men but which the Czechs do not understand anyhow. They knew that Czech women were forced to clean the village town halls and barracks on hands and knees, bullied and insulted by Henlein women (but how can it be, they thought, that women are so different?). They know that Czechs were made to kneel before the statue of Masaryk, and defame the statue of the man they loved most, and swear allegiance to an alien conqueror. They knew (with shame and with disgust and with fear) all the miserable record of beating, abuse and torture that went on. They knew that men who believed as they did were in desperate danger on the other side of a piece of barbed wire. And they stood like people stunned, and somehow it was terribly frightening.

Because the land was as green across the fence, the smooth Bohemian plain. The fields were as neat, the villages as sober, practical and gray. But there was something going on over there that horrified them, and you felt yourself that no one was safe any more. One strand of barbed wire cannot keep a whole system of life away. On one side of the fence was a life they knew and believed in: freedom and justice and truth and the right of every man to say what he thinks. But for how long, they thought, how long? Hitler is not a man to these people. He may be a god to the Nazis, but to the Czechs he is the power of darkness, and they have no arms left to fight him.

"The German soldiers were very correct," a woman said to me, standing there with the barbed wire between us and the dark young German and his rifle. "The Henleinists and the Gestapo have done all the cruelty, but the soldiers have not aided them."

"No?" I said.

"No," she said. "Of course they do not help our people, but at least they do not strike them."

"That is fine," I said.

But the heart is heavy and the brain refuses to accept these things. The day before in Prague they brought a young girl out of a hotel on a stretcher; she had killed herself in her room, after her husband had been arrested in German territory. A newspaper editor and his wife who ran a German liberal paper swallowed veronal, but they did a bad job and it took them three days to die. A man I knew came up to me in a hotel lobby in Prague and said, whispering as if he were afraid to hear it, "I took a girl out to dinner; I used to know her father—he was a lawyer in the second zone." The second zone, I thought, what a way to name a piece of land: the second zone of invasion. "But he didn't get out before the Germans came and she said she was wild for a time, but tonight she was very gay, oh, very gay."

"Her father is all right, then?"

"No," my friend said. "But she has eight poison tablets in her purse, that she bought, and she says no one will ever get her into a concentration camp."

"Listen," I said, "I've heard enough, so don't tell me any more. I can tell you names of Jewish doctors and Social Democrat lawyers who have suicided in the Sudeten territory; I can tell you stories about beatings and brandings and executions with names and addresses attached to them. I know of simple people who had neither the money nor the information to use poison, so they just threw themselves under the trains that were supposed to take them back to Sudetenland. I've seen an old man with his front teeth knocked out and his ribs almost showing through a mess of red meat on his side and his arms black and swollen from the beating, and I can't bear to hear any more, see?—not for a while anyhow."

So I stood at the frontier with the woman and we looked over into that new country across the barbed wire.

Something New in Prague

Prague is a beautiful city. Do you know Prague? The Hradsin Palace on the hill where Benes lived glowed against the night, and the cathedral spires beside it went up like lances into the sky. The bridges shone over the river, and parliament and the great white opera house were cut out of the darkness. (But the city does not shine this way any more, because the main electric power station of Prague is now in German territory.) In the old town you saw the great baroque buildings hugged against the hill, the narrow streets pierced with arcades, the flower market, the small cobbled squares with the houses flat and quiet around them. People were very happy and at ease in Prague, never noisy because the Czechs are a sober people, never elegant or dazzling because they dress in a practical, enduring way, but well fed and serene and busy and at home.

In the gray early morning you watched the people going to work in the new town. It wasn't the way you remembered it. Nothing had changed in the city: the automats were the same; the Bata shoe store stood where it always had; the same handsome leather goods were on display; the same clothes dummies posed in the windows, draped in masses of glittering cloth as they always were. But the people looked different. There was something new in Prague: fear.

They were afraid to talk in restaurants because who knew what kind of person was listening at the next table? Their mail was censored, and their newspapers. They could not take their money from the bank; they could not leave the country without permission. The foreign consulates were crowded with people begging for visas. As a foreigner, everyone you met spoke to you about leaving—could a man find work in America? . . . They had loved their country and worked to make it fine. But now they hoped to get out before their country ceased being a republic, even in name. Already anti-Jewish demonstrations had begun, the old ugly story of broken windows and shouted idiotic slogans; already whispering campaigns ran through the city, against Benes, against democracy. The Liberal and Left parties are outlawed; certain newspapers cease to print; politicians and public figures whose democratic faith was strong are already in flight. It is all coming, as it had to come. Even the taxi driver had said, with what sorrow, "Democracy is dead. We will have a dictatorship here too." Czechoslovakia is no longer an independent state. People are afraid.

Marked Men and Women

You began to add up the disaster. The military defenses were gone and the country was now utterly helpless. The army was demobilized, and without the defenses could never be used again. Over one million Czechs who had lived in their own country in September and had been citizens of a republic now found themselves, not through choice, citizens of Germany or of Poland or Hungary.

There was no way of telling how many refugees there were, but hundreds of thousands of Sudeten Germans had never belonged to the Henlein party and now they were either in concentration camps or fleeing toward a brief uncertain safety in the remnant of Czechoslovakia. The Czechs from the annexed territories were also moving, crossing the frontier at night; no one knows how many have come or how many will still find their way back to the homeland. There are 10,000 Austrian and German exiles, all of them marked men and women, most of them escaped from prison or concentration camps, who had been safe in the republic of Czechoslovakia. But Czechoslovakia cannot protect these people. Even Benes was not safe. And, besides, this small mutilated state cannot even temporarily house and feed and clothe hundreds of thousands of refugees. The economy of Czechoslovakia is as shattered as its military defenses.

The great executive didn't look his part: he was of medium height, slender, neat, very accurate and shy. He received me in a board room that was furnished in huge mahogany and the walls were covered with maps. New maps, with incredible erratic crayon lines drawn on them: he showed me the frontier with a strange smile and did not comment.

Then he began to talk in a gray, matter-of-fact voice. He spoke like a professor, making his points on the map. There were only two ways that people spoke in Czechoslovakia, and this was the second way. When they talked they all spoke with terrible and violent control; but later, as the story went on, the control snapped, and people—these serious, quiet, inarticulate people—wept as they talked, with fury and helplessness. Or else they talked coldly, stating facts, trying to keep their voices and their minds dead.

So his hand moved over the map and his voice went on: "40 per cent of the metallurgical industry lost, 60 per cent of the soft coal lost, 63 per cent of the textile industry lost, 100 per cent of the porcelain industry lost, 57 per cent of the glass industry lost, 30 per cent of the sugar industry lost, 40 per cent of the chemical industry lost, 63 per cent of the paper industry lost. . . ." All the work gone, the twenty years of patience and effort come to nothing.

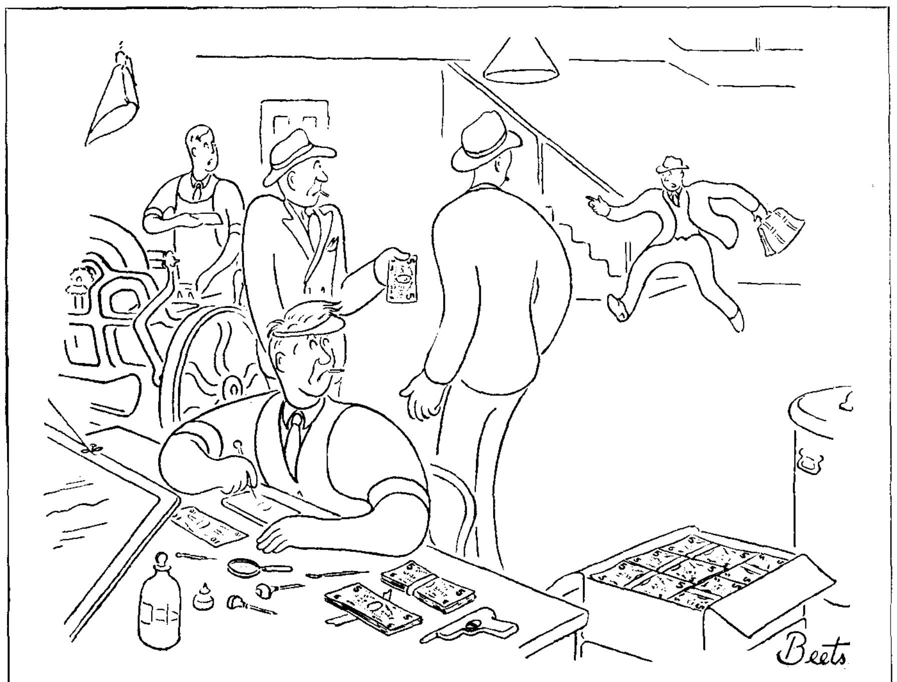
"What will you do?" I said.

"Start again."

"How?"

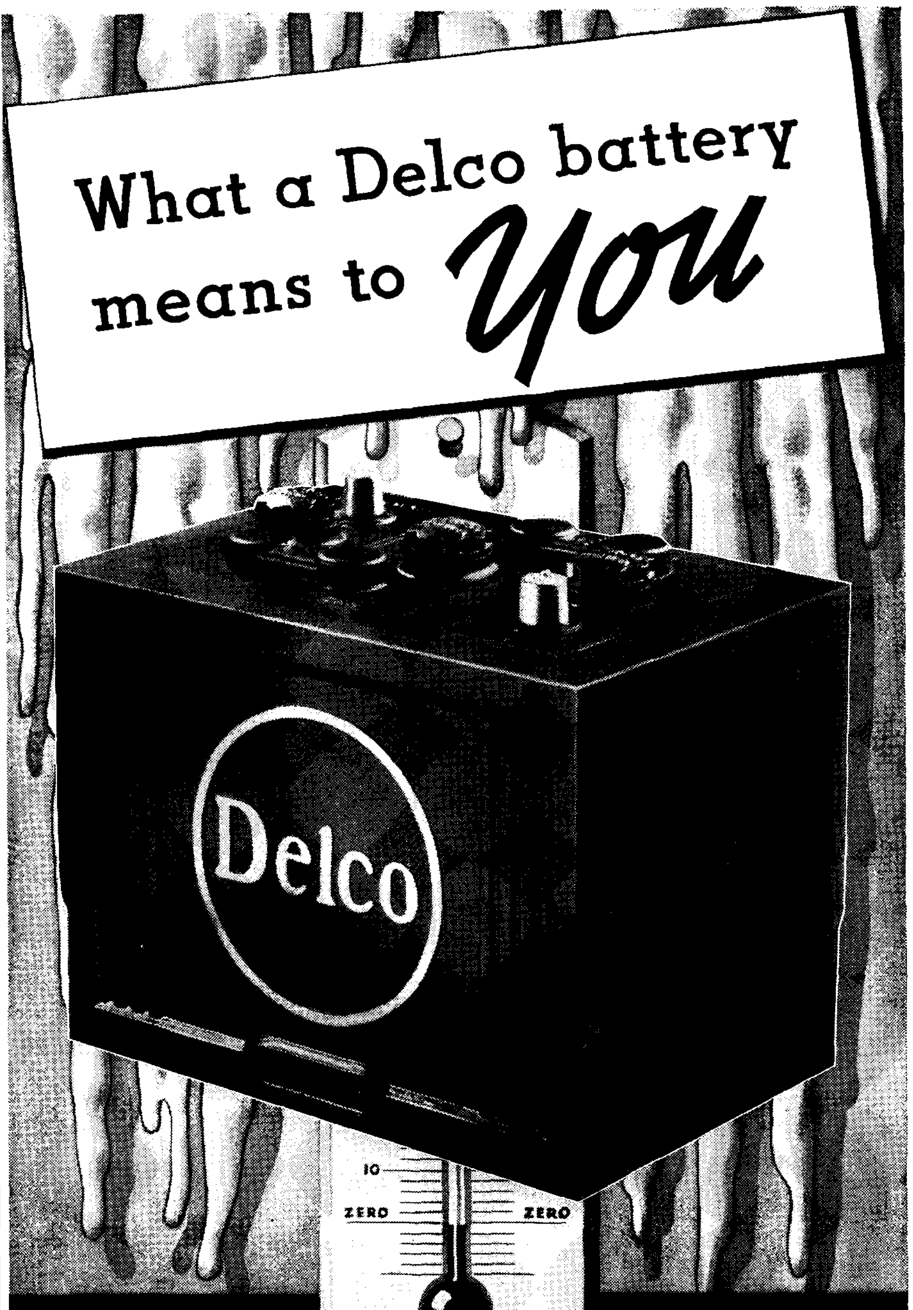
"Somehow," he said, weary and proud. "Somehow."

The railroad lines were in red on the map, and you could see how it worked out, as if you were watching a movie, as if you saw the trains pulling the freight cars through the flat fields and the pine woods. Now the two railroad lines that linked northern and southern Czechoslovakia were cut: they both ran through the new Germany. You looked at it again, to make sure, and suddenly you realized there was no communication. It was as if the railroad from New York to San Francisco were cut at Chicago. He showed me Morava Ostrava, a great iron and steel town, stuck up foolishly



"Louie the Gyp is makin' fifties outa them five-dollar bills we sold him!"

BEETS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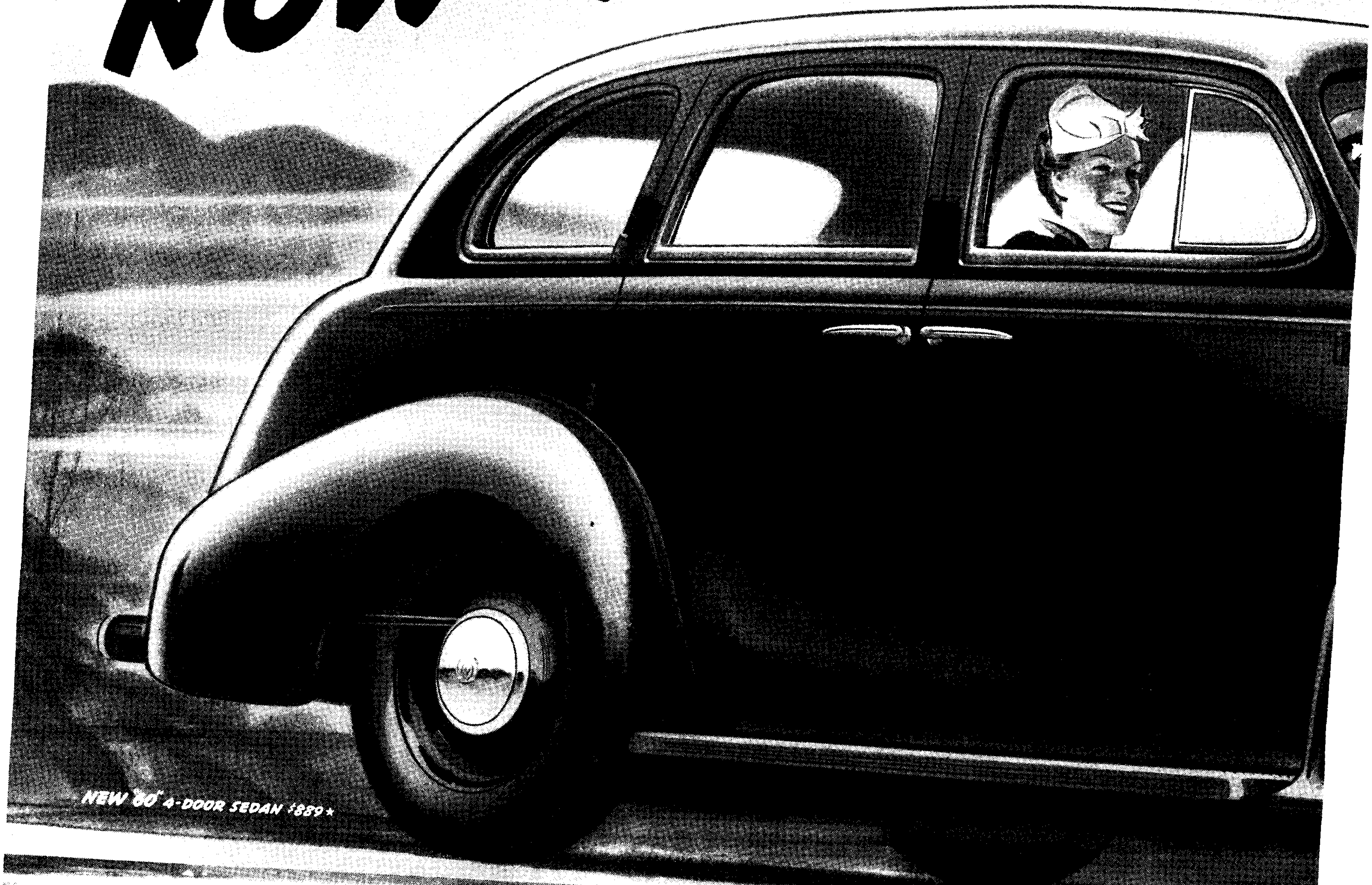
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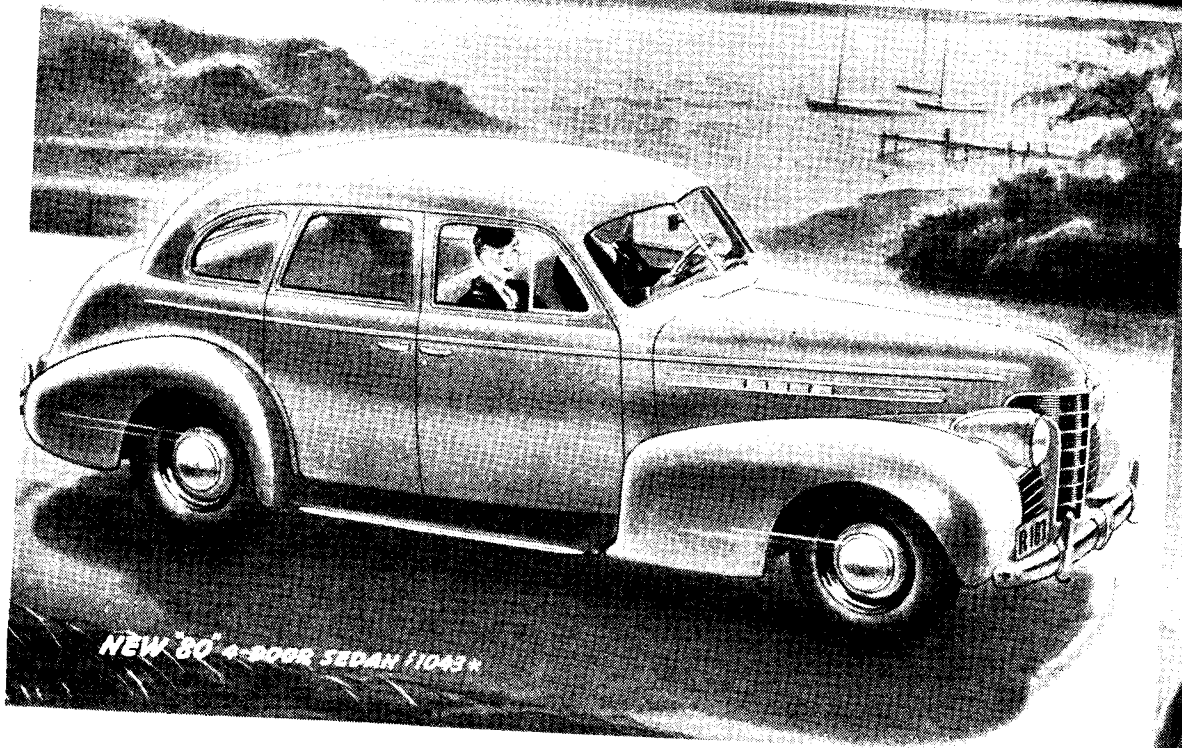
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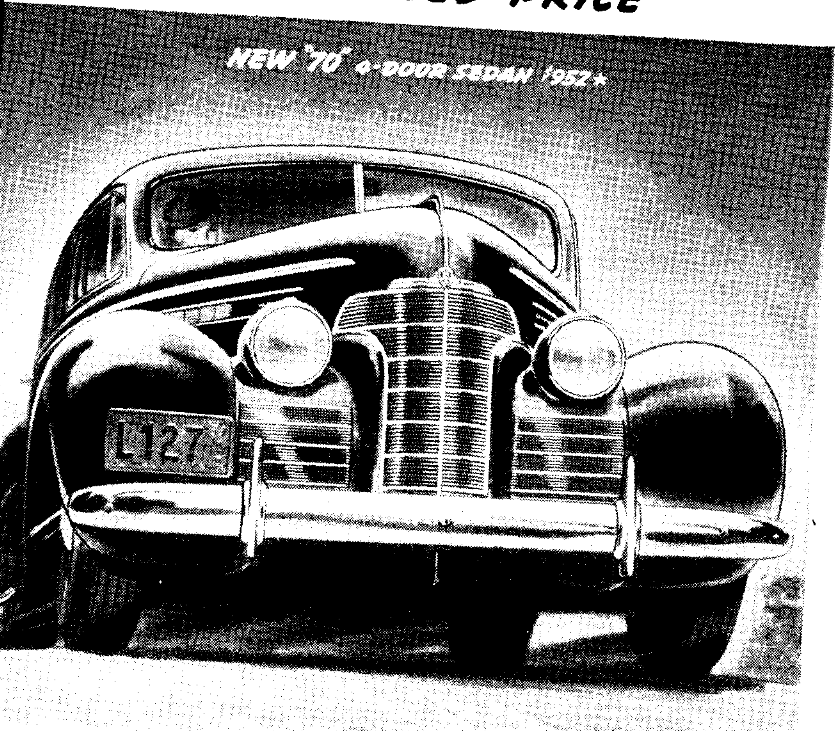
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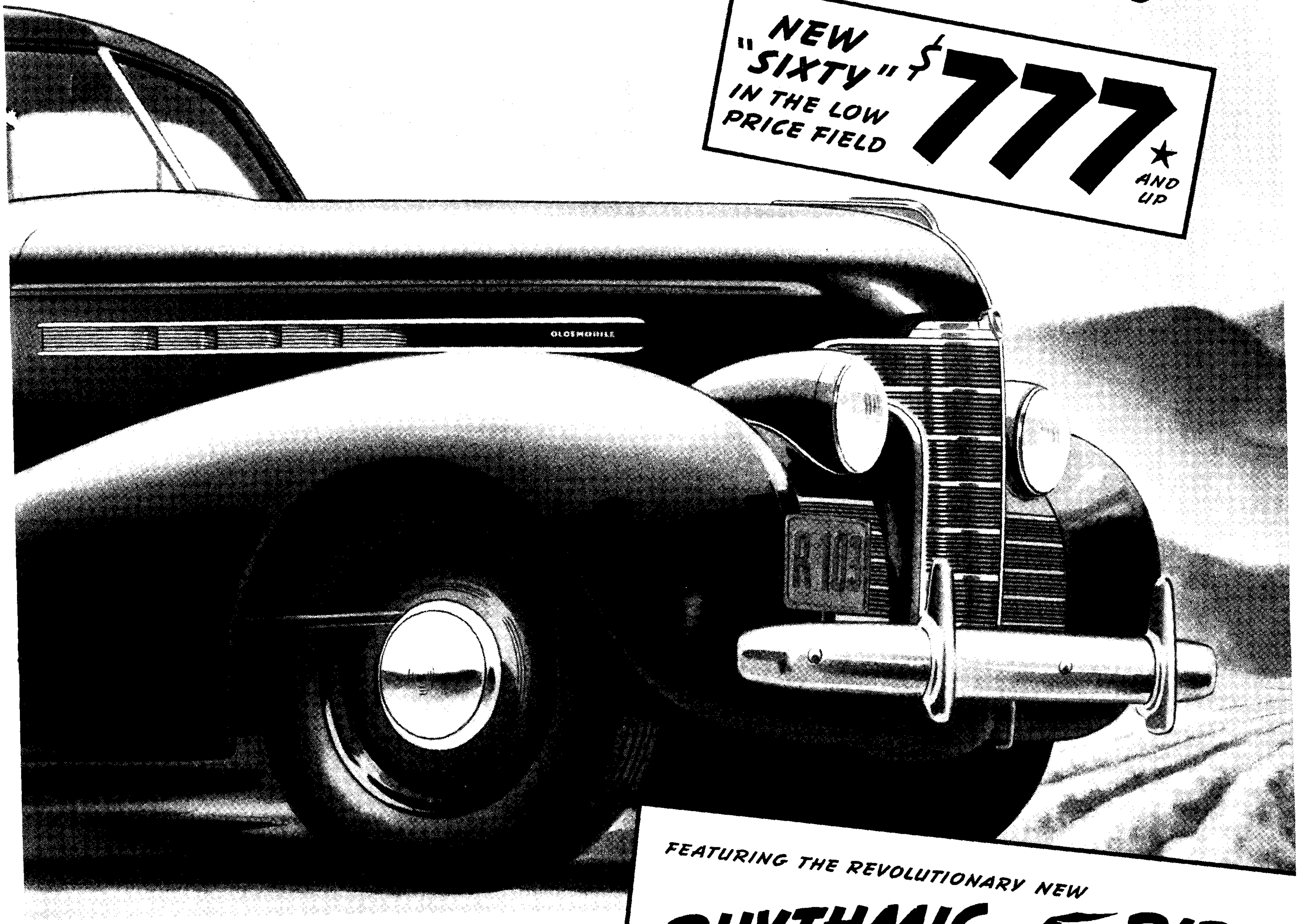

OLDSMOBILE BRINGS YOU THREE SENSATIONAL NEW CARS FOR 1939!

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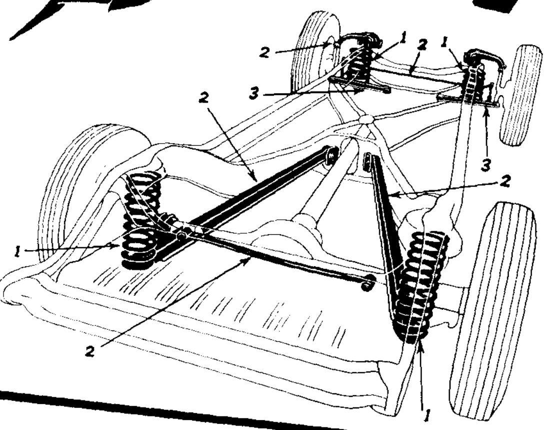

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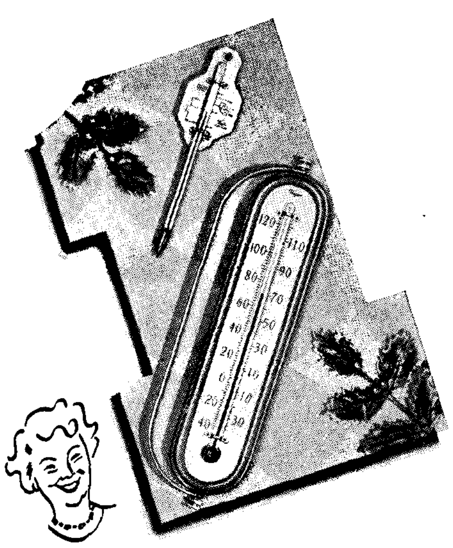
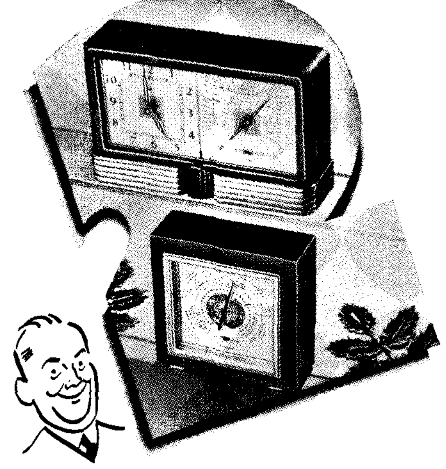
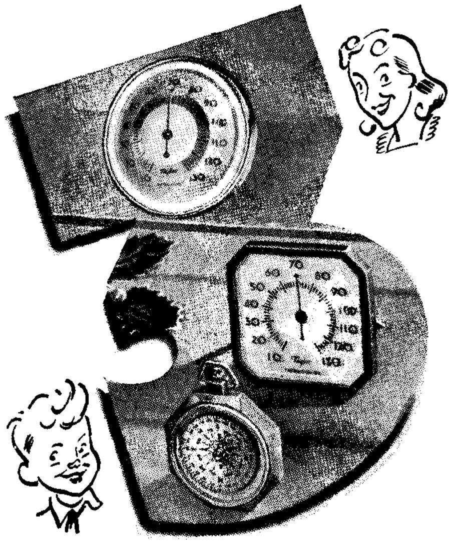


IT'S EASY TO FIGURE on what to give Mother for Christmas—for what woman wouldn't like (1) to have her meats done "just the way she wants them" with a Taylor Roast Meat Thermometer ($1.50)*; or (2) an Outdoor Thermometer that's easy to read, and tells how to dress to avoid colds and fevers ($2.50)*.



EVERY MAN YEARNS for a home that's comfy and healthful. At top is a combination stormoguide-clock that gives the present time accurately and helps tell what's ahead in the weather ($20)*. Below: Fairfax Stormoguide indicates what the morrow's weather will bring . . . snow, sleet or rain, so you can dress for it ($12)*.



WHAT BOY OR GIRL wouldn't feel grown up with (1) a Taylor "Melrose" Thermoguide that registers temperatures just like a clock ($1.75),* or the "Montclair" Thermoguide below it ($1.25)*, or (3) a good jewelled compass that will steer them on the right course wherever they may be ($1.50)*?

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Taylor INSTRUMENTS

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

on the side of Czechoslovakia, entirely surrounded by the new Germany and the new Poland.

"The iron comes from the Slovakian fields," he said, and his finger traced an oval to the south, in the center of the country. "But you see the railroad is cut. The iron ore must be changed five times, onto five different trains, before it gets from the fields to the factory at Morava Ostrava."

It went on and on, from a millionaire manufacturer to an economist, to a farm leader, to an exporter, an advertising agent, down to simple people who only knew their own small corner in the world, their own pigs and flax and hops, their own tiny shoe store or paper shop. A million hectares of timber land gone; hops, flax, fruit, vineyards, tobacco land ceded to Germany.

So you saw it, not as statistics, not as railroads lost and mines and factories gone, but in terms of human life. You saw it as unemployment and a falling standard of living and as labor camps and diminished wages and hardship and homelessness. You knew that not only a democratic military power had been wiped out, but you saw that a flourishing and successful trade rival had been destroyed. It was a very thorough job. I remember the boy who had been sitting with friends in a Prague restaurant; they were bowed over a map and were working with pencil and paper figuring up the losses. He was a boy who would normally play football and be deeply interested in having a motorcycle. And suddenly he rose from the table with a white face and furious eyes, and shouted out for everyone to hear, "If we had fought alone and been defeated, it could not be worse."

Frontiers That Spell Ruin

The German frontier is now three miles from the Skoda works at Pilsen. They will never make armaments for the Czech army again. Skoda transports the coal from what mines remain to them by truck because the railroad has been cut between Pilsen and Klatovy. Workers who lived in the Klatovy section, a sort of suburb to Pilsen, where they had small homes and gardens, used to commute into Pilsen, a trip of two hours. Now that trip takes ten hours, having to make a wide semicircle to avoid the new Germany, and so workers must move to Pilsen or lose their jobs.

Outside the factory two men were leaning on their bicycles. One of them had cleaned up and wore a bright blue shirt without a collar, held in place by a shiny brass collar button. The other was grease-stained and dark. They seemed in no hurry to leave. They were going home into Germany. A week before they lived in Czechoslovakia and were Czechs and now they lived in Germany and had to get a printed permission from the German military authorities to cross into Pilsen to work. When they got on their bicycles they sailed down the fine concrete road past the bridge, on their way home, as they always had, but when they started to pedal up the hill they were stopped by two German soldiers in steel helmets, who asked for their papers. Just suddenly, there on the road, their country ended. Where they lived it had always been Czech.

They were talking together and the foreman translated for me.

The worker in the blue shirt was talking, "I tried to get my wife across with the little girl yesterday but I'm not allowed."

"Why?" I said.

"I do not know," he said. "We are not Germans, but they will not let us take anything away with us, and when we try to leave, even leaving the mattresses and the pots and pans and the bed clothes and our winter coats and everything there, they will not let us come. We have no politics either. But we are Czechs."

The unwashed worker, who seemed very tired, said he was not easy in his mind. It seemed that he knew an old peasant named Janisek who had three sons. The sons had fled into Czechoslovakia before the German invasion. But the oldest son was the father's inheritor and the old man needed help on the farm. The oldest son was guaranteed safety if he returned, and so he came back. He was arrested as he entered the door of his father's house and taken away. They had not seen him since; they did not know where he had gone and they were afraid to ask.

"The old man is crazy," the dark worker said. "And he cannot do the work alone."

"You see how it is." The foreman made sweeping, zigzagging movements with his hands. "Our frontier. Crazy, isn't it. It has nothing to do with races or minorities, all that stuff. But is it not crazy? The country is cut up to ruin it. And there is already that trade agreement with Jugoslavia. They have to sell everything they have to Germany, and they may not even buy goods that are not manufactured in Germany, without Germany's permission. They are not invaded, but they are slaves too. There is that offer to Lithuania of fifteen years' nonaggression in return for another of these trade treaties. Treaties!" he said, with fury.

"Do you see how it is now? From the Baltic to the Black Sea he will run us all, with money, with commerce, with what people live and die by. We will all be good or we will starve."

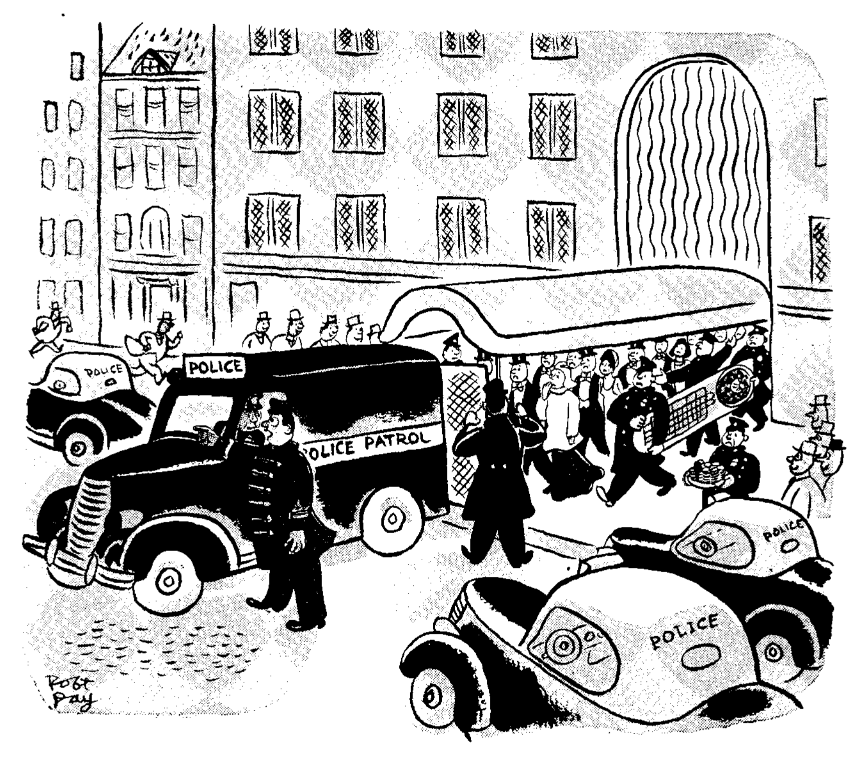
On that morning Edouard Benes drove from the Hradsin Palace for the last time. He stood up in the open car, with his wife beside him, and the car went slowly through the great stone courtyards out through the carved gates. The citizens of Prague had come to say goodby. They stood along the curb and waited for this man who was a symbol of their state and their freedom. When he passed, they bowed their heads as people do for the dead. The crowd wept. Madame Benes held her head high and looked at the people, but her face was marked with tears. The president stood in the car and saluted his people and they did not speak or wave or cheer; they had come to say goodby and they wept for him and for all that was lost. Below them the city lay in the autumn mist, gray and silver with the dark fine steeples of the churches rising into the gray sky. The car drove slowly into the country.

Edouard Benes went to Lany to Masaryk's tomb. You drive through slender pine woods, past carefully cultivated fields. The last line of defense, the black steel spools with barbed wire on them, has been pushed back to leave the road clear, but the barbed wire stretches over the hills until it is lost against the sky. He drove through the small square town to the cemetery on the hill. It is just a country cemetery like others in Czechoslovakia. There is the tombstone with two doves on it, the tombstone with an urn. On all the tombstones are pictures of the dead, as is the custom in this country. The peasants and the little shopkeepers of the district are buried here.

A Nation Betrayed—in Vain

And in a corner of the cemetery is the grave of Masaryk. You would know all about the Czechs from Masaryk's grave. A low wooden fence shuts it off from the others. There is a wide green mound of grass. And at the head of this stands a plain short granite block with a storm lantern on it. The light burns always in the storm lantern and simple people have come and placed on the grave bunches of flowers taken from their own gardens, tied with string—bright, innocent bunches of flowers for the founder of their state. There is no name on this grave, no mark, no noble works. There is grass and a lantern that always burns and the flowers of the peasants who loved Masaryk.

Edouard Benes knelt at this grave and prayed for his people. It was the last thing he did before he went into exile. Kneeling there, he knew surely what his people know now: that this is no peace, there is no safety and no justice and no permanence in it. The Czechs believe that they were not only betrayed, but betrayed in vain. Perhaps Benes felt that it was more than the liberty of his people that had been lost, or the life of his state. The founder of Czechoslovakia's democracy was buried here: perhaps Benes prayed in mourning for the democracy of all Europe.



"It would look nicer if you parked down the street and picked up these people there"

ROBERT DAY

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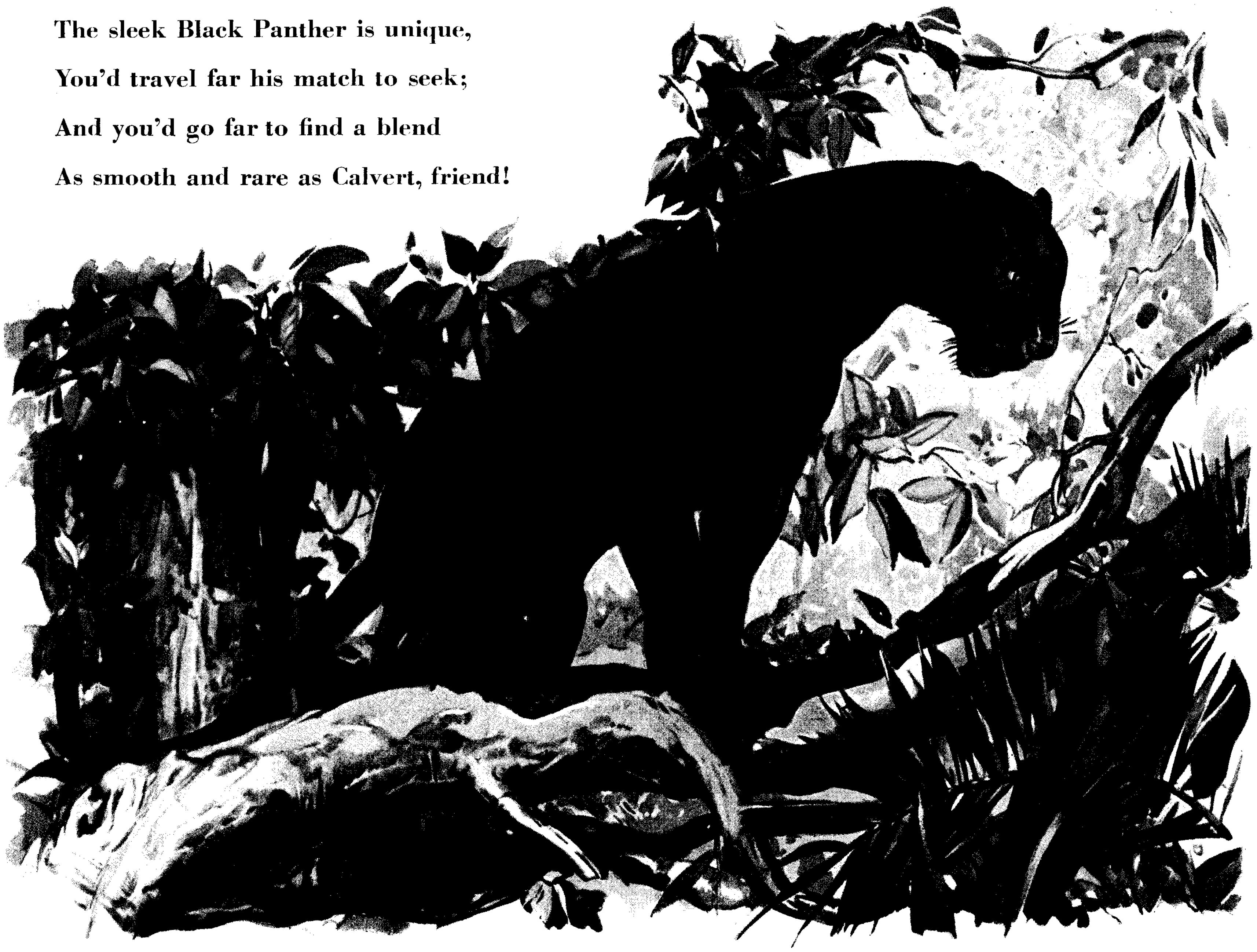

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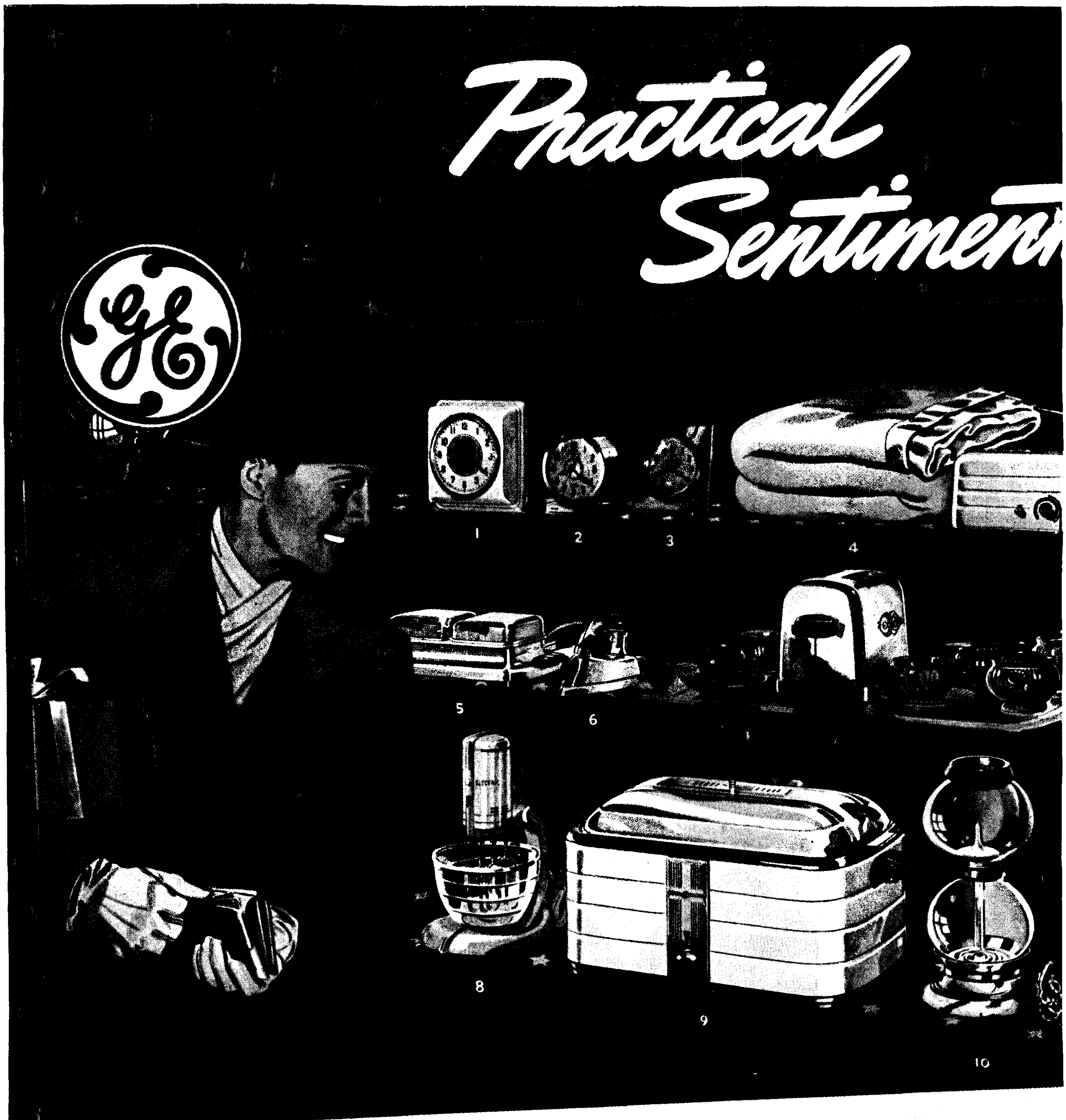

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The gifts shown here . . . and many more . . . are now on display at General Electric dealers everywhere. You'll find their stores the best possible Christmas shopping headquarters . . . with a wide assortment of more than 150 desirable gifts to choose from.

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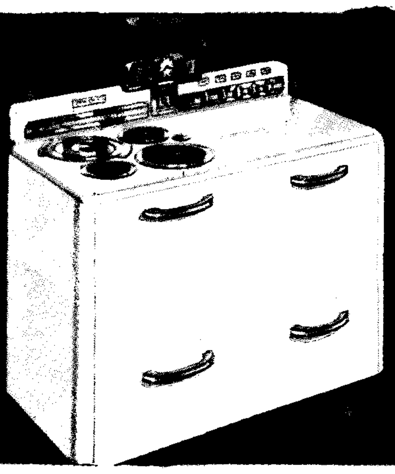

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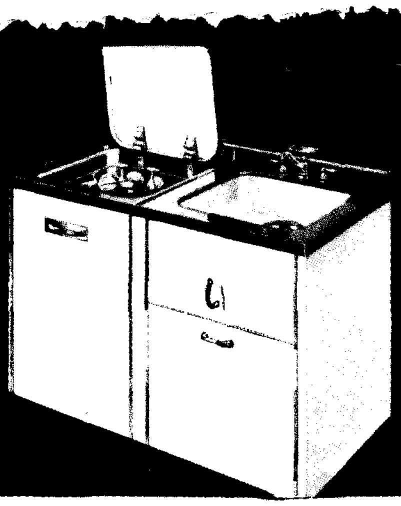

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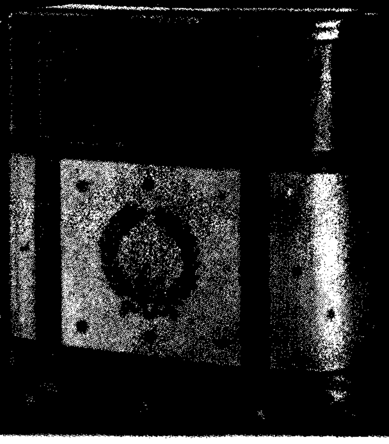
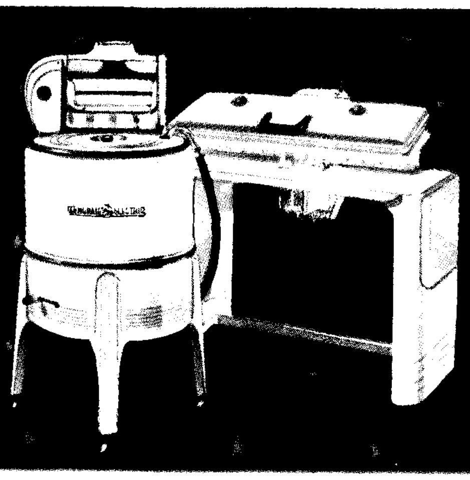


G-E RADIOFORTE MODEL G-95. No dial—no knobs. New built-in Beam-a-Scope ends need for aerial and ground wires. Keyboard Touch Tuning and a dozen other great G-E features. Many of these same features are offered in other G-E models. Consoles priced from $39.95 to $200.



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Stop Pushing

Continued from page 27

enjoy themselves?" McAlmon asked with cold sarcasm. "It's going to damage you if they have a good time?"

"That's all right." Mr. Gensel said soothingly. "We don't object. Let the boys have a good time."

"Only get them out of here," Joey said loudly. "I don't like people with guns under their armpits in my room."

"Come on, boys," McAlmon said, opening the door. Both men smiled pleasantly and started out. Petroskas stopped and turned around. "May the best man win," he said, nodded soberly twice, and left, closing the door behind him.

Joey looked at Mr. Gensel and shook his head. "McAlmon's friends," he said. "Philadelphia boys."

The door swung open and an usher chanted, "Joey Garr. Joey Garr is on next." Joey spat into his bandaged hands and started up the steps with Mr. Gensel.

WHEN the fight started, Rocky dove immediately into a clinch. Under the thick bush of hair all over his chest and shoulders he was sweating profusely.

"Lissen, Joey," he whispered nervously into Joey's ear, hanging on tightly to his elbows, "you remember the agreement? You remember, don't yuh, Joey?"

"Yeah," Joey said. "Let go of my arm. What're you trying to do, pull it off?"

"Excuse me, Joey," Rocky said, breaking and giving Joey two to the ribs.

As the fight progressed, with the customers yelling loud approval of the footwork, the deft exchanges, the murderous finishers that missed by a hair, Rocky gained in confidence. By the fourth round he was standing up bravely exposing his chin, moving in and out with his fists brisk and showy. His friends in the crowd screamed with pleasure and a loud voice called out, "Kill the big bum, Rocky! Oh, you Rocky!"

Rocky breathed deeply and let a fast one go to Joey's ear. Joey's head shook a little and a look of mild surprise came over his face. "Wipe him out!" the voice thundered from among Rocky's following. Rocky set himself flat on his feet and whistled another across to Joey's ear as the bell rang. He strutted back to his corner, smiling confidently at his friends in the arena.

Mr. Gensel bent and worked over Joey. "Lissen, Joey," he whispered. "he is pushing you. Tell him to stop pushing you. They will give him the fight if he don't stop pushing you."

"Aaah," Joey said, "it's nothing. For the crowd. His pals. A little excitement. Makes it look good. Don't worry, Mr. Gensel."

"Please tell him to stop pushing you." Mr. Gensel pleaded. "For my sake, Joey. He is supposed to go ten rounds with us but we are supposed to win. We can't afford to lose to Rocky Pidgeon, Joey."

In the fifth round Rocky kept up his charging attack. In a corner, with Joey against the ropes, he swung from behind his back with a right hand, grunting deeply as it landed on Joey's side.

Joey clinched, feeling the sting. "Say, Rocky," he whispered politely, "stop pushing."

"Oh," Rocky grunted, as though he'd just remembered, and backed off. They sparred delicately for thirty seconds, Joey still on the ropes.

"Come on, Rocky," the voice shouted. "Finish him. You got the bum going! Oh, you Rocky!"

A light came into Rocky's eye and he wound up and let one go. It caught Joey on the side of the head as the bell rang. Joey leaned a little wearily against the ropes, scowling thoughtfully at Rocky as Rocky strode lightly across to his corner amid wild applause. Joey went and sat down.

"How's it going?" he asked Mr. Gensel.

"You lost that round," Mr. Gensel said nervously. "For the love of Mike, Joey, tell him to stop pushing!"

"I did," Joey snapped. "He's all hopped up. His friends keep yelling what a great guy he is, so he believes it. He hits me in the ear once more I will take him out in the alley after the fight and I will beat the pants off him."

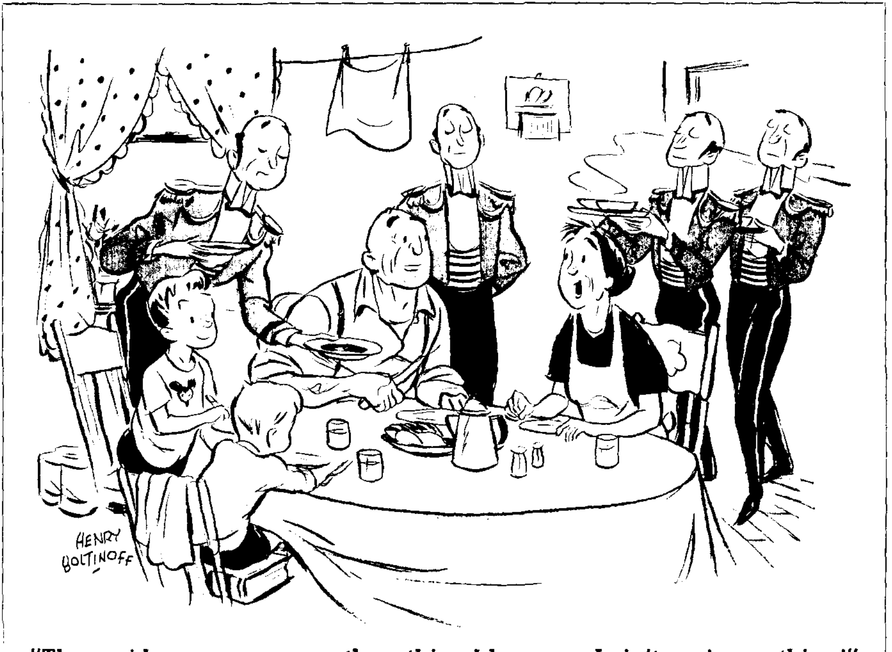
"Just tell him to take it easy," Mr. Gensel said, worriedly. "Remind him we are carrying him. Just remind him."

"That dumb Rocky," Joey said. "You got to reason with him, you got a job on your hands."

The gong rang and the two men sprang out at each other. The light of battle was still in Rocky's eye and he came out swinging violently. Joey tied him up tight and talked earnestly to him. "Lissen. Rocky, enough is enough. Stop being a hero, please. Everybody thinks you're wonderful. All right. Let it go at that. Stop pushing, Rocky. There is money invested here. What are you, crazy? Say, Rocky, do you know what I'm talking about?"

"Sure," Rocky grunted. "I'm just putting on a good show. You got to put on a good show, don't you?"

"Yeah," Joey said, as the referee finally pulled them apart.



"They said an agency gave them this address—so I ain't saying nothing!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

THEY danced for two minutes after that, but right before the end of the round, from in close, Rocky unleashed a murderous uppercut that sent the blood squirting in all directions from Joey's nose. Rocky wheeled jauntily as the bell rang and shook his hands gaily at his screaming friends. Joey looked after him and spat a long stream of blood at his retreating, swaggering back.

Mr. Gensel rushed anxiously out and led Joey back to his corner.

"Why didn't you tell him to stop pushing, Joey?" he asked. "Why don't you do like I say?"

"I told him," Joey said, bitterly. "Look, I got a bloody nose. I got to come to Philadelphia to get a bloody nose. That palooka, Rocky."

"Make sure to tell him to stop pushing," Mr. Gensel said, working swiftly over the nose. "You got to win from here on, Joey. No mistake now."

THE bell rang and the two men leaped at each other as the crowd took up its roaring from where it had left off. The loud voice had settled into a constant, inspiriting chant of "Oh, Rocky, oh, you Rocky!" over and over again.

Joey grabbed Rocky grimly. "Lissen, you bum," he whispered harshly, "I ask you to stop pushing. I will take you out later and knock all your teeth out. I warn you."

And he rapped Rocky smartly twice across the ear to impress him.

For the next minute Rocky kept a respectful distance and Joey piled up points rapidly. Suddenly half the arena took up the chant, "Oh, Rocky, oh, you Rocky!" On fire with this admiration, Rocky took a deep breath and let sail a roundhouse right. It caught Joey squarely on the injured nose. Once more the blood spurted. Joey shook his head to clear it and took a step toward Rocky, who was charging in wildly. Coldly Joey hooked with his left, like a spring uncoiling, and crossed with his right as Rocky sagged with glass in his eyes. Rocky went fourteen feet across the ring and landed face down.

For a split second a smile of satisfaction crossed Joey's face. Then he remembered. He swallowed dryly as the roar of the crowd exploded in his ears. He looked at his corner. Mr. Gensel was just turning around to sit with his back to the ring and his head in his hands. He looked at Rocky's corner. McAlmon was jumping up and down, beating his hat with both fists in agony, screaming, "Rocky! Get up, Rocky! Get up or I'll fill you full of lead! Rocky, do you hear me?"

Behind McAlmon, Joey saw Pike and Petroskas, standing in their seats, amiable smiles on their faces, watching him interestedly, their hands under their armpits.

"Rocky!" Joey whispered hoarsely as the referee counted five, "good old Rocky. Get up, Rocky! Please get up! Please . . . please." He remembered the thousand dollars and tears filled his eyes. "Rocky," he sobbed, half bending to his knees, in the corner of the ring, as the referee reached seven, "For the love of . . ."

Rocky turned over, got to one knee.

Joey closed his eyes to spare himself. When he opened them again, there was Rocky, standing, weaving unsteadily, before him. A breath, a prayer, escaped Joey's lips as he jumped across the ring, swinging dramatically. He curled his arm viciously around the back of Rocky's neck. Even at that Rocky started to go again. Joey grabbed him under the armpits and made violent movements with his arms as though he were trying desperately to release them.

"Hold on, Rocky!" he whispered hoarsely, supporting the stricken fighter. "Just keep your knees stiff. You all right? Hey, Rocky, you all right? Hey, Rocky, answer me! Please, Rocky, say something!"

But Rocky said nothing. He just leaned against Joey with the glaze in his eyes, his arms hanging limply at his side, while Joey conducted the fight by himself.

When the bell rang, Joey held Rocky up until McAlmon could come out and drag him back to his corner. The referee eyed Joey narrowly as Joey went over to his own corner.

"A nice, interesting bout," the referee said. "Yes, siree."

"Yeah," Joey said, sinking onto his stool. "Hey, Mr. Gensel," he called. Mr. Gensel turned his face back to the ring for the first time since the middle of the round. Like an old man, he climbed the steps and haphazardly worked on his fighter.

"Explain to me," he said in a flat voice, "what you were thinking of."

"That Rocky," Joey said wearily. He's got a chin like a movie star. Like Myrna Loy. He shouldn't oughta be in this business. He should wait on customers in a store. In a dairy. Butter and eggs."

"PLEASE do me a favor," Mr. Gensel said. "Kindly hold him up for the next three rounds. Treat him with care. I am going down to the dressing room."

And Mr. Gensel left as Joey charged out and pounded Rocky's fluttering elbows severely.

Fifteen minutes later, Joey came down to him in the dressing room and lay wearily down on the rubbing table.

"So?" Mr. Gensel asked, not lifting his head.

"So we won," Joey said hoarsely. "I had to carry him like a baby for nine whole minutes. Like an eight-month-old baby girl. That Rocky. Hit him once he is no good for three years. I never worked so hard in my whole life, not even when I poured rubber in Akron, Ohio."

"Did anybody catch on?" Mr. Gensel asked.

"Good thing we're in Philadelphia," Joey said. "They ain't caught on the war's over yet. They are still standing up there yelling, 'Rocky! Oh, you Rocky!' because he was so brave and stood in there fighting. Gee! Every ten seconds I had to kick him in the knee to straighten it out so he'd keep standing!"

Mr. Gensel sighed. "Well, we made a lot of money."

"Yeah," Joey said without joy.

"I'll treat you to a dollar-fifty dinner, Joey."

"Naah," Joey said, flattening out on the rubbing table. "I just want to stay here and rest. I want to lay here and rest for a long time."

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!

WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

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NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS **BRIGHT** AND **CLEAN** AS COLGATE'S!

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GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

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Yankee Invasion

Continued from page 11

though, of course, he wasn't anything like the Canadian. But perhaps the major, understanding things and a kid's ambition, would know of some team that needed a goalie, anywhere, and no offer would be refused, respectfully yours . . .

It was early October before a reply came. Mike had already decided that you can't get anywhere writing letters, but the reply, a telegram, ordered him to report at the Black Hawks' training camp for a trial.

It was rather unbelievable, a sort of whimsey that hockey players pull on one another, but he couldn't afford to treat it as a gag. He shoved off for Urbana, Illinois, and went straight to Clem Loughlin, manager of the Hawks.

"So you're Karakas," Loughlin said. "Well, get your things on and let's see what you can do."

"Gosh, all my stuff is in Tulsa," Mike gulped. "I can't get at it."

Loughlin shrugged. "We still have Charlie Gardiner's old equipment. Go down and put it on."

Using Baseball Tactics

All Canada was shocked three years ago when Major McLaughlin announced that his Black Hawks would open the season with the first and only Yankee-born goalie in the history of the league. In Canadian hockey that was equivalent to competitive suicide. But the major had an idea, which was that some day more Americans might come to the game because of American players. This was a pretty good start.

Skating onto the Chicago Stadium ice for the opening game, Mike felt that he was carrying some kind of sacred heritage. Of course, it was the weight of Chuck Gardiner's equipment. The club had new red, black and white uniforms, but Mike, kidlike, had stuck to Gardiner's shoulder harness, pads and gloves. They made him feel like a better goalie. So did that great stadium organ as it boomed out the rousing Indian melody. The capacity crowd roared and it was like living through a dream.

A few minutes later his ears were burning from a gigantic chorus of razzberries, and he was fishing a puck from the nets. The New York Americans had scored, despite the sacred equipment and all the inspiration. After that Mike settled down to more material hockey, and held the Americans scoreless while his mates were jamming home three goals to give him his first big-league victory.

Mad Mike Karakas carried his diving act around the major-league circuit. Wise hockey heads wagged in doubt. St. Vitus' dance was a bad thing in athletes, and Mike looked as though he had it for sure. They didn't notice that he was catching pucks as Gardiner had caught them; as Joe DiMaggio catches flies in the outfield. They couldn't seem to see that he used his stick like a baseball bat, another Gardiner trick. In other words, they were blind to a combination of Yankee baseball and Canadian goal-tending, with Mad Mike Karakas retaining the best features of each.

They couldn't get Mike out of there. He was no Gardiner, of course, nor a Georges Vezina. But who is? He was still Karakas, and good enough for Major McLaughlin, who not only excused each bad night, including the 7-1 shellacking in Boston, but handed him a substantial cash bonus at the end of the season.

The pendulum began to swing the other way, and it's been swinging in the right direction for Mike ever since. Last season the club was managed by Bill Stewart, National League baseball umpire and another honest-to-goodness Yankee, scoring two for Major McLaughlin.

Last year the Black Hawks started off well, hit the skids in midseason, but managed to win enough games to qualify for the Stanley Cup play-offs. Those postseason hockey series are not exactly primerlike in simplicity. There are two sections to the league, though they play intersectional games all year. At the finish the two top teams in each group play for the league championship. That winner stands ready to play the survivor of an elimination series among the second and third place teams in each section. The team taking this final series gets a battered old silver cup, worth about fifty dollars, which was put up by Lord Stanley of Preston about forty-four years ago when he was Governor-General of Canada.

Les Canadiens were pushovers for the Hawks in the third-place series, but the games with the New York Americans brought a new high in fervor and wallops on the noggin. It was largely Mike's fault. He's a most inviting target to a charging puck carrier. They still don't like the jumping-jack business, and the way he does everything but eat the puck to stop a goal. He held up the opening game twenty-five minutes until the doctor zippered a bad gash above his ear that came when Allan Murray whammed him into the iron crossbar of the goal. He returned to the job with his head wrapped up like a Hindu potentate's. They ganged up again and won.

The second game, played in Chicago, produced a disputed goal that, if allowed, would have eliminated the Hawks. But Mike swears the shot wasn't a goal at all. It not only came after the referee's whistle but Eddie Wiseman was in that little crease before the goal where he didn't belong, and that nullified the shot.

The Hawks and Americans played a third game, and Mike Karakas wasn't sure at the finish whether he was conscious or otherwise. He had made three trips into oblivion when enemy stick-swingers whacked him across the conk. But he stayed in there, taking all they could dish out, and he stopped enough pucks to get the low-rated Black Hawks into the final Stanley Cup series for the first time since Chuck Gardiner did it four years before.

Knocked for a Goalie

Nothing else seemed to matter, which was why he took no notice of a sore big toe until he couldn't get his shoe on when the train pulled into Toronto. He had to limp to a taxicab in his stocking feet, and through the hotel lobby toting one shoe. When the swelling failed to go down late that afternoon, Mike began to wonder if it would bother his goal-tending. When the light blue color of the swelling blended into a purple, he called a club physician and learned that he had suffered a broken toe sometime during that last game in New York.

The broken toe turned the 1938 Stanley Cup games into an international incident. Trouble started when Manager Bill Stewart recruited Dave Kerr, goalie for the New York Rangers, as a stand-in for Karakas. He grabbed Kerr without knowing that Connie Smythe, manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs had decided to settle the substitute goalie question in his own way.

Smythe's way was to visit one of the Toronto pubs and put the finger on a gent who was downing a mug of ale. The thirst-quencher happened to be Alfie Moore, a veteran who had just finished goaling the Pittsburgh Hornets nowhere in particular. Smythe marched back to the Hawks' dressing room and turned Moore over to Stewart with Canada's blessing an hour before game time. When Stewart protested, Smythe doubted out loud that the Karakas big toe was broken at all; said it was just a Yankee trick to get a good Canadian goalie, and walked out.

Enraged, Stewart followed and caught up with Smythe in the corridor. Fists began to fly, and they were joined by Hal Cotton, Maple Leaf coach; players, spectators, special gendarmes, etc.

Nobody actually won at fisticuffs, and Stewart emerged with only a blue bump on his shiny pate, but he had to abandon Kerr and use Alfie Moore, ale and all, in the Chicago nets.

Upsetting the Hockey Dope

Steeping with indignation, the Hawks played their heads off and beat Toronto in that opening game. Moore, despite his great play, was declared ineligible for further service on a technicality, and Stewart had to use another minor-league goalie for the second game. The Leafs ganged him, ganged the whole Black Hawks roster and squared up the series.

Karakas and his plaster-cast toe led a strange parade of maimed and halt into Chicago. Doc Romnes had a broken nose, but was ready to play in a special helmet and nose guard. Art Weibe and Roger Jenkins had stitched faces and patches over their eyes. Lou Trudel had a Charlie horse and severe scalp wounds. Little Mush March carried a pulled groin muscle and one in his leg.

But loyal Chicago fans were ready for reprisal. Fortunately somebody had the sense to frisk some 6,000 general-admission fans as they entered the stadium, else the joint would have been torn down. The frisking produced sixty bags of lemons, oranges, bananas, cabbages, sundry vegetables, decks of playing cards and ammunition that only a hockey fan or a Detroit bleacherite would think of. The doors were closed after 18,496 spectators had been squeezed into the place. It was the high spot of hockey in the United States.

And Mike Karakas, Yankee-born, was standing once more before the Chicago goal. An extra toecap of leather, but nothing fancy, had been fitted over his skating boot, and the panic was on. It was a free-for-all from the start. Two Chicago players were sent to the penalty jug within the first few minutes and Toronto scored easily. That was when the fruit and vegetables would have been heaved.

Straightway the price of human heads sank to a dime a dozen. Among the penalties was a five-minute major to George Parsons for taking too many punches at Chicago's Roger Jenkins. Fights started among the spectators and two of the more belligerent fist-swingers were given the heave-o into the street. But Chicago won that third game, 2 to 1.

Two nights later they upset all the hockey dope by swamping the powerful Leafs and taking the coveted Stanley Cup, only they didn't actually take it. At the finish of the game a strange announcement came over the loud-speaker.

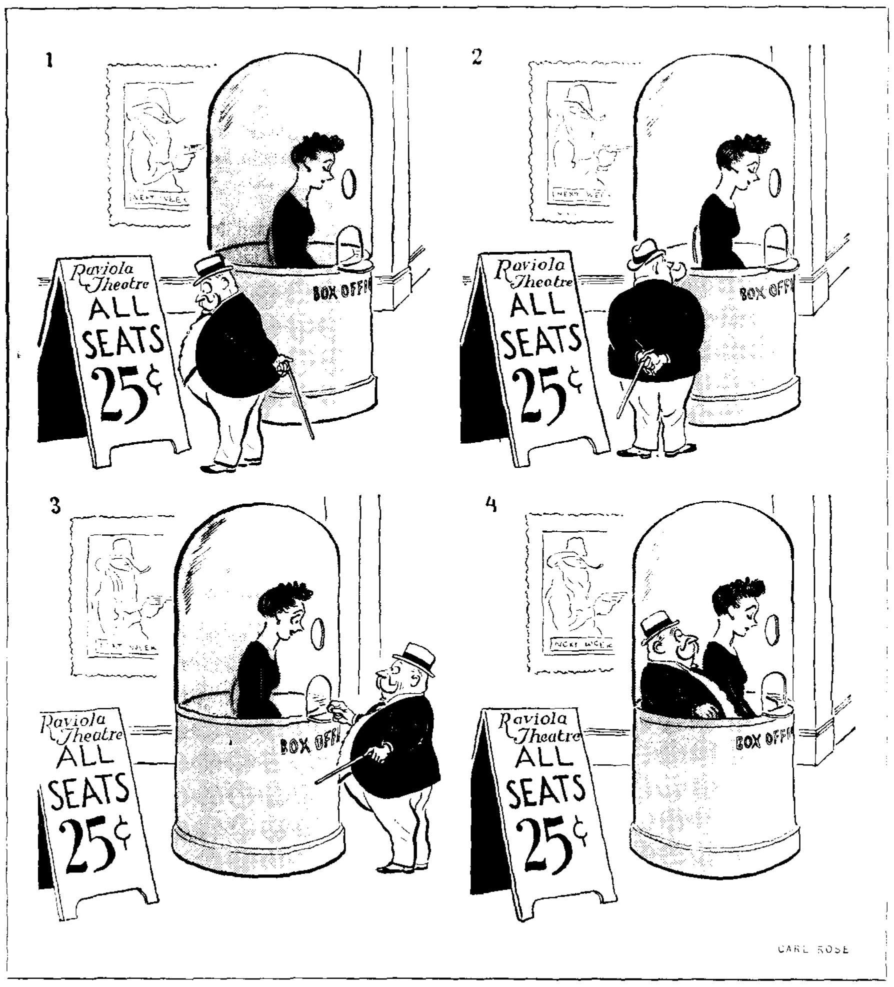
"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that we are unable to present the Stanley Cup to the victorious Black Hawks at this time. Detroit sent it to Toronto before this game!"

The Red Wings, winner of the Cup the year before, thought—as everybody else did—that Toronto would win the fourth game and return to Canada for the fifth and deciding contest.

With Mike on top of the hockey world, people seem more convinced than ever that he's not an American. It just doesn't add up to them, especially that last name.

But Mike can't blame them, because it's still a bit on the fantastic side even to him. Throughout last summer the patrons of his gasoline service station at Eveleth tabbed him as a lazy clock-watcher, because he would pause at regular intervals to sneak a peek at a gold watch. He was merely trying to make himself believe it all by rereading the inscription on the back:

Black Hawks—World Champions 37-38
MIKE KARAKAS



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A SHORT SHORT STORY
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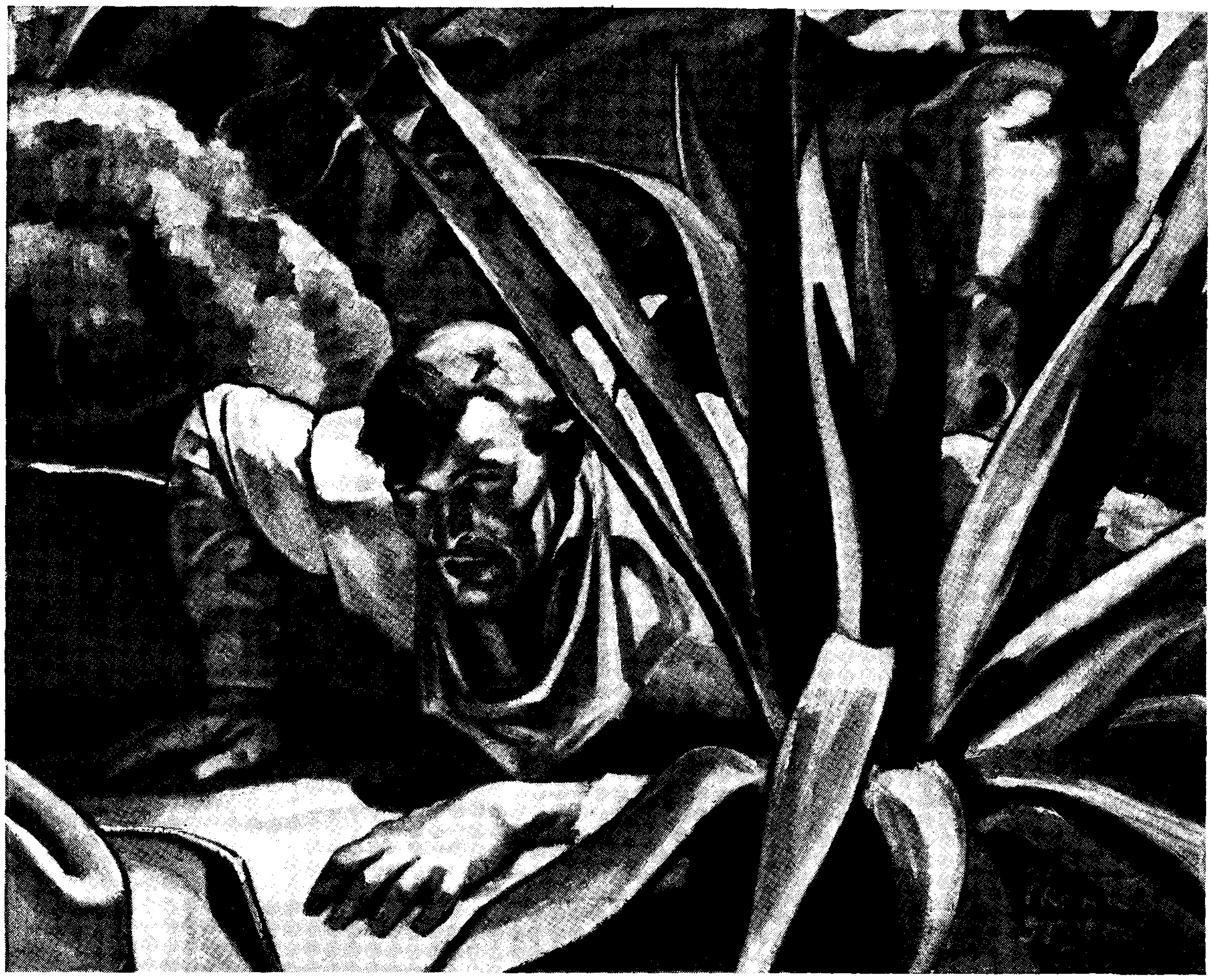
The Last Bullet

By MacKinlay Kantor



Nothing lived on this dry pan—nothing but Jameson and Poco

JAMESON thought he saw something stirring on the burnt sullenness of the desert's face. He thought he saw a quiver among the furious slopes of brown and red.

He opened his dry, cracked mouth; his mouth had been open for a long time, but he opened it wider. He tried to say, weakly, "Posse."

It wasn't a posse. Jameson never thought he'd see the day when he'd be glad to have a posse come smoking up to him; but he reckoned that if a man lived long enough he saw different days from those he had expected to see.

No quiver in the blue, no twisting and dividing in the brown. . . . Jameson turned his head and felt the vast, round, hot flame of sky searing his eyeballs. He managed to lift his hand, and in the scant shade granted by the swollen fingers, he tried to find some buzzards. He couldn't find any buzzards. Nothing lived on this dry pan of desertion—nothing lived here but Jameson and Poco.

The man twisted the upper part of his body, and sighed. Poco's head lay against the burning shale a few feet away; when Jameson stirred, the little horse moved his neck with the agony of a movement five hundred times repeated.

"How you doing?" Jameson wanted to ask his horse.

Poco wasn't doing so well, now. He had done well, for the five years Jameson had ridden him. He had taken Jameson hustling out of towns, slapping along narrow mountain roads when the bullets squealed around them. And there was that night in Dundee when the wise little horse waited silently beside a dark doorway, aloof from the stampede of pursuing hoofs, and carried Jameson away with two bullets in his arm.

Jameson said: "Reckon you'd like a drink. So would I."

He stole Poco from the Maxwell ranch, clear over south of the Estella Plata range, when Poco was only a colt; and he left him with a Mexican at a mountain shack for months after that. Jameson had raised Poco on a bottle, so to speak—taught him to blow his nose and keep his clothes buttoned. He was the only kid Jameson had ever had.

NOW the heat-warped fingers of the man's hand stole down to find his revolver butt, as they had stolen a dozen times before. He thought, "Nothing in this country. Nothing for fifty miles. I ought to have known better than try to ride across. But we made it, other times. No water."

His hand trembled as he exposed the cylinder and saw the solitary undented cartridge cap that reposed on the hot surface of powder-grimed steel. One chamber was vacant; Jameson never kept a shell under his hammer. There were five shiny little wafers looking at him; four of them were marred by hammer strokes.

The blue sky came down and struck him across the face. It was a red sky—now it was yellow—now white. "Old sky," he wanted to say, "do you see any posses? I sure would like to see one."

Poco's ears fluttered, and he tried to whinny. Still there was moisture in his muzzle, and one bubble formed there, and then it went away. It was mighty strange that there could be any moisture in either of them, after the hot day and the cold night, and the day before that.

Jameson said, "One of us went wrong. That was a bad slide. I reckon you might have seen that crack in the rocks, but I ain't blaming you. You've seen plenty I've never seen."

His mind went away from him for a while, and came speeding back amid the hearty hoofs of phantom horses. There were men in this fantasy: enemies who came to gather him in, and all the time they laughed at him.

The mystic enemies said, "Why did you do it, Jimmy Jameson? You ain't never killed anyone. Time was when you were mighty charitable with what you took off the road. You're a bad man; but a lot of people like you."

They said, in this parched dream that formed within his mind, "It wouldn't have been hanging. We're the Law. We know. We've burned powder and shoved lead at each other, but you ain't really got a bad name. Maybe you'd have spent a couple years behind bars, but that's all. You shouldn't have tried the Llano Diablo. No water in the Llano Diablo. Nobody goes there."

He thought that the posse circled him, and then dismounted to pat Poco's red-hot flank and to moisten Jameson's own lips with cool, wet salve from a canteen. "You're an awful idiot," said the posse. "Here you are: your horse has got a broken back, and it looks as if both of your legs is busted, too. Can't either of you move. Can't even crawl. Not even coyotes go out on the Llano Diablo."

NOW he awoke from his dream, and he had the gun in his hand. Twice he put the muzzle against his own temple, and twice he fought successfully to keep his finger from tightening. His horse watched him with glazing eyes; again it tried to lift its head.

"No," Jameson thought, "I can't! It's hell for me, but I reckon it's double hell for you."

Once more the desert became a pasture, and in it he saw a corral—a lush green place where Poco trotted toward him, stiff-legged, knobby-kneed, his eyes young and coltish. "Sugar?" said Jameson to his darling. "You don't get none. I ain't going to ruin your teeth. I got a piece of apple here . . ." and his hands played with the thick, wiry mane. "Reckon some day you'll be a mighty fine horse."

The sky changed from white back into yellow and orange. The shadow of the steep stone ridge grew longer; it went past the two suffering shapes—the swollen mass of living horseflesh—the dry-skinned, crippled man who lay beside it.

"Not another night," said Jameson. "I can't stand it. Pity there ain't two shells."

Again the muzzle found his temple, but the horse still looked at him.

Jameson breathed softly. "Okay," he croaked. He remembered something about the Bible and a merciful man being merciful to his beast, but Jameson would never call Poco a beast.

He inched forward, suffering horrors until he felt the metal barrel sinking against Poco's ear cavity, soft and warm and silky despite all endurances.

"Be seeing you," he said, and pulled the trigger.

The gun jumped loose from his hand, after it was over. . . .

He did not know how many dreams possessed him, but not many; the night came closer every second. And then his ears picked out a faint scrambling, a sound of sliding gravel. Hoof rims scraped the burnished gray rocks.

They rode up; they were angels in leather and flannel; they wore guns. They would carry Jimmy Jameson behind the bars. But still they were angels.

The sheriff was on his knees beside him.

"Can't understand it," Jameson whispered. "So late. Nobody comes . . . Llano Diablo."

The sheriff looked at the dead horse. He shook his head, even while his hands moved to his water bottle.

"One shell," said Jameson. "It was him or me. Poco needed a break."

The brown, lined face of the sheriff bent closer, and there were other faces behind. Water touched Jameson's lips.

"I guess you got a break yourself, this time," the sheriff said. "We hadn't come across your trail, and we agreed to ride back to Dundee. We were just turning our horses, behind that hill, when we heard you shoot."

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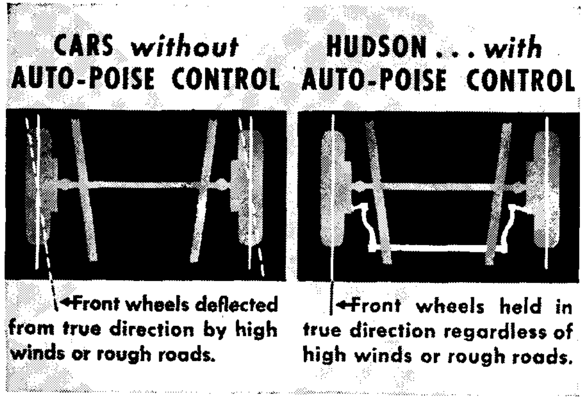

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Hudson, too, now brings the cushion comfort of Airfoam for the first time to the American automobile. Airfoam is the pure milk of the rubber tree (latex), whipped into foam, then moulded into seats of unbelievable softness.

These cushions actually "breathe" through countless connecting air cells. They are always cool . . . give the body firm support. You can drive hundreds of miles in a day without a trace of weariness.

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Many other surprises are also waiting for you in these beautiful new Hudsons . . . three completely new cars, with brilliant new outside style and new Salon interiors of superb style and luxury, created by leading designers.

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See the new, *exclusive* Dash-Locking Safety Hood, and the new Carry-All Luggage Compartment . . . a "concealed trunk" with spare tire and tools removable without disturbing an ordinary load of luggage.

Discover Hudson's championship performance; enjoy its record economy. Drive a Hudson today . . . and see if *any other car* ever pleased you so well.

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$745 and up for the new 86 H. P. Hudson 112 DeLuxe. $823 and up for new Hudson Six; $919 and up for new Hudson Country Club models.

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Broadway Madhouse

Continued from page 17

know it's almost a whole musical show in itself. You run an hour. Add two hours to it and you got a Broadway revue. I'm going to wire Lee to come down and get a load of it."

"Sure," Olsen said soothingly, "I'll bet Lee will get the first train."

Lee of course was Lee Shubert of the Brothers Shubert. After their last performance, Johnson fell into a train and hied for Canada to fish. He's one for fishing. He was three hundred miles north of Quebec in a place called Barrett when an Indian runner brought him a wire from partner Olsen. It just said, "Phone me right away." Johnson had to trudge sixteen miles to the nearest telephone. He called but the connection was bad and he couldn't hear much. He did hear, "Lee Shubert and Harry Kauffman caught us last week . . . want us to do show . . . only eight shows a week . . . about the money . . ."

Eight shows a week. Johnson had been playing three and four shows a day for thirty years. "Never mind the dough. Sign up. Eight shows a week? That's wonderful. I'll be right home."

They conferred with the Messrs. Shubert and Associate Kauffman and then they were turned over to Director Edward Duryea Dowling.

The Birth of a Title

"First we gotta get a name for this," Dowling said.

"Hellzapoppin," Olsen said.

"Hellzapoppin? Good name," Dowling told them. On the opening night a slight mistake was made. On the theater marquee and on the program, it was spelled Hell za Poppin and it is billed thus today and probably will be billed thus during the next couple of years. This is just to let the folks in Buckeye, Arizona, know that the mistake was not Olsen's or Johnson's mistake.

Dowling said, "Now, boys, I've never caught your act. Give me a rough outline of some of the sketches."

Olsen said, "Well, Chic comes out as a detective and there's a body on the stage and then we clown a bit and then boom—off go eight guns and we wow 'em."

Chic roared, "They scream, they yell, they roll in the aisles. Then there's another one. The curtain goes up and we're inside an automobile with a trailer and the trailer door opens and then boom, boom . . . Eddie, it kills 'em. It murders 'em."

"Are you going to turn this joint into a shooting gallery," Dowling asked.

"We'll put our act on for you," Olsen said, and they did. Dowling caught on.

"We need a second act, though," he said.

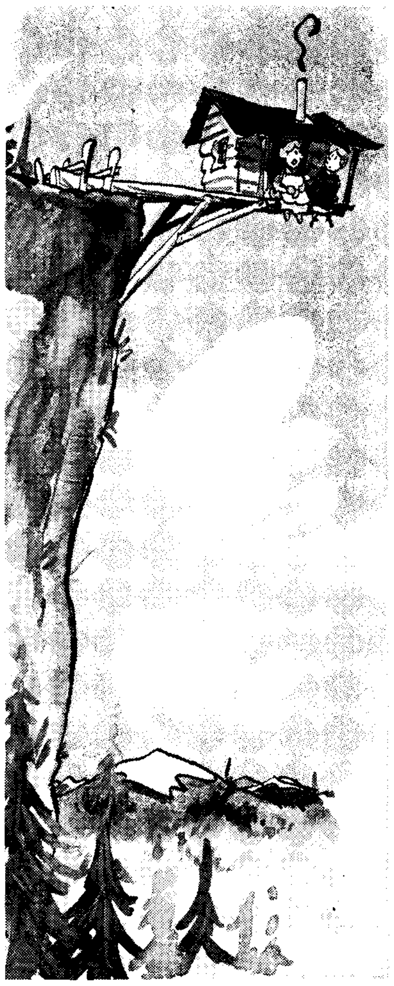
"That's easy, we'll make one," Johnson said with confidence. These babies never write their sketches or gags. Literally they "make" them. They made a second act about magic. Dowling got Hardin, the brother of Houdini, to show them some tricks. People disappear, doves, chickens, dogs, rabbits, even pitchers of beer disappear. Everyone disappears but Olsen and Johnson and the audience.

Because there wasn't a theater available, they had to rehearse in the lobby of the Forty-sixth Street Theater. Single, specialty acts went through their paces in what is called the "Smoking Room—Gentlemen." This haphazard method of rehearsal set the pace for the show.

Not much was heard about Hell za Poppin until opening night. It hit New York like a hell-fire preacher hitting a Chautauqua. The barrage of visual and verbal gags aimed at that first night audience scattered it into small bits of helpless laughter. Olsen and Johnson were jubilant. They had the hit of hits.

Three hours later they were disillusioned. The critics who had laughed most were the most vitriolic in their condemnation. This was sheer slapstick; this was a combination of burlesque and vaudeville; this was medicine-man business better suited to the county fair than to the sacrosanct boards of the old Forty-sixth Street Theater. This was cheap, nondescript tin-can humor. They were almost unanimous in their contemptuous dismissal of this apparition.

Here and there a note of praise showed amid the avalanche of vituperation. The scholarly Arthur Pollock said stanchly, "Hell za Poppin is a monument in the American theater." George Jean Nathan raised his usually dissenting voice to cry, "It is funnier than the Pulitzer Prize." Wolcott Gibbs admitted that he hadn't laughed so much in years and Walter Winchell went absolutely overboard on the opus to write, "My confreres can have Hamlet and The Taming of the Shrew. Let the rest of New York and me have Hell za Poppin."



"We moved out of the state to escape the sales tax"

REAMER KELLER

Olsen and Johnson were heartbroken. They couldn't understand it. An entire theater audience had screamed hysterically for nearly three hours—yet the critics, with the exceptions noted, lambasted the play. Why? They don't know yet. Perhaps it's because critics, after a few years of it, look upon show business objectively. The yardstick they use is, "Should we like this?" not, "Do we like this?" Sure they all laughed, but afterward they were a bit ashamed of their conduct. In their reviews they leaned backward to rap the revue. Actually they were trying to chastise themselves for their unseemly lack of dignity. They went to Abraham Lincoln in Illinois and Hamlet with relief. This they understood. Something that made them yell out loud with laughter—these poor intellectually bound mortals could not understand that. They couldn't rationalize their laughter—so they denied it.

Winchell kept on raving about the show. Two, three, four nights passed and attendance kept gaining. Olsen and Johnson thought that the public would believe the majority of the critics and stay away. You couldn't pick up Winchell's column without reading a new hysterical rave for Hell za Poppin. Like him or not, the guy's column is read.

Within a week ticket agencies were buying blocks of tickets four months ahead. Today the play has run capacity for three months. Plans have been made to let it run one year and then take it to Chicago for perhaps six months. After that plans are vague. Perhaps a one-year tour on the road; maybe a two- or three-year tour. London wants it already. Australia put in a bid. Olsen and Johnson are going to get very rich on this little number.

The play itself? It can't be described. It has no beginning and no end. It follows no rules; it has no ancestor.

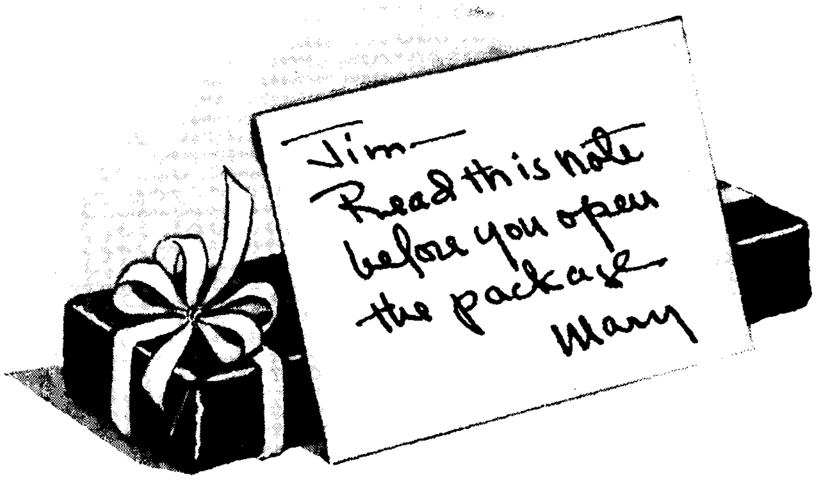
Booming on Broadway

In it you'll find Sidney Gibson (who plays seventeen parts). There's Henry Howe, a fine singer whose life ambition has been the Met. Well the opera house is at Fortieth Street and now he's playing on Forty-sixth Street so he only missed the Met by six blocks. There's Dippy Dears, the clown, and Dewey Barton and George Mann. There's the fat man and the midget, Happy and Stormy, and there are the Radio Rogues and the Charioteers. There's Walter Nilsson, the unicyclist as loony as his two bosses. He once bet ten thousand dollars that he could ride a unicycle from New York to San Diego. He did it in five months, collected his ten thousand dollars and spent a year and eleven thousand dollars in a hospital.

On the opening night almost every gag ended with the firing of a cannon. They had to stop that because a few doors away the comparatively quiet You Can't Take It With You was playing and the audience there thought that New York was being bombed. Olsen and Johnson have compromised with pistols now.

"I got a great publicity gag," Olsen told me. "I want to put that cannon on the roof of the theater and start firing it every night at seven forty-five. Sure, every fifteen minutes it goes off and people will hear it all over New York. They'll say "Hell za Poppin" and then they'll hurry to the theater. I gotta . . ."

It goes on like that whether you're in the audience or backstage or at some hostelry having a bit of fish and chips with the boys. It's crazy and delirious and it's about as significant and important as a run in your stocking but it's funny. It's as funny as it was twenty-five years ago at the Prospect in Brooklyn or at the Alhambra in Allentown or the Waterloo in Phoenix or . . . Yeah, the critics are still excusing themselves for laughing that opening night but New York is standing in line all the way from Forty-sixth Street up to Bronx Park for tickets. Anyone who doesn't laugh at this should sit himself quietly in a barrel of wet cement, wait until same dries and then roll quietly toward the nearest river.



Dear Jim,

Do you remember last Christmas? I gave you some neckties. You said they were very pretty, but something in your voice sounded like a little boy that Santa Claus had forgotten. I went upstairs and cried.

I thought how wonderful Christmas must have seemed when you were Dicky's age. And how it had gradually become a day when you did everything you could for us, and got almost nothing for yourself.

I've waited a whole year to give you something that would really bring back the feeling of Christmas the way you used to know it. I think this Hamilton Watch will do it. And I hope it will remind you for many, many years that Dicky and I think you are the finest fellow in the world—even though we sometimes forget to say so.

Your wife, Mary

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1. ***New reversible idea!*** A flip of the finger, over she goes! OTIS (two views). 17 jewels. 14k gold filled, natural yellow. 18k applied gold numeral dial, black or silver finish . . $65.

2. ***Spherical dial!*** ALLISON. 19 jewels. 14k natural yellow gold. 18k applied gold *numerals*. $90.

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5. ***New decorative motif!*** DIANE. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white or yellow. Silk cord. $40.

6. MAXINE. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white or natural yellow. With gold filled bracelet. $42.50

7. LEILANI. 17 jewels. 14k yellow gold, *with white gold relief*. 18k applied gold numerals. $55.

8. ROWENNA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum set with 42 diamonds. Solid gold fittings. $250.

9. LADY HAMILTON (A6). 17 jewels. 14k gold, white or yellow. 6 diamonds in white gold. $75.

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Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 22

Horbury and I never saw him again."

"Where were you at the time of his death?"

"In the dining room with brother Alfred. Not a very harmonious after-dinner session. We were in the middle of a pretty sharp argument when we heard the noise overhead. Sounded as though ten men were wrestling up there. And then poor old Father screamed. It was like killing a pig. The sound of it paralyzed Alfred. He just sat there with his jaw dropping. I fairly shook him back to life and we started off upstairs. The door was locked. Had to break it open. Took some doing, too. How the devil that door came to be locked I can't imagine! There was no one in the room but Father, and I'm damned if anyone could have got away through the windows."

Superintendent Sugden said, "The door was locked from the outside."

"What?" Harry stared. "But I'll swear the key was on the *inside*."

Poirot murmured, "So you noticed that?"

Harry Lee said sharply, "I do notice things. It's a habit of mine."

He looked sharply from one face to the other.

"Is there anything more you want to know, gentlemen?"

Johnson shook his head.

"Thank you, Mr. Lee, not for the moment. Perhaps you will ask the next member of the family to come along?"

"Certainly I will."

He walked to the door and went out without looking back.

The three men looked at one another.

Colonel Johnson said, "What about it, Sugden?"

The superintendent shook his head doubtfully. He said, "He's afraid of something. I wonder why. . . ."

MAGDALENE LEE paused effectively in the doorway. One long, slender hand touched the burnished platinum sheen of her hair. The bright velvet frock she wore clung to the delicate lines of her figure. She looked very young and a little frightened.

The three men were arrested for a moment, looking at her. Johnson's eyes showed a sudden surprised admiration. Superintendent Sugden's showed no animation, merely the impatience of a man anxious to get on with his job. Hercule Poirot's eyes were deeply appreciative (as she saw) but the appreciation was not for her beauty but for the effective use she made of it. She did not know that he was thinking:

"She's a mannequin by instinct. But her eyes are hard."

Colonel Johnson was thinking, "Damned good-looking girl. George Lee will have trouble with her if he doesn't look out. Got an eye for a man all right."

Superintendent Sugden was thinking, "Empty-headed vain piece of goods. Hope we get through with her quickly."

Colonel Johnson said, "Will you sit down, Mrs. Lee? Let me see, you are—?"

"Mrs. George Lee."

She accepted the chair with a warm smile of thanks. "After all," the glance seemed to say, "although you *are* a man and a policeman, you are not so dreadful after all."

The tail end of the smile included Poirot. Foreigners were so susceptible where women were concerned. About Superintendent Sugden she did not bother.

She murmured, twisting her hands together in a pretty distress:

"It's all so terrible. I feel so frightened."

"Come, come, Mrs. Lee," said Colonel Johnson kindly but briskly. "It's been a shock, I know, but it's all over now. We just want an account from you of what happened this evening."

She cried out, "But I don't know anything about it—I don't indeed."

The chief constable's eyes narrowed. He said gently, "No, of course not."

"We only arrived here yesterday. George *would* make me come here for Christmas! I wish we hadn't. I'm sure I shall never feel the same again!"

"Very upsetting—yes."

"I hardly know George's family, you see. I've only seen Mr. Lee once or twice—at our wedding, and once since. Of course I've seen Alfred and Lydia more often, but they're really all quite strangers to me."

Again the wide-eyed frightened-child look. Again Hercule Poirot's eyes were appreciative—and again he thought, "She is an excellent actress, this girl."

"Yes, yes," said Colonel Johnson. "Now just tell me about the last time you saw your father-in-law—Mr. Lee—alive."

"Oh, *that!* That was this afternoon. It was dreadful!"

Johnson said quickly, "Dreadful? Why?"

"They were so angry!"

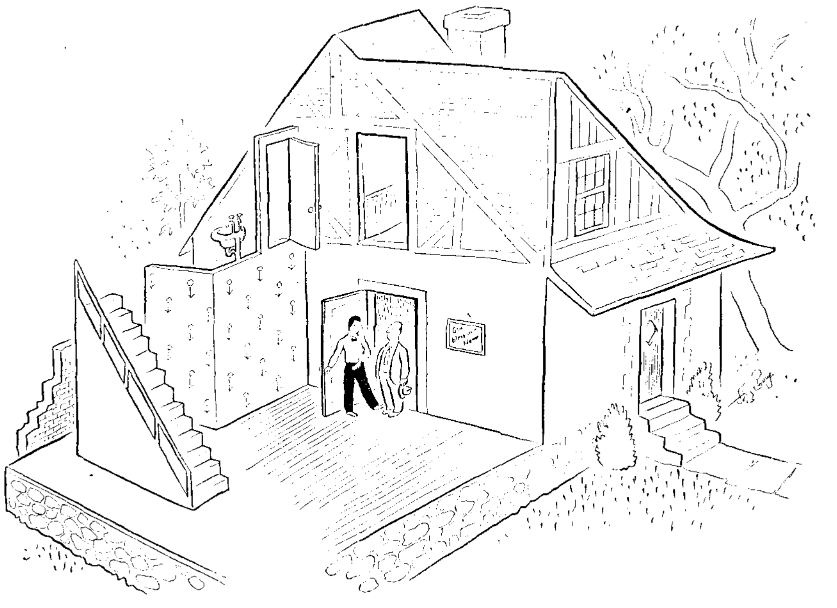
"Who was angry?"

"Oh, all of them. . . . I don't mean George. His father didn't say anything to him. But all the others."

"What happened exactly?"

"WELL, when we got there—he asked for all of us—he was speaking into the telephone to his lawyers about his will. And then he told Alfred he was looking very glum. I think that was because of Harry coming home to live. Alfred was very upset about that, I believe. You see, Harry did something quite dreadful. And then he said something about his wife (she's dead long ago), but she had the brains of a louse, he said, and David sprang up and looked as though he'd like to murder him—Oh!" She stopped suddenly, alarmed. "I didn't *mean* that—I didn't mean it at all!"

Colonel Johnson said soothingly, "Quite—quite, figure of speech, that was all."



"'Just keep building,' I told them, 'until the money runs out'"

A. ALAIN

"Hilda, that's David's wife, quieted him down and—well, I think that's all. Mr. Lee said he didn't want to see anyone again that evening. So we all went away."

"And that was the last time you saw him?"

"Yes. Until—until—"

She shivered.

Colonel Johnson said, "Yes, quite so. Now where were you at the time of the crime?"

"Oh—let me see, I think I was in the drawing room."

"Aren't you sure?"

MAGDALENE'S eyes flickered a little, the lids drooped over them.

She said, "Of course! How stupid of me! . . . I'd gone to telephone. One gets so mixed up."

"You were telephoning, you say? In this room?"

"Yes, that's the only telephone except the one upstairs in my father-in-law's room."

Superintendent Sugden said, "Was anybody else in the room with you?"

Her eyes widened.

"Oh, no; I was quite alone."

"Had you been here long?"

"Well—a little time. It takes some time to put a call through in the evening."

"It was a trunk call, then?"

"Yes. To Westeringham."

"I see."

"And then?"

"And then there was that awful scream—and everybody running—and the door being locked and having to break it down. Oh! it was like a *nightmare!* I shall always remember it!"

"No, no." Colonel Johnson's tone was mechanically kind. He went on, "Did you know that your father-in-law kept a quantity of valuable diamonds in his safe?"

"No, did he?" Her tone was quite frankly thrilled. "Real diamonds?"

Hercule Poirot said, "Diamonds worth about ten thousand pounds."

"Oh!" It was a soft, gasping sound—holding in it the essence of feminine cupidity.

"Well," said Colonel Johnson, "I think that's all for the present. We needn't bother you any further, Mrs. Lee."

"Oh, thank you."

She stood up—smiled from Johnson to Poirot—and went out with her head held high.

Colonel Johnson called, "Will you ask your brother-in-law, Mr. David Lee, to come here?"

Closing the door after her, he came back to the table.

"Well," he said, "what do you think? We're getting at some of it now! You notice one thing: George Lee was telephoning *when he heard the scream!* His wife was telephoning when she heard it! That doesn't fit—it doesn't fit at all."

He added, "What do you think, Sugden?"

The superintendent said slowly, "I don't want to speak offensively of the lady, but I should say that though she's the kind who would be first class at getting money out of a gentleman I don't think she's the kind who'd cut a gentleman's throat. That wouldn't be her line at all."

"Ah, but one never knows, *mon vieux,*" murmured Poirot.

The chief constable turned round on him:

"And you, Poirot, what do you *think?*"

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He straightened the blotter in front of him, and flicked a minute speck of dust from a candlestick. He answered, "I would say that the character of the late Mr. Simeon Lee begins to emerge for us. It is there, I think, that the whole importance of this case lies . . . in the character of the dead man."

Superintendent Sugden turned a puzzled face to him.

"I don't quite get you, Mr. Poirot," he said. "What exactly has the character of the deceased got to do with his murder?"

Poirot said dreamily, "The character of the victim has always something to do with his or her murder. The frankness and unsuspicious mind of Desdemona was the direct cause of her death. A more suspicious woman would have seen Iago's machinations and circumvented them much earlier. The uncleanness of Marat directly invited his end in a bath. From the temper of Mercutio's mind came his death at the sword's point."

Colonel Johnson pulled his mustache.

"What exactly are you getting at?"

"I am telling you that because Simeon Lee was a certain kind of man, he set in motion certain forces, which forces in the end brought about his death."

"You don't think the diamonds had anything to do with it then?"

Poirot smiled at the honest perplexity in Johnson's face.

"*Mon cher,*" he said. "It was because of Simeon Lee's peculiar character that he kept ten thousand pounds' worth of uncut diamonds in his safe! You—"

He broke off. The door opened and David Lee came in.

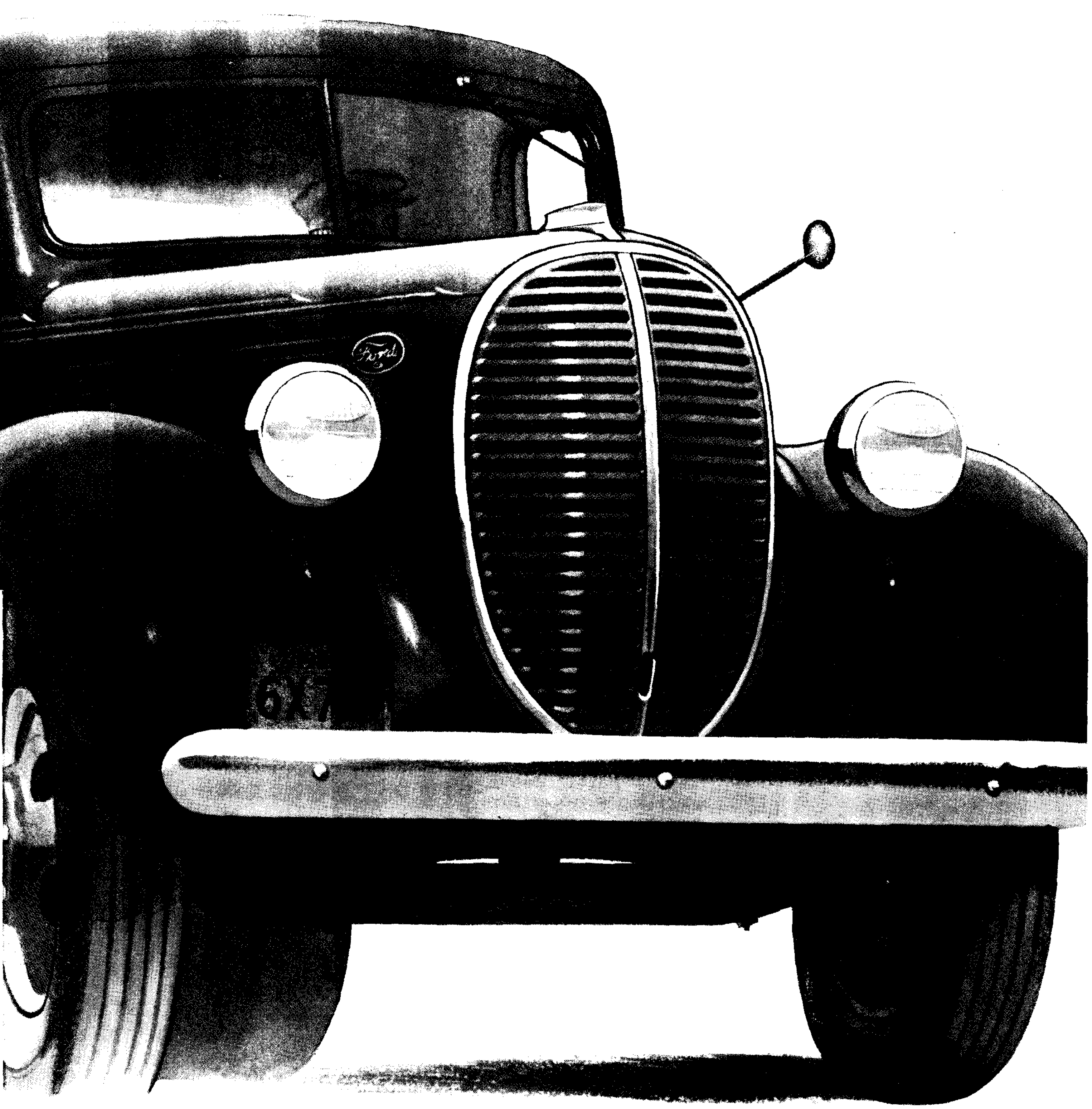
DAVID LEE had himself well in hand. His demeanor was calm—almost unnaturally so. He came up to them, drew a chair forward and sat down, looking with grave interrogation at Colonel Johnson.

The electric light touched the fair peak of hair that grew on his forehead and showed up the sensitive modeling of the cheekbones. He looked absurdly young to be the son of that shriveled old man who lay dead upstairs.

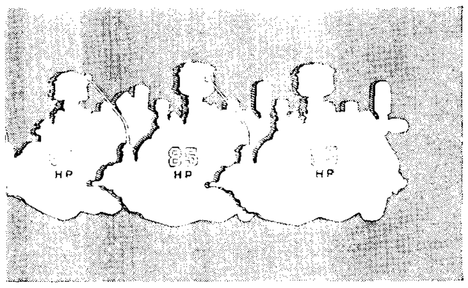
"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "what can I tell you?"

Colonel Johnson said, "I understand, Mr. Lee, that there was a kind of family meeting he'd in your father's room this afternoon?"

"There was. However, it was quite in-



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1939 FORD V·8 TRUCKS



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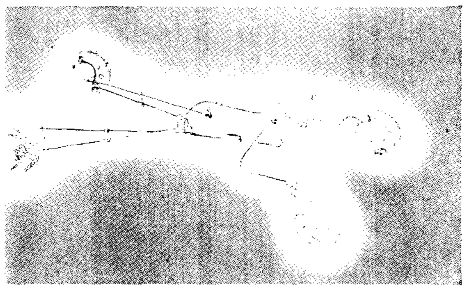

NEW HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Four-wheel hydraulic service brakes, built to Ford standards of safety, are regular equipment on all 1939 Ford Trucks. Regular and C. O. E. Trucks have completely independent hand brake system with separate, mechanically operated brakes inside rear brake drums.

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YOU'RE WHIPPED from the moment you get out of bed. You dread the day ahead of you. Your step has lost its spring . . . your hand its skill. Your spirits sag . . .

Is it any wonder that your friends begin to doubt you . . . that you lose the confidence of men in business . . . that people look at you and say: "He's slipping"?

Wasting your Richest Years And yet there's every reason why the "after-40" years should be the richest and most promising of all. You're wiser . . . more experienced. You ought to be more valuable than ever to your business . . . to your family and friends . . . and to yourself.

One thing you must do is get that body of yours back into shape . . . so that it works *with* you, not against you. You need to feel the energy flowing in your veins again . . . until you wake each morning full of zest!

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There is a fresh food that can help both these after-40 troubles—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Eat it regularly—and we promise you, not a miracle of rejuvenation, not a cure for every ill, but a steady improvement of that run-down feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion.

Aid for "AFTER 40" For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four needed vitamins. And the yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat.

And the stimulating action of fresh yeast on the digestive tract helps restore lost appetite due to lack of certain vitamins. It helps keep the intestines free of toxic wastes . . . aids in strengthening undernourished nerves, and helps tone up the system.

Every grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly one-half hour before meals—plain or dissolved in water. And then see if you don't feel yourself gradually improve, until you are dancing on top of the world again! Start today!

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LESLIE KINGDON

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formal. I mean, it was not a family council or anything of that kind."

"What took place there?"

David Lee answered calmly, "My father was in a difficult mood. He was an old man and an invalid, of course, one had to make allowances for him. He seemed to have assembled us there in order to—well—vent his spite upon us."

"Can you remember what he said?"

David said quietly, "It was really all rather foolish. He said we were no use—any of us—that there wasn't a single man in the family! He said Pilar (that is my Spanish niece) was worth two of any of us. He said—" David stopped.

Poirot said, "Please, Mr. Lee, the exact words, if you can."

David said reluctantly, "He spoke rather coarsely—said he hoped that somewhere in the world he had better sons—even if they were born the wrong side of the blanket. . . ."

His sensitive face showed distaste for the words he was repeating. Superintendent Sugden looked up, suddenly alert. Leaning forward he said, "Did your father say anything in particular to your brother, Mr. George Lee?"

"To George? I don't remember. Oh, yes, I believe he told him he would have to cut down expenses in future, he'd have to reduce his allowance. George was very upset, got as red as a turkey cock. He spluttered and said he couldn't possibly manage with less. My father said quite coolly that he'd have to. He said he'd better get his wife to help him economize—rather a nasty dig that—George has always been the economical one—saves and stints on every penny. Magdalene, I fancy, is a bit of a spender—she has extravagant tastes."

Poirot said, "So that she, too, was annoyed?"

"Yes. Besides, my father worded something else rather crudely, mentioned her as having lived with a naval officer—of course, he really meant her father, but it sounded rather dubious. Magdalene went scarlet. I don't blame her."

Poirot said, "Did your father mention his late wife, your mother?"

THE red blood ran in waves up David's temples. His hands clenched themselves on the table in front of him, trembling slightly.

He said in a low, choked voice, "Yes, he did. He insulted her."

Colonel Johnson said, "What did he say?"

David said abruptly, "I don't remember. Just some slighting reference."

Poirot said softly, "Your mother has been dead some years?"

David said shortly, "She died when I was a boy."

"She was not—perhaps—very happy in her life here?"

David gave a scornful laugh. "Who could be happy with a man like my father? My mother was a saint. She died a brokenhearted woman."

Poirot went on, "Your father was, perhaps, distressed by her death?"

David said abruptly, "I don't know."

He paused and then said, "Perhaps you may not be aware of the fact that when I came on this visit I had not seen my father for nearly twenty years. So you see I can't tell you very much about his habits or his enemies or what went on here."

Colonel Johnson asked, "Did you know that your father kept a lot of valuable diamonds in the safe in his bedroom?"

David said indifferently, "Did he? Seems a foolish sort of thing to do."

Johnson said, "Will you describe briefly your own movements last night?"

"Mine? Oh, I went away from the dinner table fairly quickly. It bores me, this sitting round over port. Besides, I could see that Alfred and Harry were working up for a quarrel. I hate rows. I slipped away and went to the music room and played the piano."

Poirot asked, "The music room, it is next to the drawing room, is it not?"

"Yes. I played there for some time—till—till the thing happened."

"What did you hear exactly?"

"Oh, a far-off noise of furniture being overturned somewhere upstairs. And then a pretty ghastly cry." He clenched his hands again. "Like a soul in hell. God, it was awful!"

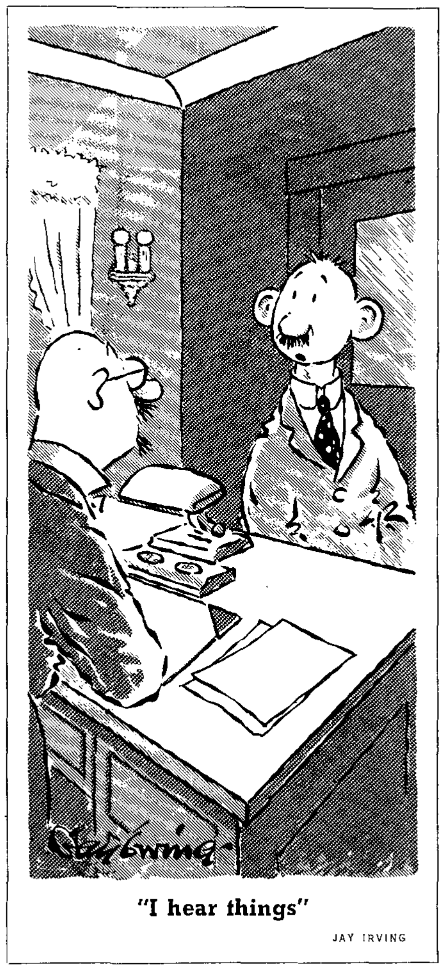
Johnson said, "Were you alone in the music room?"

"Eh? No, my wife, Hilda, was there. She'd come in from the drawing room. We—we went up with the others."

He added quickly and nervously, "You don't want me, do you, to describe what—what I saw there?"

Colonel Johnson said, "No, quite unnecessary. Thank you, Mr. Lee, there's nothing more. You can't imagine, I suppose, who would be likely to want to murder your father?"

David Lee said recklessly, "I should think—quite a lot of people! I don't know of anyone definite."



"I hear things"

JAY IRVING

He went out rapidly, shutting the door loudly behind him.

Colonel Johnson had had no time to do more than clear his throat when the door opened again and Hilda Lee came in.

HERCULE POIROT looked at her with interest. He had to admit to himself that the wives these Lees had married were an interesting study. The swift intelligence and greyhound grace of Lydia, the meretricious airs and graces of Magdalene, and now the solid, comfortable strength of Hilda. She was, he saw, younger than her rather dowdy style of hairdressing and unfashionable clothes made her appear. Her mouse-brown hair was unflecked with gray and her steady hazel eyes set in the rather podgy face shone out like beacons of kindliness. She was, he thought, a nice woman.

Colonel Johnson was talking in his kindliest tone:

"A great strain on all of you," he was saying. "I gather from your husband, Mrs. Lee, that this is the first time you have been to Gorston Hall?"

She bowed her head.

"Were you previously acquainted with your father-in-law, Mr. Lee?"

Hilda replied in her pleasant voice, "No. We were married soon after David left home. He always wanted to have nothing to do with his family. Until now we have not seen any of them."

"How, then, did this visit come about?"

"My father-in-law wrote to David. He stressed his age and his desire that all his children should be with him this Christmas."

"And your husband responded to this appeal?"

Hilda said, "His acceptance was, I am afraid, all my doing. I—misunderstood the situation."

Poirot interposed. He said, "Will you be so kind as to explain yourself a little more clearly, Madame? I think what you can tell us may be of value."

She turned to him immediately.

She said, "At that time I had never seen my father-in-law. I had no idea what his real motive was. I assumed that he was old and lonely and that he really wanted to be reconciled with all his children."

"And what was his real motive, in your opinion, Madame?"

HILDA hesitated a moment. Then she said slowly, "I have no doubt—no doubt at all—that what my father-in-law really wanted was not to promote peace but to stir up strife."

"In what way?"

Hilda said in a low voice, "It amused him to—to appeal to the worst instincts in human nature. There was—how can I put it?—a kind of diabolical impishness about him. He wished to set every member of the family at loggerheads with one another."

Johnson said, "And did he succeed?"

"Oh, yes," said Hilda Lee. "He succeeded."

Poirot said, "We have been told, Madame, of a scene that took place this afternoon. It was, I think, rather a violent scene."

She bowed her head.

"Will you describe it to us—as truthfully as possible if you please."

She reflected a minute.

"When we went in, my father-in-law was telephoning."

"To his lawyer, I understand?"

"Yes, he was suggesting that Mr.—was it Charlton?—I don't quite remember the name—should come over as he, my father-in-law, wanted to make a new will. His old one, he said, was quite out of date."

Poirot said, "Think carefully, Madame, in your opinion did your father-in-law deliberately insure that you should all overhear this conversation, or was it just by *chance* that you overheard it?"

Hilda Lee said, "I am almost sure that he meant us to overhear."

"With the object of fomenting doubt and suspicion among you?"

"Yes."

"So that, really, he may not have meant to alter his will at all?"

She demurred. "No, I think that part of it was quite genuine. He probably did wish to make a new will—but he enjoyed underlining the fact."

"Madame," said Poirot, "I have no official standing and my questions, you understand, are not perhaps those that an English officer of the law would ask. But I have a great desire to know what form you think that new will would have taken. I am asking, you perceive, not for your knowledge, but simply for your opinion. *Les femmes,* they are never slow to form opinions, *Dieu merci.*"

Hilda Lee smiled a little.

"I don't mind saying what I think. My

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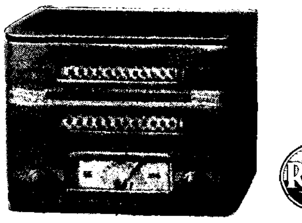

RCA Victor

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husband's sister Jennifer married a Spaniard, Juan Estravados. Her daughter, Pilar, has just arrived here. She is a very lovely girl—and she is, of course, the only grandchild in the family. Old Mr. Lee was delighted with her. He took a tremendous fancy to her. In my opinion he wished to leave her a considerable sum in his new will. Probably he had only left her a small portion or even nothing at all in an old one."

"Did you know your sister-in-law at all?"

"No, I never met her. Her Spanish husband died in tragic circumstances, I believe, soon after the marriage. Jennifer herself died a year ago. Pilar was left an orphan. This is why Mr. Lee sent for her to come and live with him in England."

"And the other members of the family, did they welcome her coming?"

Hilda said quietly, "I think they all liked her. It was very pleasant to have someone young and alive in the house."

"And she, did she seem to like being here?"

Hilda said slowly, "I don't know. It must seem cold and strange to a girl brought up in the South—in Spain."

Johnson said, "Can't be very pleasant being in Spain just at present. Now, Mrs. Lee, we'd like to hear your account of the conversation this afternoon."

Poirot murmured, "I apologize. I have made the digressions."

Hilda Lee said, "After my father-in-law finished telephoning, he looked round at us and laughed and said we all looked very glum. *Then he said that he* was tired and should go to bed early. Nobody was to come up and see him this evening. He said he wanted to be in good form for Christmas Day. Something like that.

"Then"—her brows knit in an effort of remembrance—"I think he said something about its being necessary to be one of a large family to appreciate Christmas, and then he went on to speak of money. He said it would cost him more to run this house in the future. He told George and Magdalene they would have to economize. Told her she ought to make her own clothes. Rather an old-fashioned idea, I'm afraid. I don't wonder it annoyed her. He said his own wife had been clever with her needle."

POIROT said gently, "Is that all that he said about her?"

Hilda flushed. "He made a slighting reference to her brains. My husband was very devoted to his mother, and that upset him very much. And then, suddenly, Mr. Lee began shouting at us all. He worked himself up about it. I can understand, of course, how he felt—"

Poirot said gently, interrupting her, "How did he feel?"

She turned her tranquil eyes upon him. "He was disappointed, of course," she said, "because there are no grandchildren—no boys, I mean—no Lees to carry on. I can see that that must have festered for a long time. And suddenly he couldn't keep it in any longer and vented his rage against his sons—saying they were a lot of namby-pamby old women—something like that. I felt sorry for him, then, because I realized how his pride was hurt by it."

"And then?"

"And then," *said Hilda slowly*, "we all went away."

"That was the last you saw of him?"

She bowed her head.

"Where were you at the time the crime occurred?"

"I was with my husband in the music room. He was playing to me."

"And then?"

"We heard tables and chairs overturned upstairs and china being broken—some terrible struggle. And then that awful scream as his throat was cut . . ."

Poirot said, "Was it such an awful scream? Was it," he paused, "*like a soul in hell?*"

Hilda Lee said, "It was worse than that!"

"What do you mean, Madame?"

"It was like someone *who had no soul.* It was inhuman like a beast . . ."

Poirot said gravely, "So—you have judged him, Madame?"

She raised a hand in sudden distress. Her eyes fell and she stared down at the floor.

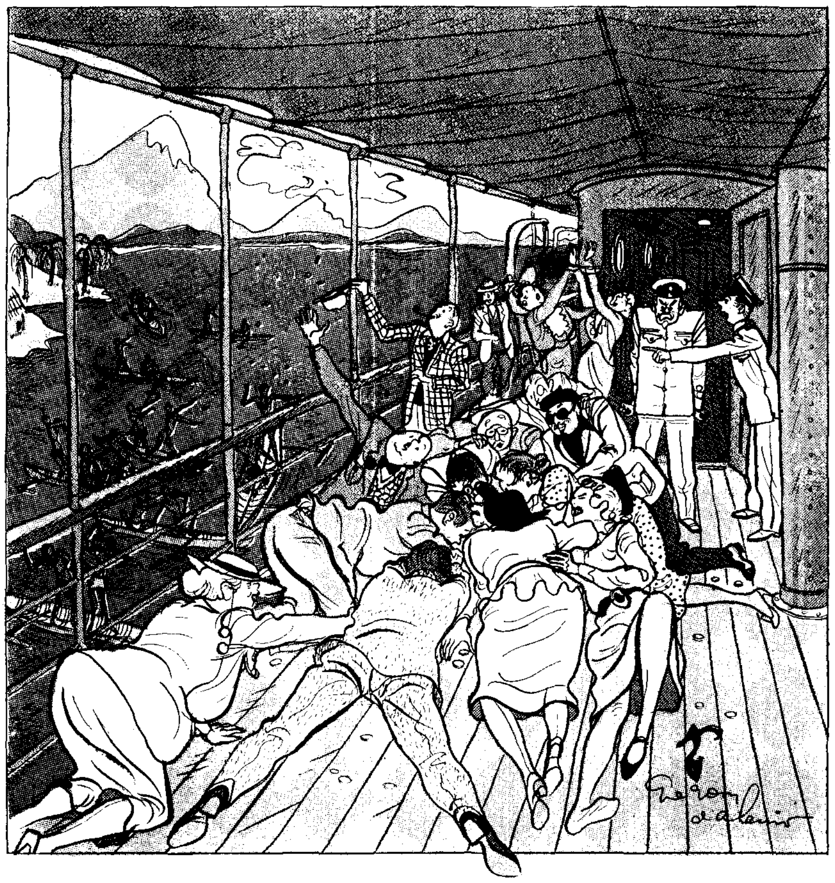
PILAR came into the room with the wariness of an animal who suspects a trap. Her eyes went quickly from side to side. She looked not so much afraid as deeply suspicious.

Colonel Johnson rose and put a chair for her. Then he said:

"You understand English, I suppose, Miss Estravados?"

Pilar's eyes opened wide. She said, "Of course. My mother was English. I am really very English indeed."

A faint smile came to Colonel Johnson's lips as his eyes took in the black gloss of her hair, the proud dark eyes and the curling red lips. Very English! An incongruous term to apply to Pilar Estravados.



"The natives, sir! They're throwing coins to us, sir!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

He said, "Mr. Lee was your grandfather. He sent for you to come from Spain. And you arrived a few days ago. Is that right?"

Pilar nodded. "That is right. I had—oh, a lot of adventures getting out of Spain. There was a bomb from the air and the chauffeur, he was killed—where his head had been there was all blood. And I could not drive a car, so for a long way *I had to walk—and I do not like* walking. I never walk. My feet were sore—but sore—"

Colonel Johnson smiled.

He said, "At any rate you arrived here. Had your mother spoken to you of your grandfather much?"

Pilar nodded cheerfully. "Oh yes, she said he was an old devil."

Hercule Poirot smiled. He said, "And what did you think of him when you arrived, Mademoiselle?"

Pilar said, "Of course he was very, very old. He had to sit in a chair—and his face was all dried up. But I liked him all the same. I think that when he was a young man he must have been handsome—very handsome, like you," said Pilar, to Superintendent Sugden. Her eyes dwelt with *naïve* pleasure on his handsome face, which had turned brick-red at the compliment.

Colonel Johnson stifled a chuckle. It was one of the few occasions when he had seen the stolid superintendent taken aback.

"But of course," Pilar continued regretfully, "he could never have been as big as you."

Hercule Poirot sighed. "You like, then, big men, Señorita?" he inquired.

Pilar agreed enthusiastically. "Oh, yes, I like a man to be very big, tall, and the shoulders broad and very, very strong."

Colonel Johnson said sharply, "Did you see much of your grandfather when you arrived here?"

Pilar said, "Oh, yes. I went to sit with him. He told me things—that he had been a very wicked man, and all the things he did in South Africa."

"Did he ever tell you that he had diamonds in the safe in his room?"

"Yes, he showed them to me. But they were not like diamonds—they were just like pebbles—very ugly indeed."

Superintendent Sugden said shortly, "So he showed them to you, did he?"

"Yes."

"He didn't give you any of them?"

PILAR shook her head.

"No, he did not. I thought that perhaps one day he would—if I were very *nice to him and came often to sit with* him. Because old gentlemen, they like very much young girls."

Colonel Johnson said, "Do you know that those diamonds have been stolen?"

Pilar opened her eyes very wide. "Stolen?"

"Yes, have you any idea who might have taken them?"

Pilar nodded her head. "Oh, yes," she said. "It would be Horbury."

"Horbury? You mean the valet?"

"Yes."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he has the face of a thief. His eyes go so, from side to side, he walks softly and listens at doors. He is like a cat. And all cats are thieves."

"H'm," said Colonel Johnson. "We'll leave it at that. Now I understand that all the family were up in your grandfather's room this afternoon, and that some—er—angry words passed."

Pilar nodded and smiled. "Yes," she said. "It was great fun. Grandfather made them, oh, so angry!"

"Oh, you enjoyed it, did you?"

"Yes. I like to see people get angry. I like it very much. But here in England they do not get angry like they do in Spain. In Spain they take out their knives and they curse and shout. In England they do nothing, just get very red in the face and shut up their mouths tight."

"Do you remember what was said?"

Pilar seemed rather doubtful. "I am not sure. Grandfather said they were no good—that they had not got any children. He said I was better than any of them. He liked me, very much."

"Did he say anything about money or a will?"

"A will—no, I don't think so. I don't remember."

"What happened?"

"They all went away—except Hilda—the fat one, David's wife; she stayed behind."

"Oh, she did, did she?"

"Yes. David looked very funny. He was all shaking and, oh, so white. He looked as though he might be sick."

"And what then?"

"Then I went and found Stephen. We danced to the gramophone."

"Stephen Farr?"

"Yes. He is from South Africa—he is the son of grandfather's partner. He is very handsome, too. Very brown and big and he has nice eyes."

JOHNSON asked, "Where were you when the crime occurred?"

"You ask where I was?"

"Yes."

"I had gone into the drawing room with Lydia. And then I went up to my room and did my face. I was going to dance again with Stephen. And then, far away, I heard a scream and everyone was running, so I went too. And they were trying to break down grandfather's door. Harry did it with Stephen; they are both big strong men."

"Yes?"

"And then—crash—down it went—and we all looked in. Oh, such a sight!—everything smashed and knocked over and grandfather lying in a lot of blood, and his throat was cut like *this*"—she made a vivid dramatic gesture at her own neck—"right up under his ear."

She paused, having obviously enjoyed her narrative.

Johnson said, "The blood didn't make you feel ill?"

She stared, "No, why should it? There is usually blood when people are killed. There was, oh, so much blood everywhere!"

Poirot said, "Did anyone say anything?"

Pilar said, "David said such a funny thing—what was it? Oh, yes. 'The mills of God'—that is what he said"—she repeated it with emphasis on each word, "'*The—mills—of—God*'— What does that mean? Mills are what make flour, are they not?"

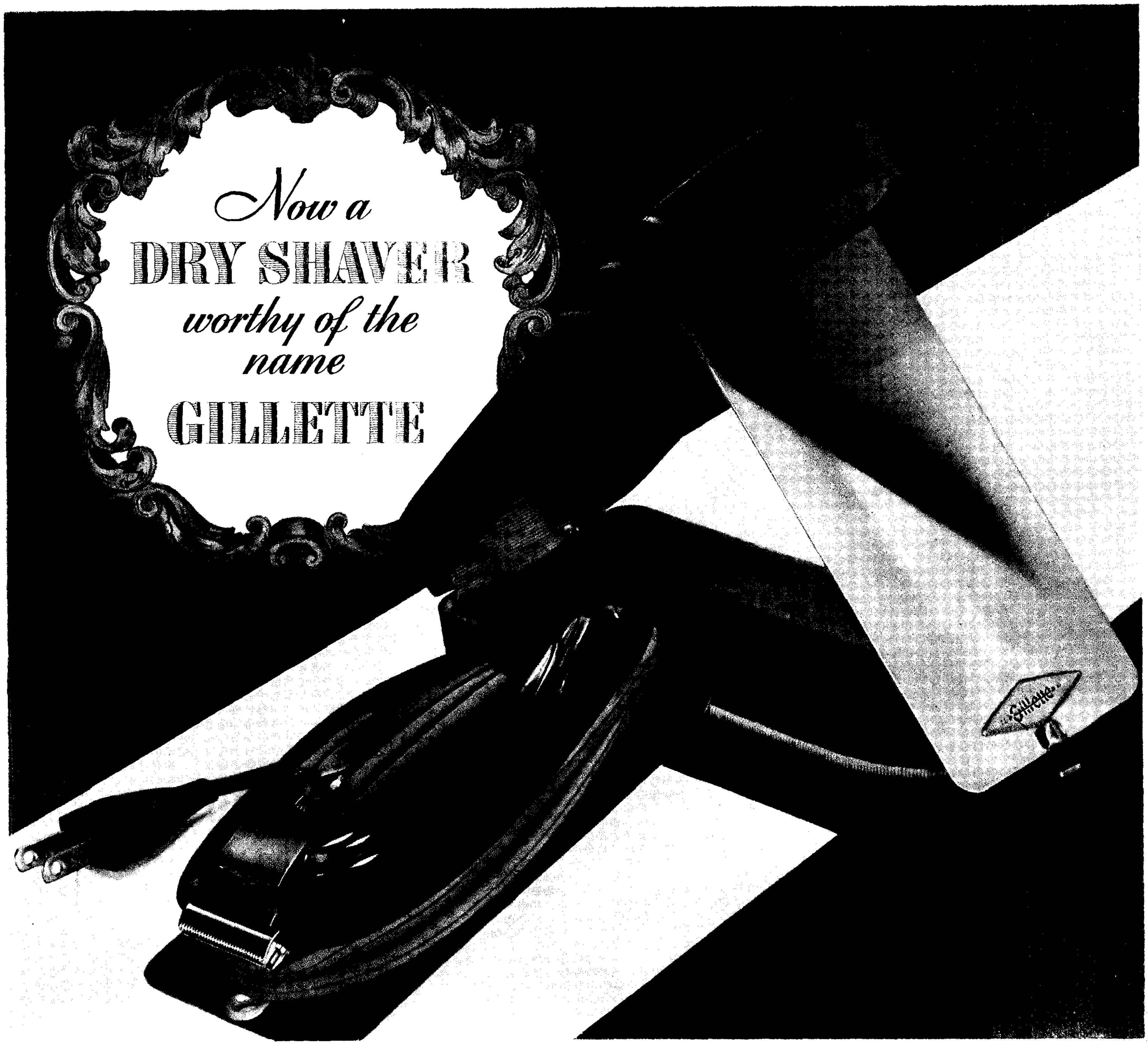
Colonel Johnson said, "Well, I don't think there is anything more just now, Miss Estravados."

Pilar got up obediently. She flashed a quick, charming smile at each man in turn. "I will go now then."

She went out.

Colonel Johnson said, "'*The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.*' And David Lee said that!"

(To be continued next week)



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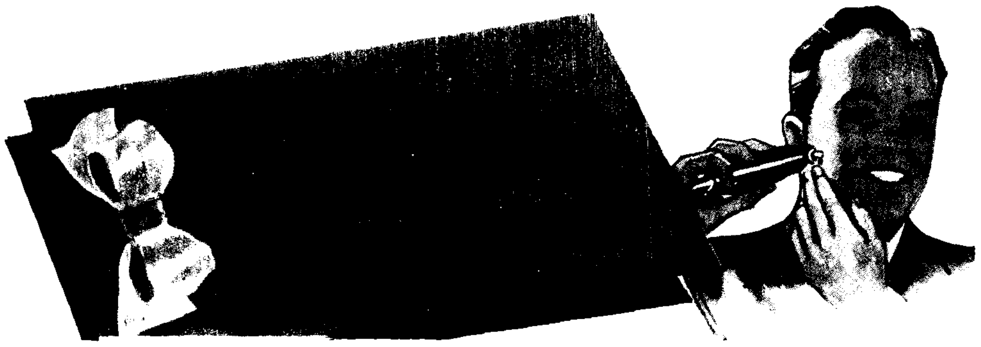

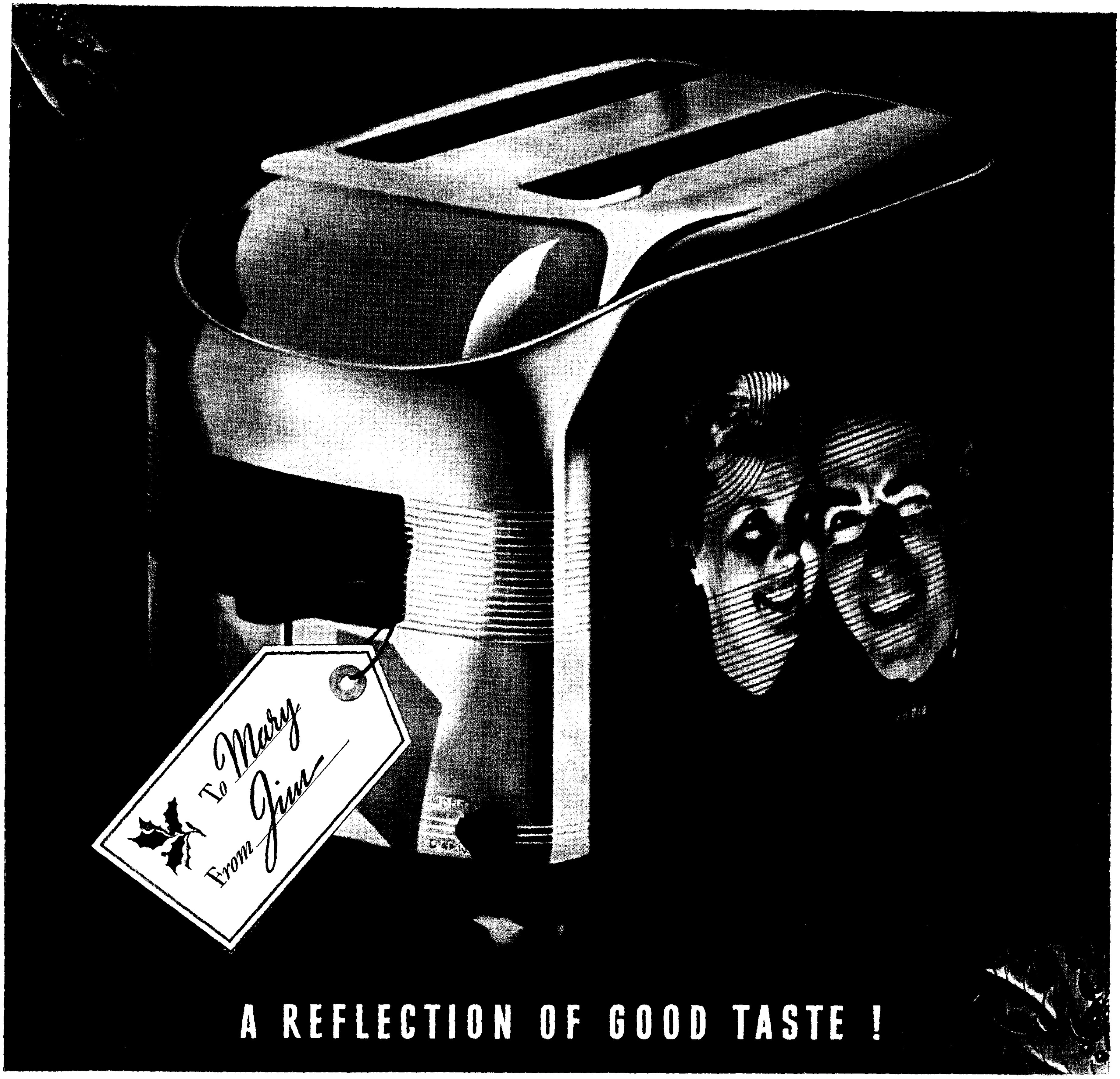

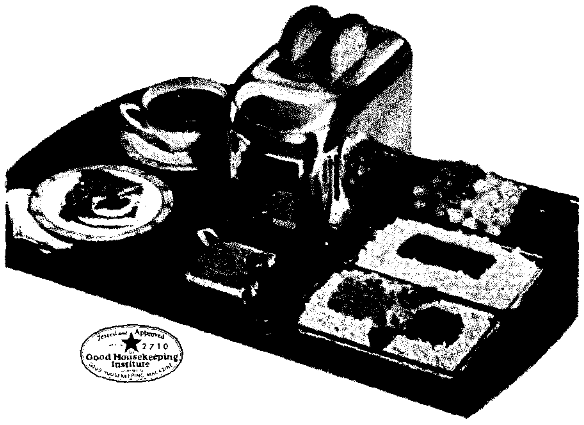

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Lover Come Back

Continued from page 19

I'm happier than I have ever been in my life. Mike is a darling . . ."

It was like a dream—a nice dream, quiet and dignified, after her hectic months in Shanghai—but romantic and dramatic too. It ended almost before it started. It ended the night Mike came home, bearded and dirty and exhausted, from the place his airplane had crashed on a mountainside.

He had flown for hours in clouds that went right down to old Ma earth, getting incorrect reports of open weather ahead from the Chinese voice in his earphones. The mountainside had loomed up about three seconds before they pancaked into it.

"Honey," he said, his voice high with weariness, "we're getting out of here. These Chinks are going to get me killed with their carelessness. We're going back home and start an air line of our own."

And Mike had brought her back to Seattle. Back to humdrum things she had left with a feeling of escape. Back to memories that were too old, and winter rains she knew too well. Mike brought her to Seattle because he thought the government, some of these days, would let an air-mail contract for the route to Alaska. He wanted to start a ship running on a weekly schedule to Juneau, and to wait until the mail might come in and give him his chance at expansion and wealth.

SHE was surprised to discover that at first she enjoyed being a minor sensation in the old home town. But that was before they moved from the house in Laurelhurst to an apartment, and left that for a smaller furnished flat. That was before everything Mike did was part of a grim, endless struggle to keep his seaplane moving, once a week, from Lake Union in Seattle to Juneau. That was before they had begun to think of money only in terms of engine overhauls and gasoline. That was before Mike had hired a pilot to fly the seaplane, and had started the flying school, such as it was, and had begun doing odd jobs with the two-seater to pay for the bigger ship's weekly journey.

That was before she had gone to work, answering telephone calls at the airport office, and had begun avoiding the people she wanted to see. That had been four years—almost five years before. An endless time, in which she had given up trying to recapture the excitement Mike had once given her, and had accepted him as a partner with whom she endured the passage of time.

Her restlessness had become so much a part of her, she had remembered her secret young dreams with a stout cynicism for so long, that the visions of rosy horizons which had buoyed her all her life had been shaken. But Johnny Holland, walking into a bare hangar office, brought them back to her, and reminded her that she was still young, and that people in the world still danced, and were gay, and could afford imported English brogues and new automobiles, and onion soup after midnight.

The sight of him kept making her remember. She treasured little glimpses of him. She thought of the way he walked, slim and erect and with a jauntiness that had been born in him. She felt a sort of gratitude toward him for looking the way he looked, and for being the way she knew he would be—gentle, as someone who had inherited the earth could be gentle, but underneath a little wild, and a little reckless, too.

It didn't make sense, really. Always, after that first day, a sort of constraint fell over him when they were alone in the office. That shyness of his increased.

Until the day he soloed. Until the day he brought the trainer down in a bouncing landing after the regulation flight around the field, and taxied it back toward the hangar yelling over the engine noise, "Take a wire to Mr. Lindbergh. Dear Mr. Lindbergh . . ."

Later, sitting on the desk in the office, he crowed, jubilantly, "Yoicks! I was colossal."

Mike, grinning a little, said, "Terrible."

"High praise. A drink. I might even buy two. What do you say, Mike? And Ma'am Mike?"

Mike, with the faint preoccupation that never quite left his eyes and voice those days said, "Sorry, Johnny. I couldn't make it for an hour or so. You shouldn't wait that long. You might remember that landing. Why don't you and Skid—"

And so Skid sat across a table from Johnny Holland, feeling carefree and released and happy, and watched his face reflect the excitement and triumph of his first ride alone.

She sat, listening to him talk, rapt, smiling, honestly enthralled—unable to see him without seeing his great house and the green lawns, but thinking of them as she would think of his dark hair or his laughter, as an inseparable part of him, not to be considered apart. That feeling of intimacy, of being desired, which she had known as she first saw him, swept over her again.

When he brought her home she walked ahead down the dusky hallway along which she had come with Mike so many times. She stopped beside the door and turned to face him. She stood, motionless, her heart hammering, before she lifted her face, her lovely face which would be so pale in the dimness, slowly, helplessly, up to him. For one awful second he was as motionless as she. And then she was in his arms.

She was lost in the sweetness of the moment, in its poignance. Moments like this, infinitesimal fractions of the humdrum years, were what she had been born to live. When he released her, slowly, unwillingly, something tortured and too real came into his face.

He said, "Good night," quickly, almost harshly.

He talked the same way, harshly, desperately, a week later, his hands clamped on the wheel of his automobile.

"I shouldn't have done that, Skid. Mike's too swell. But I couldn't help myself—"

SKID, sitting so quietly, hands in her lap, fought down the fear of always seeing that look of self-accusation in Johnny Holland's face—of losing the glimpse of gaiety, the promise of all the things she had seen in him.

"Don't say that, darling." She spoke coolly, almost lightly, in that brusque, quick voice. "Never regret things." She went on, making his words suddenly seem a little too dramatic, a little hysterical, by contrast. Being the Skid who had watched the sun come up like thunder out of China; the Skid who was so lovely, but so wise, too, and so calm; whose arms and voice could end his fears. "It hasn't anything to do with anyone but us. . . ."

And so their secret went on, deepening with the deepening autumn, something for her to cherish and to plan and to live for.

She knew a vague little feeling of shame the day Mike said, "I've got a job that will buy you a coat or something

more heat

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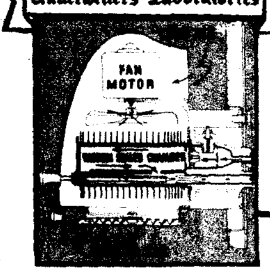

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CAN YOU BEAT IT! BRIDGE PARTY TONIGHT AND I'M ALL OUT OF WHISKEY.
AM I, OUT OF LUCK! THE BANKS CLOSED AND I'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT $2 IN MY POCKET.
ATE
NK
SAY, THIS CRAB ORCHARD PRICE OF AROUND $1 A PINT HITS ME JUST RIGHT. BUT HOW ABOUT THE WHISKEY?
IT'S RIGHT, TOO—OR IT WOULDN'T BE ONE OF MY BEST SELLERS. IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON AND MADE THE QUALITY WAY.
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this winter. Handed to me on a platter. Nobody else wanted it. Dropping supplies to a mine up in the hills."

She said, "Mike! Not if it's dangerous. We don't need things that badly."

He said, "Listen. If I could bend 'em around the mountains of Tibet I can get 'em past these hills. It's a cinch."

And reflecting that Mike could fly an airplane through anything his wings would clear, she felt a little foolish and oddly comforted. Even on the squally afternoon in January, when she watched Mike taking off, alone, for the mine, her uneasiness did not return.

It had been submerged by the deeper sense of uneasiness, almost of panic, which had been in her mind during all the days after Christmas. After Johnny Holland went off, with his mother and sister, for a month at Palm Springs, she remembered all his plans for the holiday. She thought, helplessly, after he had gone, of all the girls—the motion-picture girls and debutantes—whom he might meet. Of the girls he would see to contrast in his mind with Skid Allen in her little airport office, and her little, dingy flat. Mrs. Skid Allen who had a husband.

She returned Mike's wave, as he went out in the ship that afternoon, without giving a thought to the high country over which he would fly, or to the downdrafts that jerked altitude out from under the wings of planes, or to the threatening weather.

She was to remember, afterward, that she did not even think of them as she took down the receiver of the telephone in the flat, later in the day.

She answered—just as she had answered telephone calls from friends and hairdressers and lending libraries all her life.

"This is Parsons, the airport manager," the voice said. "Listen, Mrs. Allen, did Mike plan to go anywhere else tonight? After he went to that mine?"

She said, "Why—no."

"He's not back yet."

Instinctively she turned to look at the clock. Almost two hours since Mike had gone. The flight to the mine and back took but a few minutes more than an hour. What was this man trying to tell her? Alarm and a furious sense of protest began pushing up beneath her calmness like ground swells beneath the surface of a smooth sea.

"Have you called any other fields?"

"We've checked them pretty well. But he could be in someone's pasture. I wouldn't worry. We'll keep you posted. . . ."

SHE sat down, lighting a cigarette, looking at the clock. It was three minutes to five. She thought: "Mike will call by seven thirty." She picked up a magazine, and tried to read. At seven thirty she thought: "By eight o'clock." The telephone rang at seven forty-five. She took the receiver down, her heart thudding. And then she relaxed, suddenly, with a rush of blessed relief, and with a feeling of protection. It was Johnny. He was in Los Angeles. He was flying up. He'd be in at eight in the morning. Twice she said, "Keep talking to me, Johnny." Hearing his voice made everything normal and sane.

But when the call was ended she was filled with a frantic lonely helplessness. She sat down trying to pretend that she could see Mike safe in ten minutes, in an hour, and say, as she had planned to say, "I love you, Mike. You have the things you really need." Trying to forget this barrier raised between her and Johnny; this debt to Mike who had risked his life to get her a coat or something.

But she kept on through the night doing normal, civilized things. Answering calls from friends and newspapers. Reading. Smoking. She even dozed toward dawn, awakening, after a few minutes, trembling. She clung to Johnny when he came in from his taxi, but she made her voice stay calm. She listened, quietly, thinking, "I'm not moving. I'm not yelling," when they told her of the wreck of the ship that had been spotted near the mine from the air.

She went into the hills with the rescue party. And once, shaking with weariness, she clung to Johnny, letting herself say the things she was thinking: "Johnny—Johnny—I love you. I can't stand this." She wept, like a fishwife or a washwoman, listening to him say, fiercely, "Don't think about it. Just think that some day we'll be married. Just think that I love you, darling." She sat, taking deep breaths, trying to make his words, which she had waited so long to hear, mean something.

ALL the rest of the time—all during the sleepless night in a little cabin at the junction of two rivers, with weary men muttering and snoring on the floor around her—she was quiet. They left her in the morning for the climb through snow to the mine. The wind moaned, driving sleet, and the river outside roared endlessly. She sat, numbly, beside the stove in the cabin for hours.

It was almost dark when she ran, splashing in the muddy trail. Someone called, "He's alive!" They stopped clumsily, and laid the stretcher down. She looked at Johnny Holland's face, mud-streaked, wet. Then she was on her knees beside Mike.

He lay, eyes closed, his flying helmet still on his head. "Mike. Are you all right, Mike?" She called, her voice rising, "What's the matter with you, Mike?"

A heavy, bearded man leaned over, hands braced on his knees. "He's pretty bad," he said, talking bluntly in his weariness. "He's all busted to hell. But he's sure got what it takes, lady. I was at the mine. He was out of the plane when I got to it—though God knows how he did it. Out on his feet, but trying to get somewhere."

Mike opened his eyes, and turned his head.

"Don't let them kid you, Skid. Don't worry about it."

"I won't, Mike. You'll be all right, Mike." (Don't do this to me, Mike. Don't be so good, Mike. Don't make me owe you so much. Be somebody else, Mike. Be Harry Schultz with those awful stories. Don't lie there all broken up inside and smile like that.)

She stood up, looking a little stupidly at the mud on her hands, then, and followed them, hardly thinking at all, to the cabin. She watched, composed, as they put Mike into the ambulance at last.

She moved dully, refusing to think, through endless time after that. Days in hospital corridors. Days in Mike's room, watching and waiting. Weeks in which she kept Mike's seaplane moving with credit and cajolery and money doled carefully.

Then came the day when Mike, limping a little, but whole, came home with her. He walked across the little living room and said, "Well. That's over." He took a deep breath, and turned, looking down at her with odd intentness. Then he said, with a sort of hurried casualness, "You were swell, Skid. It must have been tough on you. I've—talked to Johnny. I should have told you, before, what a swell boy I think he is. Anything you want to do will be all right."

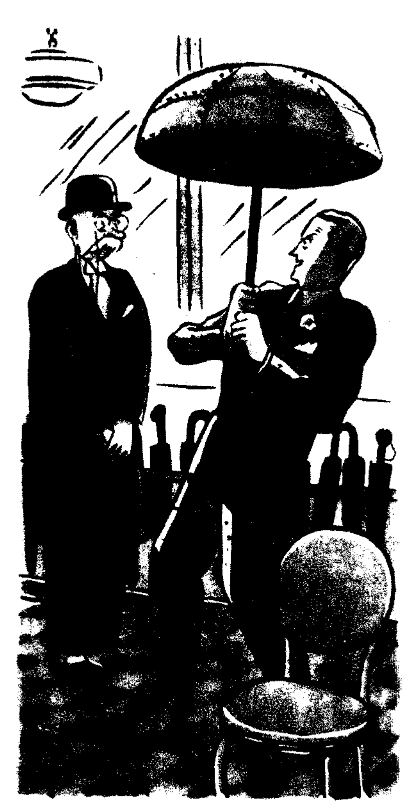
She stared as his meaning became clear, in an empty, rigid breathlessness for the space of time it took her to think, slowly and distinctly, "This is it."

The thing she had dreamed about as she had dreamed of fairy castles when she was a little girl. Hers, now, to reach out and take. She stood there, suddenly awkward, suddenly a little ashamed, in the face of Mike's generosity, of the triumph and elation that began to surge through her.

"Mike." She stopped and looked up at him, helplessly. "Mike. Thank you." She halted again, listening to a distant, jeering little voice that repeated, satirically in the depths of her mind, "Thank you. Thank you. The lady thanks her husband for stepping out of the picture." She started again, "Mike, I've been unfair—"

And then Mike, who could protect her even at a time like this, grinned slowly and let her say, "Mike, you're so swell." Her eyes were so misty for a moment that she did not notice the way his hand shook as he lighted a cigarette.

AFTER that there were conferences with attorneys. There were evenings with Johnny. There was, in everything she did, that feeling of release, of adventure, almost of accomplishment, which she had known sitting at a bar with Johnny Holland so many months before. She thought about Mike, now and then, with gratefulness and with an added tenderness.



"Now then—this one is a bit heavy, but it's supposed to be bombproof"

WILLIAM CRAWFORD

The sixth day after Mike had left the hospital and had given her freedom she drove to the airport in Johnny Holland's roadster to pick up a few possessions in the drawers of the battered table in the office. She halted, outside, just around the corner of the hangar, at the sound of Mike's voice—a voice so harsh and strange that for a second she did not recognize it.

". . . nice of you to risk your ship with an old soldier like me." Mike was saying it with terrible jauntiness. "But if I bend it up for you there's enough money left in the till to pay for it."

"Don't kid me, Mike," somebody replied. "No risk at all."

She stepped around the corner then, in time to see Mike, in slacks and a leather jacket, with a flying helmet on his head, turning away from a knot of other flyers. Pete Lemmon's ship—it was he who had answered Mike—was on the line with the motor ticking over. But she saw that only subconsciously. She was looking only at Mike. Mike's face was white—ghostly. His lips pulled back in a stiff, mechanical grin as he started for the waiting airplane.

Mike was afraid. Mike—who had bent 'em around the mountains of Tibet; who had landed on one wheel and pancaked into mountainsides—had lost his nerve. And now, with his hands shaking, he was going out for another stab at it. But there was something wrong. Mike was too smart to be doing this. Nobody would try it six days after leaving a hospital.

She seized the nearest arm.

"He shouldn't do that. He just got out of the hospital."

"He came and asked me for the ship," Lemmon said, defensively. "What could I say? I tried to talk him out of it. But something's driving him nuts. He's been walking around here all day. Finally he says he's got to go up . . ."

Something was driving him nuts. Not just something. Her mouth went dry with realization. Not just something. Little Skid was driving him crazy. Skid who had told herself he had everything he needed. That they could part on even terms—in the friendly, modern manner. She heard herself calling his name even as she realized he could never hear her over the motor noise. Little Skid, whom he had left because he had loved her, could only watch, now.

The ship took off, climbing slowly, heading south, and came back, gaining altitude. It kept climbing, evenly. She breathed a little more easily. The ship came wailing down, and then up, into the circle of a loop. A bad loop, a faltering, clumsy loop.

Lemmon, beside her, began talking. "Sloppy. He shouldn't. He'd better—"

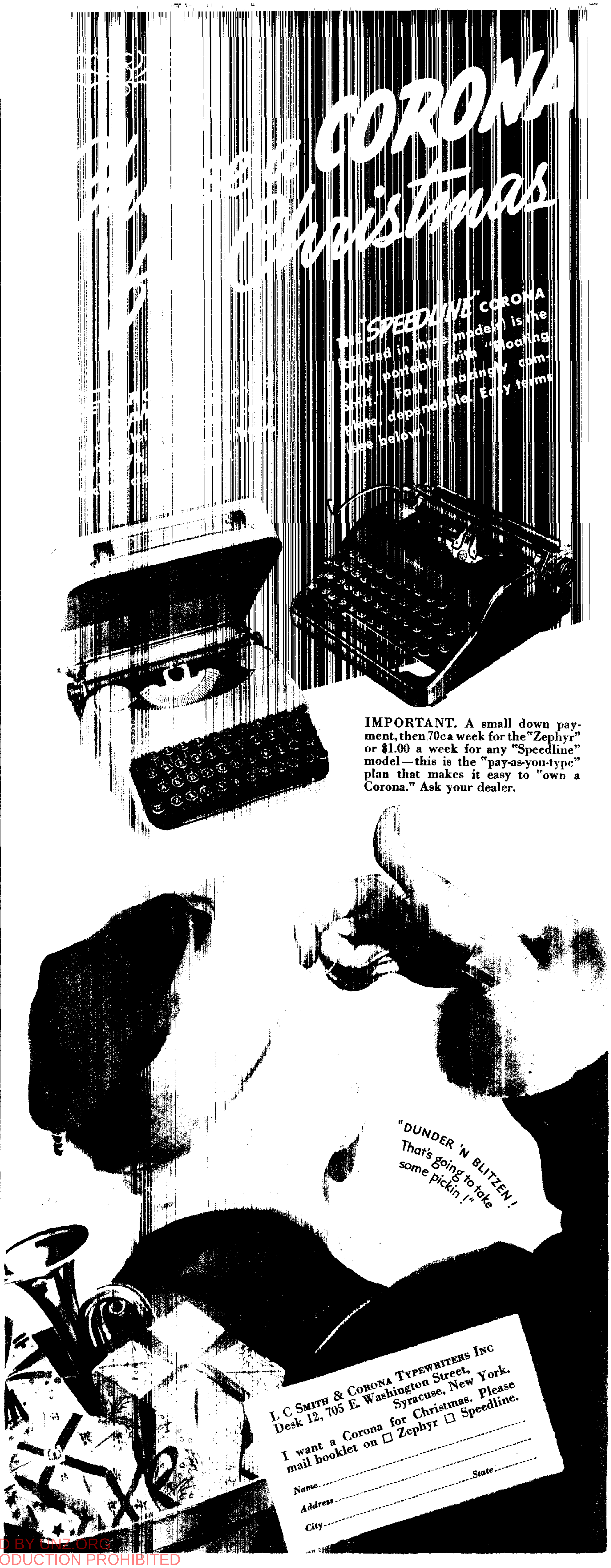
THE ship began climbing again. Didn't he realize? And then again, high above them, it started down, motor howling, and again was flung upward. Wings flashed in the sun at the top of the loop—he was trying an Immelmann—and then they flashed again, and again, like the wings of some fluttering, wounded insect, as the airplane, out of control, came down in an outside spin.

Somebody began saying, "Now . . . now . . . now . . ." But the ship lost another five hundred feet before it came out, uncertainly, and leveled off. And then Skid realized. He was going through his bag of tricks. If he came down alive it would be only after he had tried everything he knew.

She watched, standing immobile, fighting down all the things inside herself that could only have been released by screaming, by pounding her fists on the rough brick wall of the hangar.

The ship continued its awful, drunken dancing in the sky. Wing overs . . . snap rolls . . . done in caricature. This wasn't anything that could be tucked away in the back of her mind. That was Mike up there. Mike who had grinned so easily at her, while all the time, inside him, there had been the beginning of a despair that could drive him to madness like this. It went on. When the drumming of the motor died out of the sky, and the ship miraculously came in, sinking for its landing over the end of the field, she looked at it without expression, not quite able to believe it was still unharmed.

• But as the wheels touched and her hands went to her eyes she knew she was saying farewell to Johnny Holland. She took her hands away, waiting for the awful, aching sense of loss. But none came. She felt only humbleness, and a fierce possessiveness she had never known before as she started for the taxiing airplane; for Mike who was sitting motionless in the cockpit, staring as though he had found only disappointment in his glide back to the earth and life.



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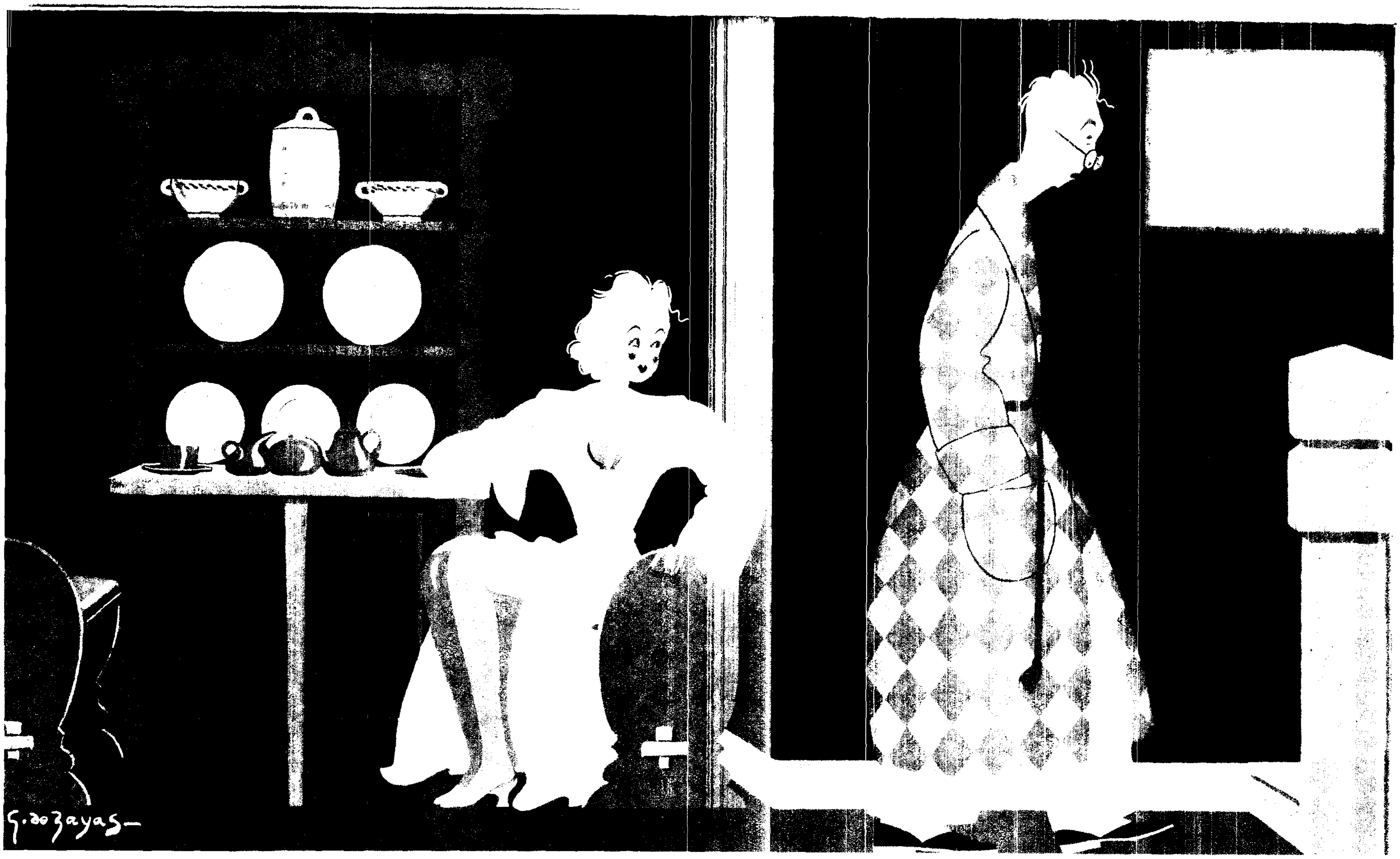

"Please, Snookles, let's not lose it," she said. Sighing loudly, he went up to dress for the office

Squaw Man's Wife

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A lesson at home in how not to lose your money in Wall Street

QUIMBY FLOOKE'S round and amiable face was pouted over his breakfast. He was having another tiff with Myra. Nothing new; she was always nagging at him, trying to make him do things she wanted, and not letting him do things he wanted. With such a wife, no wonder people were calling him a squaw man.

It was about money again, as usual. She was nagging at him to fight with his partner and get a larger share of the firm's earnings; and she wouldn't let him get money in the swift and easy way, in the stock market. When about everybody they knew was cleaning up a fortune.

A passing car sounded its siren in the suburban street. Quimby glanced, poised his spoon, and frowned accusingly at Myra.

"There go George and Dolly Bray now in their new car. George is in the market! And the Nevitts are going on a world cruise. And even the Murphys are joining the country club. Sweetie, why are you so pigheaded?"

He was groping for the milk. She put the pitcher into his reach and patted his hand. "Please, Snookles," she coaxed. "We lost the last time, didn't we? And we've saved so hard to get two thousand dollars and pay off Hen Titticom's mortgage. Please, Snookles, let's not lose it."

Sighing loudly, he went up to dress for the office.

Half dressed, he strode to the stairhead and shouted defiantly: "I'll let you know that I am head of this house and if I want to buy stocks I'll buy stocks! And I won't speak to George Bray about more money either!"

No defiance answered him from below. He was comforted. He had settled the matters in dispute and showed her who was head of the house. He wished that George Bray and some other people could have heard him laying down the law. They wouldn't call him a squaw man behind his back.

WHEN he went down, Myra had succeeded in starting their 1930 car. "Is this a car, sweetie, or the Fourth of July?" he grumbled, getting in.

They missed and backfired out into the road, and so to Greenville Avenue and the real-estate office of George Bray & Company. Leaving the car to Myra for her marketing, Quimby entered the real-estate office.

He was a junior partner, with a one-sixth interest. George Bray was the broker and business-getter. Quimby drudged at the office work, managed the properties in the firm's charge, and drew forty dollars each week against George Bray's two hundred.

Myra had been urging Quimby at breakfast to demand a fairer share of the firm's earnings. Well, he would make a try, and show her.

"Morning, George!" he called resolutely, entering his partner's private room. "George, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Sure enough, Quim." George Bray lifted his gaunt, alert face. "Did you rent that store in the Titticom block yet, by the way?"

"I have a party interested."

"Get it rented, Quim. And how many apartments have you vacant in Greenville Towers? Quim, you and I will have to have a little talk about drawing less money, both of us, if business doesn't pick up. Say ten dollars less a week each.... But you wanted to talk to me?"

"That was it, George," said Quimby, losing nerve. "To tell you I had somebody interested in that store in the Titticom block."

He'd tell Myra. So far from getting more money, he had had to fight like a tiger to hold onto forty a week.

At half past ten George came briskly from his room. In breezy good humor, he paused beside Quimby, who was bent over a rent statement, and clapped him on the shoulder. George liked Quimby.

"I'm running over to Bimberg & Blauer's board room, old man. The market's going great guns. Kringle Motors hit 79."

Quimby poised his pencil. "I was talking to Myra about the market this morning. I'm thinking of taking another slap at it, George."

"Old man," said George, "take my advice and keep out. You're all right, Quim, but you haven't got what it takes. It's a man's game, and takes judgment and nerve—grocery clerks keep out. . . . Quim, if Hen Titticom comes in to see me, take care of him, will you?"

He strode to the street.

The day was Saturday and Quimby went over to the Greenville Trust Company toward twelve o'clock to deposit the morning's grist of rent checks. Passing Bimberg & Blauer's board room, he looked in.

Pretty nice for George, getting rich in the market every day. He ought to have a girl like Myra for a wife, and see where he'd get. If Myra would only have nerve. Thinking you were bound to lose if you played the market. If he could only convince her!

He made the deposit for the firm and was about to draw a small check on the account that he had jointly with Myra.

A BRIGHT idea came to him, a way to convince Myra, as safe as a government bond. He smoked a cigarette while staring at the blank check and then filled it out—to his own order, for two thousand dollars.

The teller glanced at it, looked up, walked away, and returned.

"Two thousand. How do you want it?"

"Hundreds will be oke, Mr. Pfankuchen," said Quimby breathlessly.

The sheaf of century notes came over

the slab. Quimby gathered them in a single grasp and hurried from the bank.

His pace slowed as he went down the street toward the First National Bank. He meant to deposit the money there in his own name, but until it was twelve o'clock he could change his mind and pop the money back into the joint account. Lacking self-assurance, he was always likely to take a radical step in sheer bravado, and he was just as likely to turn and step back again.

Loitering uncertainly, Quimby did not arrive at the First National till twelve, when the local banks closed for all purposes on Saturdays. The First National was closed, and now so was the Greenville Trust.

He saw George in Bimberg & Blauer's and went in. He had broken in spirit with Myra, and felt lonely.

"Hello, Quim," said George. "What brings you in here? I say, Quim, one of us wants to be in the office all the time."

"And that one's me, eh what, George?" said Quimby jauntily. "But you see I like to drop in a board room once in a while myself and watch 'em run myself."

HE WAS suddenly jaunty. A lot of cash in the pocket is like a pistol. One may mean not to use it, but it's there.

"So long as it's one of us," said George.

He walked slowly from the room, looking back. Old Quim was putting his ears up. Well, George would soon slap them down for him again.

The manager of the board room picked up a customers' man with a flirt of the eye. The customers' man approached Quimby with a smile.

"How did they do today?" Quimby asked this sociable chap.

"Very strong. I judge we'll have a healthy reaction the first hour Monday and then they'll go right on up. Buy Monday's opening."

"What do you think of Kringle Motors?"

"On the tip of my tongue," said the customers' man surprisedly. "Best buy in the list! I can see old Kriss Kringle doing a hundred points on the up side. I've clocked that baby, and it's fast."

"Kringle closed at 80, eh?" said Quimby, calculating. "For two thousand dollars I can buy fifty shares on a fifty per cent margin. That's what I'll do: buy fifty Kringle at 80!"

The customers' man went for an order slip. When he returned he saw his supposed customer going out the door. Having decided what he should tell Myra he had bought, he wanted to get that load of cash into a safe place.

He knew where he would put it. His bright idea had been born complete, including a perfect set of teeth. He had thought of several places to keep the money, before deciding on the First National, and so he had an alternative now. He had a place to keep the money in till Monday.

He saw Myra waiting in the car before the office. He went to her, hand clutched in pocket like a holdup man. Now came the hard part: to tell Myra.

He got into the car and took the wheel. The engine sputtered.

"Sweetie," he said, watching his driving, "I drew the two thousand out of our account. And I bought fifty shares of Kringle Motors."

Myra's face went blank. "You played the market with all our money, Quimmy? You did?"

"I did."

It was a fib, short and ugly. But it was for the girl's own good. Did he want to play the market for himself? It was for her.

Kringle Motors would go up, and then he would show her the money, and show her that he hadn't played the market since she was against it, and she would rue the day she had been so pigheaded. She would see he was smart enough to play the market and she would let him. Or suppose Kringle Motors went down, just suppose: she would tyrannize over him and give him rats and he would pull out the money and show her he was too smart to play the market, and would she be glad! It was a sure thing.

Just now, certainly, there would be an A-1 row. He braced himself. He could always pull out the money if she took it too hard.

"Well, if you did, Quimmy," she said, still in that soft, lost tone, "you did." And that was all; if he did, he did.

They arrived home. He took out her marketing. "Mind putting the car away, sweetie?" he requested, lifting the paper bags.

He entered the house and hurried upstairs. The house was old and quaint. In their bedroom was a fireplace. Set in the face was a row of blue-and-white Antwerp tiles, each showing a scene from the New Testament. The tile of the Loaves and Fishes was loose and came out, being poorly backed, and behind it was a cavity.

Quimby had discovered by chance this bit of careless tile-setting, a perfect hiding place for small valuables, and his married happiness was complete then. The dream of every married man since Bluebeard and before had come true for him and he had one solitary spot in the house for his very own, safe from the eye of love. He had kept behind the Loaves and Fishes a Sweeps ticket, a souvenir of Havana, a marijuana cigarette, which he put finally into the furnace, and an awfully good poem written by him to the girl before Myra. Now he had something honest-to-goodness to keep there. He put into the cavity his twenty century notes and replaced the tile. He put the tile back in a hurry and got out of the bedroom, for he heard Myra coming in below.

Dinner was quiet—as quiet as the drive home. Their midday meal on Saturdays and Sundays was dinner. They had a delicious mackerel, the day's six-cents-per-pound special at the chain store. Myra had no maid.

To Quimby the quiet was accusing, and he was restive.

"I have to go out and get listings of property," he announced as soon as the whole twelve-cent mackerel was bones. "Mind, sweetie?"

"Have a good time, Snookles," she murmured.

He went. She was alone. But she had felt alone for hours.

WHEN he was gone, she went upstairs to lie down, to cry a little, to be amazed and forlorn. It was only money, and money's nothing to get upset about, but she was upset.

Quimmy to act like this, of all people. Now if it were that bold George Bray who ought to have his skinny neck wrung.

After losing their savings before, buying stocks. So bold—when that was just his trouble. He wouldn't say boo. George getting poor, easy Quimmy to be a partner for forty and paying the bookkeeper fifty.

What would become of them? That mean old Hen Titticom would take their home away if they couldn't pay him his nasty old mortgage.

Oh, well, it showed spunk! She dried her eyes. She'd better be pleasant. It was only all the money they had; it wasn't some girl. And she was smiling at her work later in the afternoon like a girl who has found money rather than lost it. Dolly Bray called her up.

"Myra, dear! George saw Quim in Bimberg & Blauer's. I said to George right away that if poor Quim was playing the market Myra certainly didn't know it, because it takes all kinds of brains and nerve and— Hah?"

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Spud *price reduced*

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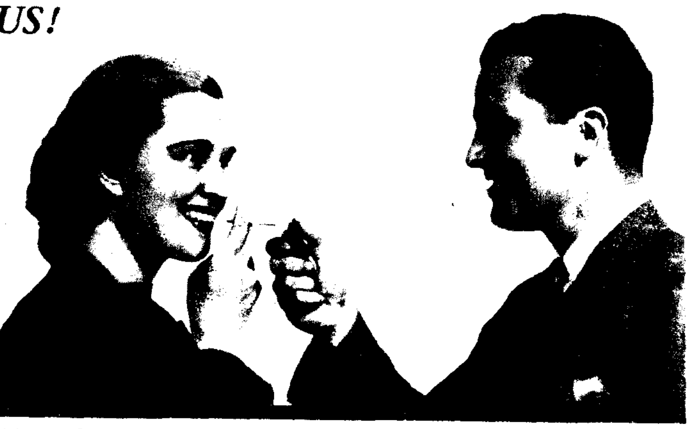

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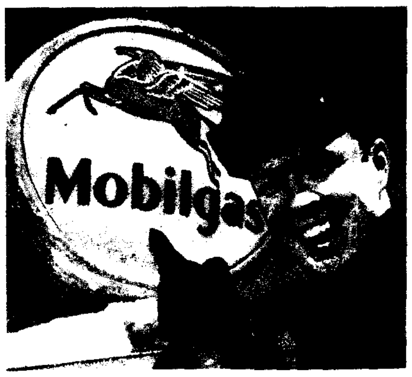
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
WINTER
GAS



It fires fast...gives you QUICK STARTS on the coldest days! That's why millions prefer—

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THIS WINTER, some cars will start faster than others. The reason is simple: some will be filled with ordinary gasoline...others with the gasoline that's *specially refined for cold-weather driving—winter Mobilgas!*

This special gasoline makes a world of difference in the way your motor starts. Winter Mobilgas fires instantly at temperatures far below zero. Cuts down choking—waste of gasoline—dangerous oil dilution!

Fill up today! Get *quick starts* plus the extra power and long mileage that have made Mobilgas America's favorite gasoline.

"Quit Stalling" Mobilgas SOCONY-VACUUM
WINTERPROOF
YOUR CAR TODAY!

"I said yes he is, Dolly. Quimmy is awfully clever at stocks and so enterprising. He's one of the quiet ones."

"Who is—so clever and everything?"

"Quimmy."

"Yes, I thought you said Quim. Well, so long as you know."

Her return to her normal manner delighted Quimby. He had made no mistake in showing her who was head of the house and had the say!

But then the flush of triumph passed, and he was alarmed. Having got command he looked back for orders or at least complete approval. He didn't want to be an overbearing commander.

"After all, it's not my money," he said, "it's ours. So don't leave it all to me. You do think I was right to buy the stock, don't you?"

"I'm sure, Snookles," she said, "you were sure you were right."

He went to the secret hiding place on Monday morning, meaning to whisk out the money and deposit it in a trading account with Bimberg & Blauer. He pushed and pried, but the tile didn't come out. Stuck. He must have jammed it Saturday when he heard Myra coming.

She walked in on him now. "Hurry, Quimmy! It's going on nine. . . . And, here, put my jewelry in our safe deposit box, please. There's a robbery in the paper and I'm afraid to leave the house alone."

She gave to him a manila carton in which was her jewelry, including a beautiful necklace of genuine cut crystal. It wasn't very valuable jewelry, but it was all she had.

She drove him to the office, halting on the way to let him put the manila envelope into their box in the Greenville Trust. She couldn't get out of the car herself because she wasn't dressed for it.

She returned to Greenville Avenue and did her marketing in the early afternoon. She saw Dolly Bray in Webb's jewelry store. Dolly called her in to help Dolly select a diamond-set dinner ring.

Kringle Motors, said Dolly, explaining the ring, was up three points.

"QUIMMY," cried Myra, running to kiss him when he came from the office at 5:30, "I have the grandest news! Such a surprise!"

"Kringle is up three points," he said. "Now will you admit I am right about playing the market and you are wrong?"

"No, that's not it, Snookles! Dolly told me that, and she's getting a new ring, but wait till you see what I got you."

She led him to a gleaming 1939 Kringle sports roadster—and pointed.

"Nice car," he said. "Like to have one some day. Where's ours?"

"This is ours! The one we looked at. I turned our old car in for the down payment. The Kringle man sold it to a wrecker. . . . But, Snookles, aren't you glad? An old car is no economy, such an old car. This lovely car is only fifty dollars a month. Picture us driving up to the country club!"

"What will we be driving up to the country club for?"

"We're joining, when Kringle Motors goes up more points. Dolly's getting George to propose us, and the dues are only four points. Two hundred dollars a year."

"Sweetie, are you whacky? Where would we get the money?"

"We have it! Kringle went up three points. Isn't that a hundred and fifty dollars? And Dolly says it will go up lots more."

"But—I didn't sell it, so we haven't the money. And I won't sell it."

"Because it's going up more, Snookles? You're so clever about stocks. But get in our car! You love it, don't you? Say you love it."

THEY hummed sweetly up Greenville Avenue.

"And, Snookles, wait till you hear the radio!"

She turned it on and struck a news broadcast.

"New York," said the radio. "The stock market resumed the advance today. Particularly happy tonight are buyers of Kringle Motors, whose—"

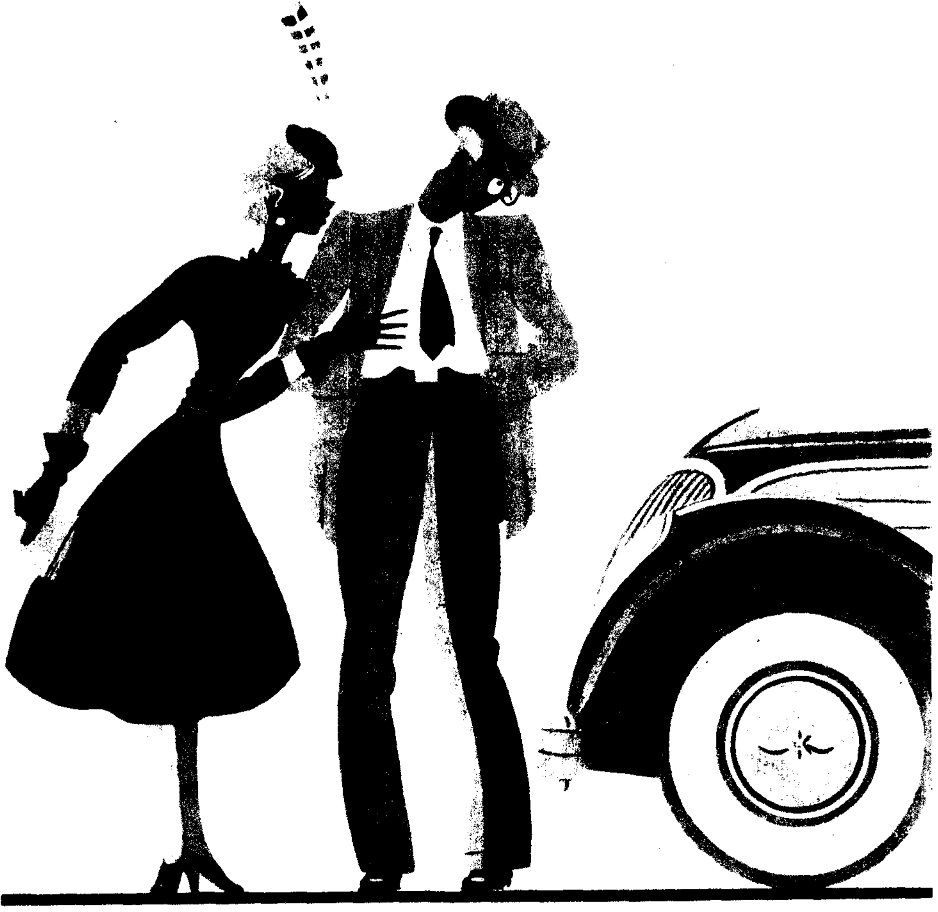
Quimby shut it off. "Can't attend to my driving," he grumbled.

They had roast squab for dinner; for dessert, a sumptuous lemon meringue pie. One loves lemon meringue, or detests it, and Quimby loved it. His gloom lightened as he spooned into the golden depths. "Nice pie."

"She does make it well," said Myra.

"She? Didn't you make this?"

"No, the maid. She's gone for her things. How, Snookles? But her money's not due till the end of the month, when we'll have lots of points."



Quimby's bright idea was showing its teeth. As soon as he seemed to have a profit, Myra stepped out and spent it. He wouldn't look so smart if he told her now that he hadn't bought the stock. But he'd have to tell her soon, to stop her spending, if the stock kept going up.

He'd better buy that stock right away, before it went away up. He'd have to get the money, quick.

He saw his chance while Myra was doing the dishes. He stole upstairs and went to work on the Loaves and Fishes. But the tile was stuck fast.

"What are you doing, Snookles?" asked Myra, entering.

"Looking at these tiles! Cute, aren't they, sweetie?"

"Don't you love this one?" said Myra, putting her finger on the very Loaves and Fishes. "Yes, I look at them every day."

He'd probably have to crash the darned thing in; and he could make up his mind now to tell Myra when he did it. Breaking that very tile would be a funny accident, if he said it was an accident.

He drove with Myra to the office in the morning.

This car was a honey, all right. Not like that old bunch of cannon crackers. Pretty swell to come down Greenville Avenue and give the horn to the country-club crowd on their way to the station. Pull over there, millionaire!

Quimby's siren, like most sirens, spoke in the tone of a ruffian bawling, bullying—Get over! Quimby was not a ruffian, he was gentle, he was meek, but the siren voice did not libel him so much. Even a meek man is of eighty horsepower when he is at the wheel of a 1939 Kringle, and he's prone to think he has inherited the earth.

KRINGLE MOTORS, the stock, did not go right up through the roof. On the contrary, it sank to 80. Quimby decided to wait and buy it at 75, when he could show Myra that he had saved them five points or two hundred and fifty dollars. No question but that it would be a bargain at 75 and would rush up again.

Kringle Motors sank to 75, but Quimby did not wish to buy it. It did not look cheap; it would go lower. Under 70 it would be a pickup.

The whole market was going down. It went down with vim, day after day, and the highly speculative Kringle Motors, which had rushed up with élan, was equally spectacular on the downside.

And Quimby waited to buy. He was going to buy it at the bottom, which was always lower.

By waiting, too, he could buy more stock, when Kringle hit bottom and rang the bell. He could buy on margin at 50, and make real money. Every point on the way up again would bring him a fine profit.

"And how much did we lose today, Snookles?"

"Now, sweetie," said Quimby patronizingly, "playing the market is a man's game. They can't shake me out. The lower the cheaper."

He was calm, assured, iron-jawed. Big money in the pocket is a pistol; behind the wheel of a 1939 Kringle is the seat of the mighty. To sit cash in hand and watch a falling market is to be wise, and wealthy soon.

"You are such a good judge," said Myra serenely. "I'm not worrying, Snookles! I feel certain you will not lose our money."

They went over to the Brays to play games.

George Bray stood behind the bar in his game room, serving good hookers to the men of the crowd who were in the market. George took hookers himself, trying to feel game.

"Sarsaparilla," ordered Quimby.

"What do you think of the market, George?" asked Doug Nevitt.

"Why bring that up?" said George. "I'm hooked."

He looked at Quimby and felt better. "Quim's hooked in Kringle too."

Quimby shrugged.

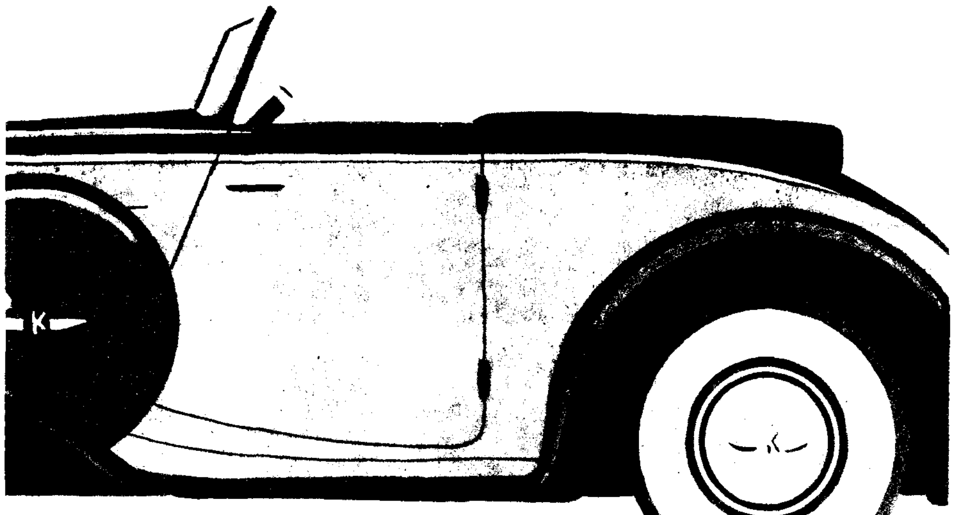
"Just a healthy reaction, shaking out the pikers. I figure I'll buy another hundred Kringle at 50. Average down."

George scowled. "You'll never see Kringle at 50."

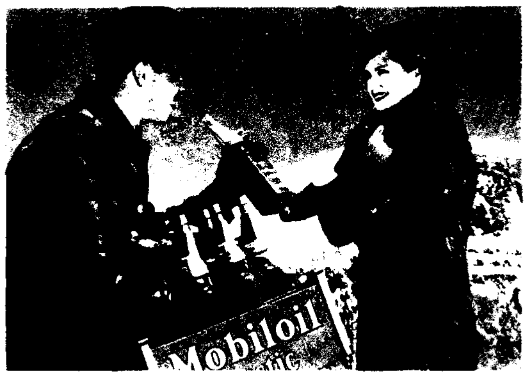
"I heard different, George," said Bushrod Murphy gloomily. "Talking to a man today that keeps a chart on Kringle. He's been right so far, and he says it will sell down to 25."

George poured himself a hooker. "What a dog. I'd dump mine right here, but I can't take such a terrible loss. Looks bad, though."

Quimby leaned over and patted his partner's arm.



"Nice car," he said. "Like to have one some day. Where's ours?" "This is ours!" she said. "The one we looked at. I turned our old car in for the down payment"



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Better smoking tobacco

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"Keep your nerve, George. You don't see me getting nervous. Playing the market is a man's game. Grocery clerks keep out."

He smiled and blew smoke at these worried fellows. He was pretending to be involved in the falling market, but he wasn't pretending to think very well of himself. It seemed to him that he was the most cunning and farsighted of them all. He had been too smart to get hooked.

"Doug," he said, turning his back to George and resting his elbows on the bar, "I thought you and Helen were taking a world cruise."

"That's out," said Doug Nevitt glumly. "Helen thought we should give the market one more beating and have some nice spending money."

"Helen thought," repeated Quimby, chuckling. "Don't be a squaw man, Doug. Show 'em who's head of the house. Well, keep your chin up."

"Hooked badly in the market, is he, George?" said Bushrod Murphy, watching Quimby strolling away. "He takes it well. I always thought he was just a big sissy afraid of his wife. He certainly fooled me."

MYRA had the bridge club on the following afternoon, a holiday.

Quimby acted as butler as usual, but with a difference. He used to open the kitchen door a quarter inch and hiss at Myra, but now he circulated among the girls, bantering them gallantly.

"Snookles," Myra reminded him, "three of the girls are having a cocktail."

"Shake 'em up after I call my broker, sweetie," he promised, and went to the telephone in the hall. He called Bimberg & Blauer. He had been calling the board room every day. The customers' man was glad to talk to him, hoping to land an order yet.

"What's the market doing?" asked Quimby. "Ah, selling off again. What's the last Kringle? Fifty-two, eh? I imagine I'll pick up a hundred along in here somewhere. Buy a hundred at forty-five, say. . . . Pardon me? Yes, I must stop in and see you boys shortly and give you a nice order. You might call after the opening tomorrow morning."

He returned to the living room.

"Kringle is down to 52," he announced casually. "I imagine I'll pick up a hundred at 45." He went to his pantry duties.

"Quimmy is one of the quiet ones," said Myra placidly. "When it comes right down to it, they have the most courage of anybody."

"George," said Dolly Bray, "is having kittens. He got a margin call."

AT HALF-PAST *ten of the following* morning Quimby put up a telephone in the office of George Bray & Company.

"Kringle Motors," he called to George, "opened at 45. My judgment, it will go down another twenty points. And then I'll jump in and grab myself two hundred shares."

He jotted figures on a pad, calculating the thumping profit he would make when he grabbed two hundred shares of Kringle Motors at the very bottom, which would be 25.

He looked out at Myra, sitting in the car in the street. Myra had asked him to do something that morning and report.

"George, old man," he said, going into his partner's room, "about our drawing accounts. We were discussing that matter not long ago."

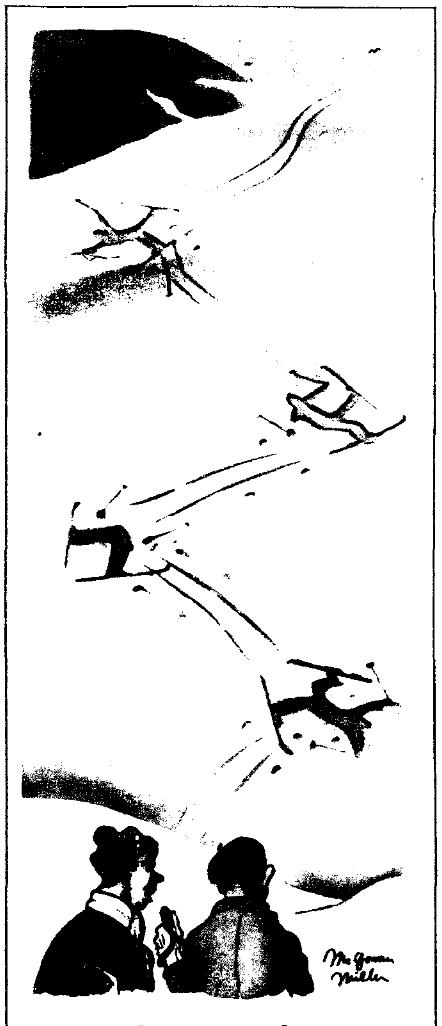
George stiffened. He had just got a margin call from his brokers demanding that he put up nine thousand dollars more cash against his holdings of Kringle Motors, and he didn't know where to get the money.

"I'm agreeable to anything, Quim," he said disagreeably. "Let's draw ten dollars less per week each. Or make it fifteen."

"My idea, George," said Quimby, looking behind him to see that Myra was still there, as it was really her idea, "is to hike mine to sixty per week, and cut yours to one hundred and fifty. After all, George, while this was your business originally, I do nearly all the work."

"Think so?" snapped George. "Say the word, and we'll break up! And you'll find this is still my business. Read our partnership agreement, Quim, and see *that all you'll take out of this office is* your hat. What's got into you? I can get plenty rent collectors at forty a week."

"And I can get forty a week anywhere," said Quimby hardily. "If that's how you feel, we'll break up."



"Hodgson ought to brush up on his turns!"

MC GOWAN MILLER

"The sooner the quicker," accepted George. His partner's jauntiness had been wearing him thin. . . . "Hello, here's Hen Titticom."

A long and lank old man was opening the street door.

"Morning, ma'am," said Hen Titticom to the office girl in a hushed voice, and politely, though he did not lift his derby hat.

"The very man I want to see!" cried George Bray gladly. "Come on in, Hen. I've got a corking loan for you."

"Any time I got money, Bray, you can get it," said Hen Titticom in the same muted tone. "What you got for me? Morning, Flooke."

"Mind, Quim?" George shut his door behind Quimby.

HEN TITTICOM—he was commonly addressed as Hen—was a hoary Greenvillian. In his youth he had been known as Sockless Hen, but he was seventy-two now and wore socks and could afford to. He was a director of both town banks and was the largest landlord in the county.

His gross rent roll was five hundred thousand dollars per year, and his business was the chief business of George Bray & Company.

He was a very practical old skinflint, and was not one to indulge in unnecessary talk. Quimby heard George talking with eloquence, and George was still talking when his door opened and Hen Titticom came forth, saying over his shoulder, softly but decisively, "No, Bray."

Myra was entering from the street. Hen Titticom said, "Morning, ma'am." and sat down by Quimby and put on iron-rimmed spectacles.

"Flooke," said Hen Titticom in his normal tone, which was confidential, "let me have a rent statement of all my properties and a check to date, and don't collect no more in this office. Do that like a good fellow and let me have the statement and check before three o'clock."

"I say, Hen," said George, coming out to them, "we're not having a misunderstanding, are we?"

"Hope not, Bray," said Hen Titticom mildly. "I'm going to give my properties to somebody else to manage and collect rents, that's all."

"Now I don't understand!"

"What, Bray? The thing is, Bray, I don't want nobody handling my money if he's getting margin calls he can't meet. Now, Flooke—"

"Why, what's that?" demanded George, angry and frightened. "If you object, I'll stop. But you trade in the market yourself, don't you?"

Hen Titticom took off his glasses and peered up at George.

"All my life, Bray, and made money. But not on margin if I don't have the money. People got two reasons for trading in the market, Bray. Either they made money before or they lost money, and one reason does them as good as the other. I sure don't want to take my properties out of this office and give them to people that don't know the houses and don't know the rents, but I got to do it. Let me have that today, Flooke."

He rose and walked toward the door.

"Mr. Titticom!" called Myra eagerly.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Why can't my husband go on collecting your rents? He never plays the market!"

"Do you, Flooke? On margin, so's you'll get margin calls?"

Quimby's mouth had opened when he heard Myra say that he never played the market. Now he glanced at George.

"No. I don't. I never trade in the market. Not for years."

"You do too, Quim!" cut in George. "With Bimberg & Blauer!"

Hen Titticom meditated briefly.

"I'll make inquiries. . . . Flooke, you know the properties. You get your own office and you can go on collecting. We'll talk when you bring the statement. You might bring the two thousand to pay off your mortgage too, if you want. Morning, Bray. Morning, ma'am. See you later, Flooke."

He walked out.

"Mighty sorry, George," said Quimby, troubled. "I wouldn't have grabbed for your business like that."

"You snake in the grass that bites the hand that feeds him," said George, starting for the door. "But you won't get away with it! I'll have Bimberg & Blauer call Hen Titticom. . . . No, don't you talk to me!"

WHEN he was gone Quimby looked at Myra. His round face went pinker.

"Sweetie, what put that into your head? Lucky for us you did; you caught him on the fly! But why did you say it? Because it's true. I'm not playing the market. I only told you I was."

"I knew you weren't playing the market, Snookles," she said with bland and trusting gaze. "Because you're much too smart! But I know why you told me you were. You wanted me to think we were going to make profits so that I'd get things; a maid and a car and everything. Wasn't that it? What you were really thinking was that you'd make George give you more, or you'd have your own office and make lots of money. Weren't you?"

It seemed to Quimby that this fitted the situation.

"I guess that's about what I had in mind, sweetie! Though I was thinking of buying Kringle Motors when it hit bottom, and making a lot of money. But I guess Hen Titticom is right, and I'd better leave it alone."

"But you took the money out of the bank, Quimmy. Where is it?"

"Ha ha—you'd never guess! It was right in our bedroom all the time. Back of the tile of the boy and the fish basket. In the fireplace."

"You're so much cleverer than the other men," said Myra, her cheek against his. "I never worried a bit! Worry about my smart Snookles? Oh, Quimmy, I didn't buy the dinner yet; let's celebrate! I'll get my jewelry from the bank. Hurry and come home!"

She ran out to the car.

She stopped at the Greenville Trust and got from the safe deposit box the manila envelope containing her jewelry. She drove home.

ARRIVED, she went up to the bedroom, took off her dress, and lay down to exult and to gloat, if one may gloat and not be unpleasant.

She was a bit unpleasant, truly, in her indifference to the plight of poor George Bray, who had lost his star client and who could now get out and hustle. But that is wifely nature. Everything for Quimby.

Here she had lain of an afternoon several weeks before, hurt, bewildered. The day when Quimby told her he had played the market with all their hard-won savings.

She had stared blindly at the fireplace that afternoon, and hadn't noticed that the tile of the Loaves and Fishes was upside down until she'd dried her eyes and resolved to make the best of things and help poor Snookles all she could. And then, clear-eyed, she saw the upside-down tile and investigated.

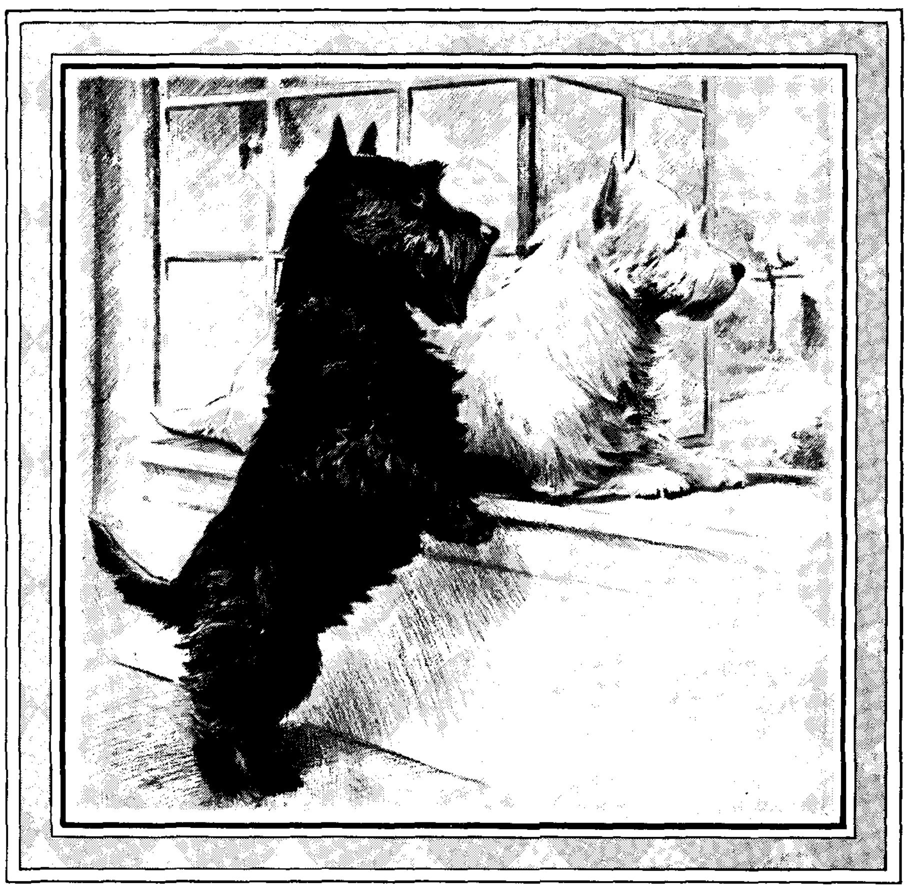
She opened now the manila envelope she had brought, the envelope that Quimby had put in the safe deposit box for her, and she took from it a lengthy jewel box. In the box was a pretty necklace of genuine rock crystals. The cushion had been removed from under the necklace, and in its place were Quimby's twenty one-hundred-dollar bills.

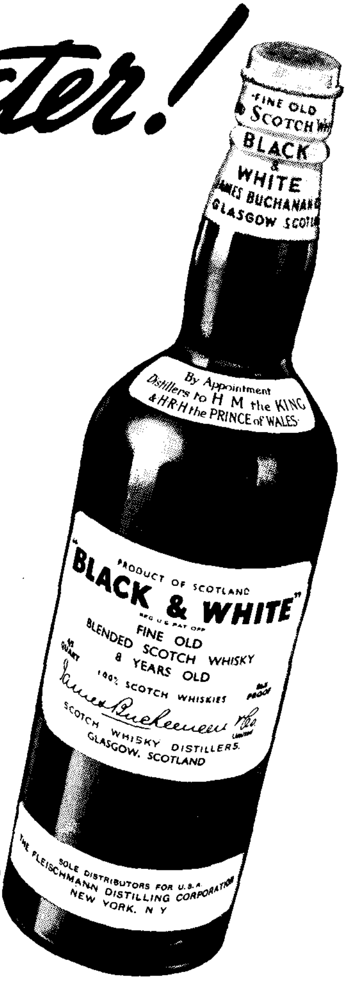
Finding the money back of the tile that afternoon, she hadn't flaunted it at him. She didn't want to triumph over him, and weaken him further. She wanted him to be strong and triumphant, for them both. She had gone along with his poor little pretense that he was a daring gambler; and it had done something to him. He was a different boy. He had spunk.

She had bought the new car and hired the maid to convince him of her belief in him and to drive him to insist with George Bray on a fairer share. She feared the moment when he should learn that she hadn't really trusted to his acumen and nerve as a market operator. But that moment would never come now.

She went down to the telephone and called him:

"Snookles, I've got it! I got the tile out, and there was the money. I stuck it back in right away—did you want me to? Tell you what I did: I put a strip of rag around it, and plenty of glue. Was that right? Think it will stick? . . . Oh, Snookles, I'm so happy—hurry and come home!"

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Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 10

"Because, Martha—Jonas Morgan is no more nor less than what might politely be termed a crook. He's run through a lot of the money now, and he feels safe because his wife is my aunt. There's a criminal side to what he's done, and I wouldn't want scandal to hit that family. After all, no matter what a louse he is—and he's a very rare and particular kind—I'm as fond of Aunt Katharine as Dad was, and I'm crazy about the twins. They're eighteen now. It'd be pretty tough on all of them if the head of their family should be exhibited to the public as a criminal."

"You're right. And by marrying . . . ?"

"The body of the estate comes to me automatically. I can look after my aunt and the kids adequately . . . and they'll never suspect what has been going on. It doesn't sound terribly sentimental . . . but it's simple common sense to protect what I have in the only way I can."

Martha said, "Your logic is what is popularly referred to as incontrovertible. But may I also inquire whether you might not have an interest in this marriage business which slightly transcends the impersonal?"

Judith flushed. She tried to laugh it off, and said, "Such elegant langwidge you use, Miss Hastings."

"May I have three guesses as to the identity of the young man who is about to be proposed to?"

"One guess is enough," confessed Judith. "It's Alan Hughes."

"And you're offering him a strictly emotionless proposition?"

"It's a proposal—not a proposition."

"Amendment accepted. Just how long have you been in love with him?"

"Since I was three, and he was six. But that has nothing to do with it. In order to accomplish what I want—in order to get possession of the body of Dad's estate, I have to be married. But I don't really want a husband."

"Of course not. You're in love with the man, and you're jittery over looking your best, and you'll die if he turns you down . . . but you don't really care." Martha patted Judith's hand. "Good luck, honey. Alan's a grand lad, even if he is more than slightly dumb."

"He's not!"

"He is. Or he'd have fallen in love with you long ago."

"Don't be silly. Alan's always taken me for granted. His father and Dad were lifelong friends. I was always underfoot when we were kids. He—he just hasn't ever thought of me that way."

"You've got it bad, darling. Tell Momma all about it."

"ALAN?" Judith was not reluctant to talk. "All I can say about him is that he's the heart-wholest, fancy-freeest, happy-go-luckiest young man in the whole world."

"In other words, a bit whacky."

"Anything but. Oh, I know other people think so, but somehow I have the feeling that he's the sanest and most logical person I ever met. He's a—well, a philosopher."

"You sound like a politician proving something."

"I'm trying to. I'd like to make you understand Alan. You're figuring the lad by ordinary standards—wondering why he's so carefree and indifferent. You think he ought to be trying to make something of himself. Well, I figure he has."

"Has what?"

"Made something of himself. His father was wealthy—or at least everybody thought so until he died six months ago. So Alan never worked. Why should he? And he's as little spoiled as the son of any wealthy man could possibly be."

"What'll he do now . . . now that there isn't any money left?"

"I don't know. But whatever it is, he'll have fun doing it. He's that kind."

"You're selling me a bill of goods."

Judith's eyes were grave. "Alan's smart. At least I think he is. The whole world is somewhat nutsy, anyhow. Hard work, no play, dull boys." A little laugh escaped from between her lips. "He has one answer to every argument about buckling down. He asks, 'Why?' "

"There's one good enough answer to that right now, isn't there? He'll have to eat."

"He'll manage. You know, I'd hate to see him change—too much. He's been like this ever since he was a kid. I suppose that's why I looked up to him so. Funny. He was kicked out of every good prep school in the country and half the colleges. And the men who kicked him out would say goodby with tears in their eyes: 'Sorry to see you leave us, Alan . . . wish we didn't have to let you go.' And he's as much a kid today, at twenty-six, as he was at sixteen."

Martha said, "I hear wedding bells in your voice."

BUT there wasn't any banter in Martha's thoughts, despite the lightness of her words. Her friendship with Judith had started many, many years before when they had roomed together for a single year at school. Martha was older, and the maternal feeling she had held then for Judith persisted to this day.

Perhaps that was because Judith had never known her own mother. Judith had been only three when her mother died—and, young as she was, she understood the desolation in her father's eyes, and tried to make up to him for it.

Happiness had been given to Mr. Clayton late in life, and snatched quickly from him. He liquidated his business affairs and devoted himself to Judith, giving her a spasmodic education: a school here, a school there . . . governesses most of the time. And as she grew older there developed between father and daughter a rare relationship of deep friendship.

They lived together, traveled together. He made her his confidante and taught her the seriousness of great wealth and its responsibilities.

And then, when Judith was nineteen, her father died. It was sudden. It was impossible. But it happened.

Judith was wealthy. Income from an estate that ran into the millions after specific bequests had been paid. The body of the estate to be hers absolutely after she attained her twenty-first birthday, and married. She had youth, beauty, wealth and a desperate loneliness.

SHE returned to New York and tried living in the home of Jonas Morgan. She was fond of her aunt, and of her twin cousins; but from the beginning she despised and distrusted her uncle-in-law. She lived in the Morgan home—unhappily—for more than a year. And then she went to live with Martha Hastings.

Martha was a real friend. So was Alan Hughes. Judith hadn't ever lived long enough in one place to establish permanent contacts. No time for real social life. No time for anything much except to be with her father. And when he was gone . . .

Living with the Morgans hadn't worked. And she was reluctant to live alone.

That was why she moved into an apartment with Martha—an apartment which was, from the standpoint of great wealth, absurdly modest. It was one of the reasons, why, after all these years, Judith Clayton was so essentially clear-headed and unspoiled.

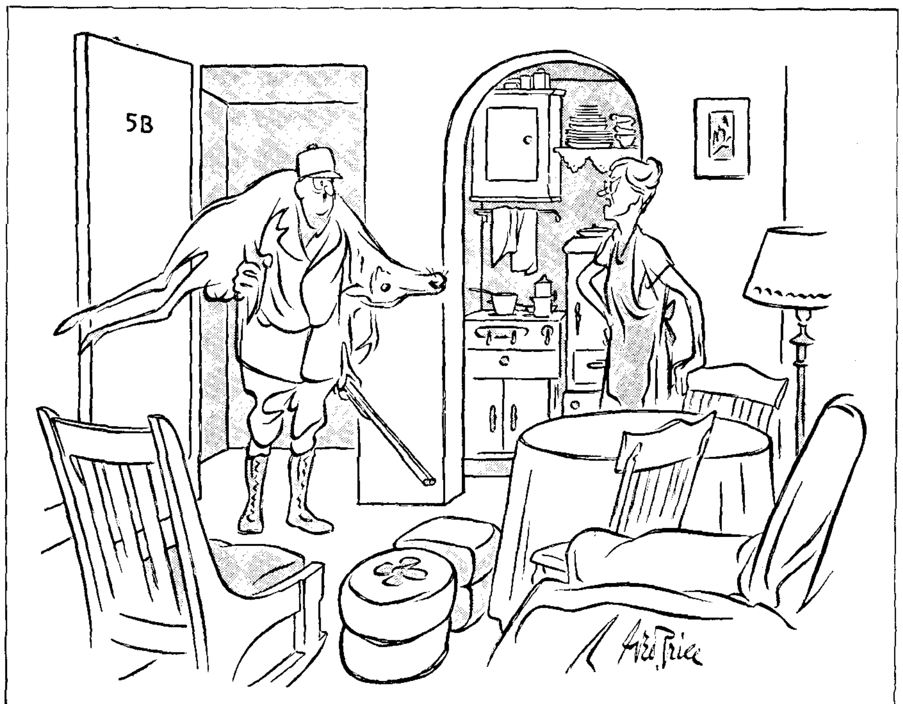
All of this Martha Hastings knew, and a great deal more. And so she touched Judith's hand again, and said, "Come out of the fog. We haven't yet selected the right dress."

They went to the hanging closet and debated the merits of each evening gown. They were laughing again, and apparently getting nowhere, and Martha suggested that Judith had better speed her decision. But Judith shook her head. She said, "You don't know Alan. He was never on time in his life."

"Not even when he was going to be proposed to?"

"Not even for that." She selected a simple white gown. "How about this one, Martha?"

"It'll work—unless the lad is blind."



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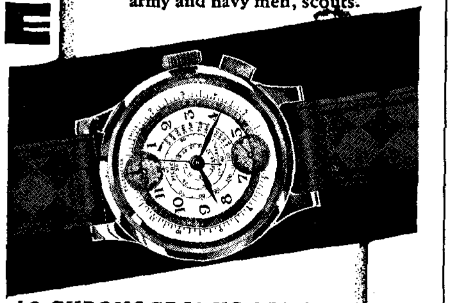

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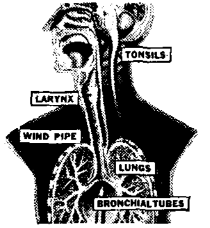

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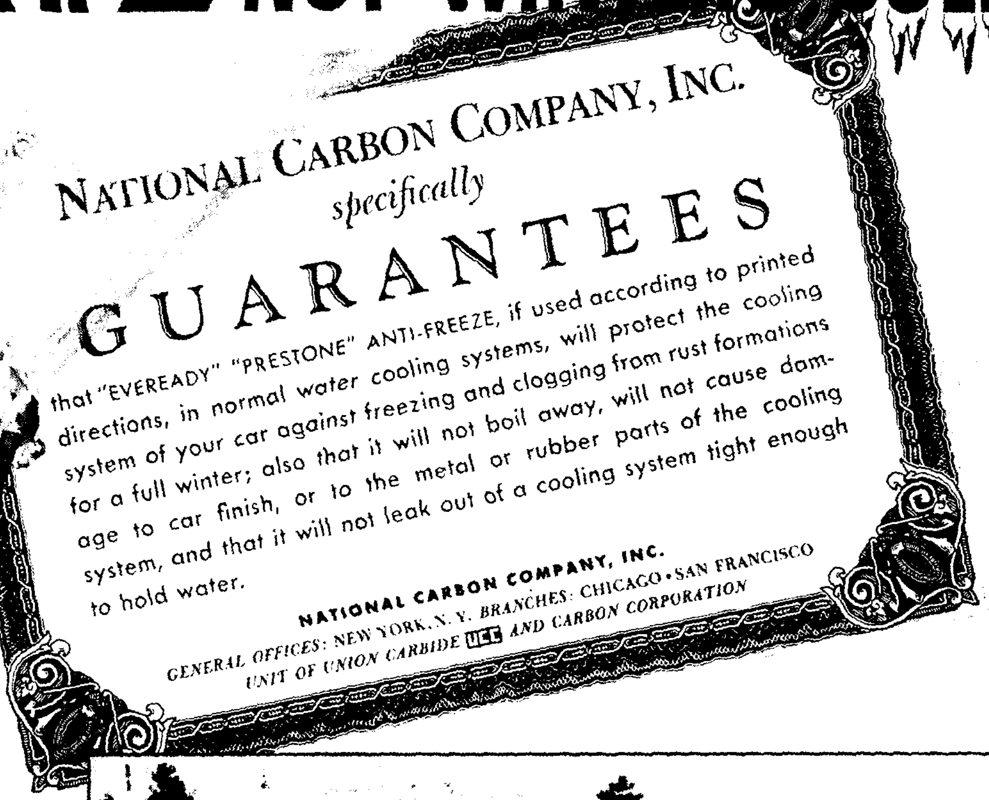

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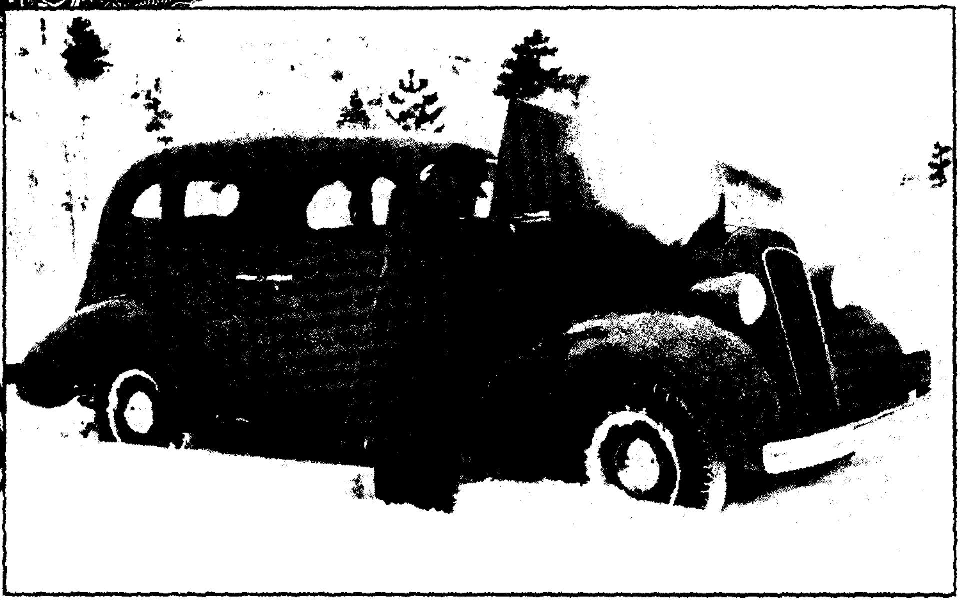

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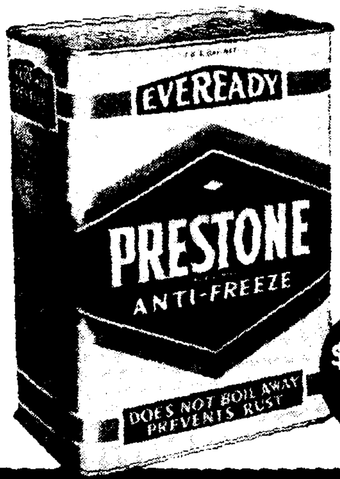

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YEAR AFTER YEAR, *more and more "Prestone" anti-freeze has been made and sold, yet demand has outrun production.* This *winter, we expect there will be enough for everyone, for, early in the year tremendous new production facilities went into full-time operation. Still, to be* sure, *get yours EARLY!*

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You'll find the lure of the Islands in Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. We don't say drinking it will make *all* women ravishing beauties . . . but Hawaiian girls are mighty attractive. And lots of them drink Dole.

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Alan Hughes owned a dog whose chief attraction was the unsolvable mystery of his ancestry. Having discovered the dog in a back street one night after it had been enthusiastically chewed upon by another canine, young Mr. Hughes had carried the dog to the finest veterinary in New York, demanded the ultimate in medical attention, brought him home after a period of ecstatic convalescence, christened him Nuit d'Amour and decided to call him by the less formal name of Snitch.

Snitch was a wild and happy product of as gloriously mixed a group of forebears as any full-blooded mongrel could boast. Of terrier there was more than a trace; of cocker spaniel, a suggestion; of dachshund, a possibility; and of scotty, a certainty. And at this moment the terrier portion of Snitch was in the ascendancy. It displayed itself by the frantic fervor with which the dog dragged Alan Hughes' freshly pressed trousers over the floor of Alan Hughes' dressing room; it was made evident by the glee with which Nuit d'Amour chewed Mr. Hughes' suspenders; it was rendered unmistakable by the fact that although the dog felt a slight sense of guilt, there was definitely nothing of shame or of fright in his manner.

Alan was not in a playful mood, but neither was he inclined to surrender without battle. He therefore entered into the spirit of the thing by giving noisy chase through that section of the vast and venerable house which was his, and had been his since the day of his birth some twenty-six years before. He knew perfectly well that even his inevitable victory would be hollow, inasmuch as the trousers were no longer presentable, but Snitch had flung a challenge which Alan's pride felt could not be disregarded.

The pursuit became interesting, then frantic, then frenzied. At its height the door opened and a grave countenance was inserted. Jenkins, the butler, said, "It's getting late, Mr. Alan."

Jenkins betrayed no surprise at finding Alan halfway under the bed and flagrantly pantless. It had been many years since Jenkins had been surprised at anything Mr. Alan did. Alan's voice came to him from the floor, "Okay, Jenkins. Let's see if we can find another pair of black trousers . . . a pair that Snitch doesn't like. I'm positively going to be on time for this engagement."

"Miss Clayton will probably be quite surprised, sir."

"I'm chronically late, eh? Give a dog a bad name and all that sort of thing." Alan grinned. "Keep your eye on me, Jenkins. I'm in the process of turning over a nice, new leaf."

"Yes, sir," agreed the older man. "That will be very interesting, sir."

ALAN'S face grew suddenly grave. He said, "It's going to be a bit difficult, giving up all this. I can make out all right, but I'm rather worried by the thought of turning you loose on the world."

"Don't worry about me, sir," said Jenkins. "I have saved something, and I can always get another position."

"I'll find one for you. It's the one thing I know Dad would want me to do." The young man shook his head. "It's tough to get used to, isn't it, Jenkins—Dad not being here?"

"Yes, sir." Jenkins was staring at the floor. "It's been six months now, but it still seems strange. He was . . ."

"The real thing. It's only when I think of him that I get sorry . . ."

"I know what you're thinking, Mr. Alan. But you're wrong. I suppose I knew Mr. Hughes better than anybody else in the world, and I know how he felt about you. Proud, and yet sort of afraid, if I might say so, sir."

"Afraid I wouldn't ever amount to anything?"

"I think he'd have put it that way, Mr. Alan. At first he used to laugh with me about what you were doing, and the way you'd have fun . . . and he'd say that you were a fine boy and didn't have a mean or ungenerous bone in your body. But as you got older . . ." Jenkins flushed. "Maybe I'd better not go on."

"Maybe you'd better. I rather need you, Jenkins—as a friend."

"Thank you, sir. You see, your father always hoped that you'd settle down and take life more seriously."

"But *why*, Jenkins?"

JENKINS pondered. He said, judicially, "I don't really know, sir—except that it's sort of expected." The butler sighed. "So maybe things are working out for the best, after all."

"My being broke, and having to give up everything I've been accustomed to? You know, Jenkins, when I think of that, I don't worry about myself at all. But when I think of how worried Dad must *have been before he died—trying to* keep things going, and realizing that he was near the ragged edge financially . . . that must have been hard to take."

"Your father was a very great gentleman, sir."

"And you hope I inherit his courage."

Jenkins' eyes were level. "I'm sure you do, sir. Because things are certain to be quite different for you. You've never been trained to work . . ."

"I'll learn. But I refuse to be too serious about it. Life's always been fun, and it can keep right on being." He looked around the room. "I'll hate to say goodby to this house, and to you—and Snitch, though I suppose I can keep *him*. And . . . oh, well, I'd better get dressed."

"Yes, sir." Jenkins produced another pair of black trousers. "There you are, sir. And I was wondering, sir—"

"Wondering what?"

"Nothing, sir."

Alan laughed and touched Jenkins' shoulder affectionately. "Good old Jenkins. Worrying about my chronic state of single blessedness, aren't you?"

"Well, sir, I wouldn't exactly say 'worrying . . .' "

"But you were, just the same. Get this straight: I like it. I suppose some day I'll fall in love and get married and become a parent and all that sort of thing. But up to now, such ideas have never taken too much of my attention. It simply hasn't happened that way."

Alan dropped his robe and moved toward the bathroom. "I like girls, Jenkins—almost all girls. But there isn't any particular one."

"I know, sir. It's too bad. But maybe, some day—"

"Don't bank on it. I'll throw you down, sure. And anyway, I'm no prize package, don't forget that."

Under the icy shower, Alan whistled. He was young and healthy and untroubled by the world which had proved such a pleasant place. He heard Jenkins' voice and cut off the sharp spray. Jenkins said, "Telephone, Mr. Alan."

Alan wrapped himself in a huge towel and stepped onto the bath mat, rubbing himself vigorously. "Who is it?"

"Miss Fremont, sir."

Alan crossed the room and picked up the telephone. He said, "Hi, Sugar."

"Alan?"

"Himself—in person."

"This is Angel."

"Miss Fremont to you. What's on *your mind, if anything?*"

"Alan," she said, and her voice trembled, "I've got to see you right away."

"No soap. Important dinner engagement."

"But you must. It's about Joe Carter." Her voice was tense. "He's making threats."

"So-o-o?"

"You've got to stop by here on your way to wherever you're going."

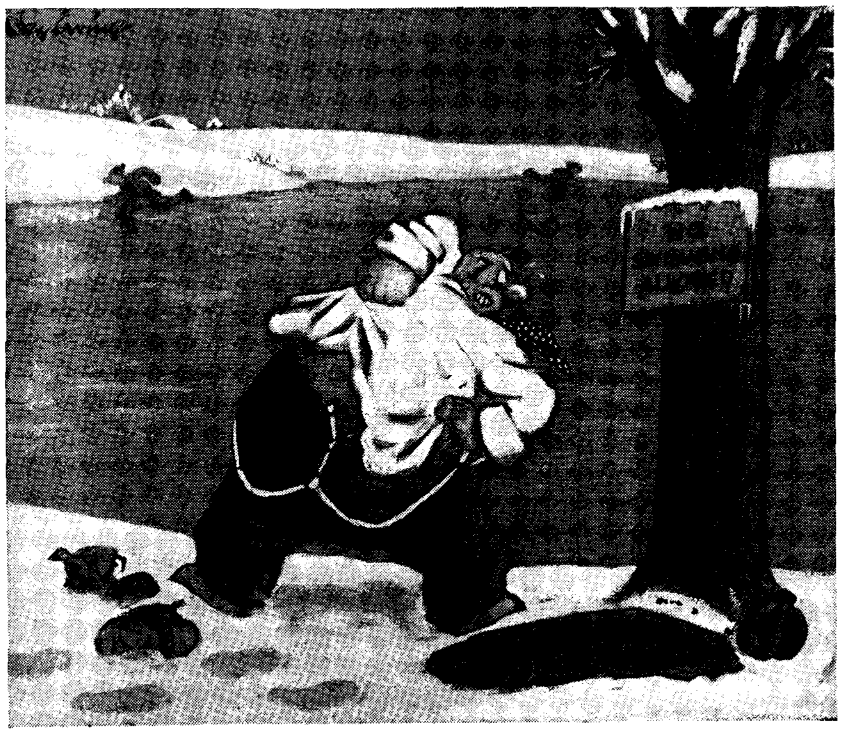
Alan stared thoughtfully across the room. "Okay, honey. Be right over. But you'll have to talk fast."

HE DRESSED quickly. His car was waiting outside, and he slouched behind the wheel and headed toward midtown, where Angel Fremont lived. And through all of this, he was thinking.

Frankly, he figured that she was letting her instinct for melodrama run away with her. What had occurred the night before definitely had not been pleasant, but it certainly couldn't be as serious as her manner indicated.

He had taken Angel to dinner, which was not at all an unusual thing. They had gone to a theater, found the show bad, and walked out. It was at her suggestion that they had gone to Joe Carter's place.

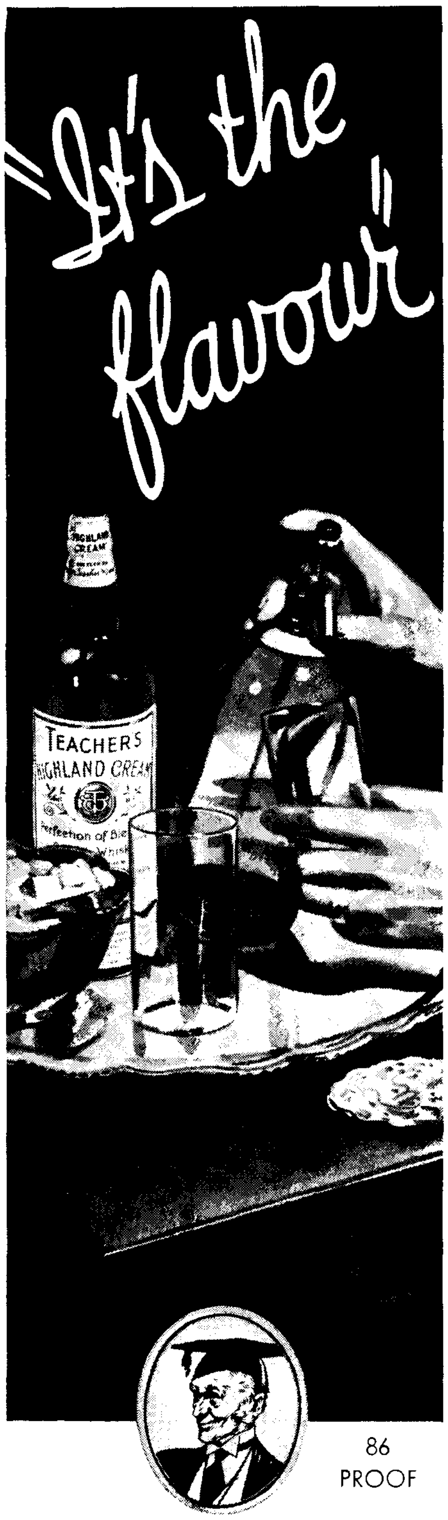
Joe Carter had a small and exclusive apartment. Its furnishings were unusual: a roulette wheel, a dice table, blackjack and faro layouts, and a birdcage game. Mr. Carter had owned and



"By golly, I'll show 'em!"

JAY IRVING

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY



86
PROOF

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operated such apartments as these for years, and his clientele was select and wealthy—people who played because they were bored—to relieve their ennui —who didn't particularly care whether they won or lost a few thousand dollars as long as they enjoyed themselves. Had Mr. Carter kept a guest book, a large percentage of the names in it could have been found in the Social Register. There was a quiet formality about Mr. Carter's establishment, and an air of impregnable respectability.

There were many of Alan Hughes' friends present. They were glad to see him. He amused them, and they liked him. They liked Angel Fremont, too. They were sufficiently sure of their own positions to find the girl interesting and attractive.

Alan drank little and played not at all. Gambling had never interested him much, and since his father's death he couldn't even afford that little. But he did get a keen delight in watching others play.

And it was because he was so keenly interested in everything that he happened to see what he saw. He acted instinctively and indignantly. He simply commanded the attention of the guests and showed them that the roulette wheel was wired. He passed out the dice they were using and suggested that they be examined, because he suspected that they were crooked—in which suspicion he was correct. He also suggested that they take some of the cards with them as souvenirs, with the idea of ascertaining whether they were marked.

There had been a flurry of deep indignation. These people did not mind losing, and they could well afford to lose. But they weren't the sort who relished being cheated, and this they told Mr. Carter in no uncertain terms. They made it quite clear to him that not only would they and their friends, and the friends of their friends, never patronize an establishment of his, but also that they would never play at any resort where he or any of his present employees were working.

There was nothing overtly dramatic in the way they spoke to Joe Carter. The gentlemen present made cold and unequivocal statements. And in those simple words, they pronounced the death sentence of Joe Carter's professional career. It marked the end, and Carter knew it. He knew, too, that it was a verdict from which there was no appeal. He knew that these people would have no traffic with dishonesty.

There had been bitter and unrelenting hate in the glance which Joe Carter bestowed on young Alan Hughes as the erstwhile guests drifted out of his place for the last time. Alan had acted instinctively, doing the one thing which had seemed natural and right and proper.

He remembered now, as he drove toward Angel's tiny apartment, what Carter had said to him at the door.

Carter had looked down on Alan from his considerably greater height, and he had said, from between lips which scarcely moved, "I owe you something for this. And what I owe—I pay."

ANGEL FREMONT lived in a one-room-and-percolator apartment in the east fifties. She was tall, slender, vividly blond and definitely beautiful. Even the house coat which she had donned in anticipation of Alan's visit could not conceal the lines of a young figure which had been the delight of many a visiting fireman—and even of chronic New Yorkers—attending some of the better and more expensive revues.

But Angel did not work too frequently, nor too arduously. She managed to pay her rent, and on one memorable occasion she had been two months ahead in her payments. She drank coffee for breakfast, frequently went without lunch, and dined every night in an elaborate and expensive restaurant in the company of some gentleman who could afford the companionship of a decorative—and amazingly keen—young lady.

There was this to be said for Angel: That her escorts were invariably of the nicer sort—young men and men not so young, of the better families. She ate their dinners, accepted their presents, caused them to be envied by less fortunate males, and, for herself, gave no worrying thought to the future. She was known in every first-class restaurant and night club in New York. She was generally liked and universally trusted. She worked only when necessity compelled, and devoted her energies to making herself attractive, in which task she had begun with the odds heavily on her side.

HER apartment was simple to the point of severity. It was a third-floor walk-up, and she heard Alan's step on the stairs before he reached the landing. She opened the door and beat him to the punch. She said, "All right—I'm a dope."

"You've been reading my mind." Alan kissed her lightly, dropped into the single easy chair, and said, "So what?"

There was more than mere friendliness in the big, round blue eyes which Angel turned on her visitor. She asked, "Have you always run around with your chin stuck out, Alan?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. I never stopped to think about it."

"Do you ever think about anything?"

"I think about you. Heaps."

"What's the verdict? Am I a dummy?"

"I wouldn't go *that* far. . . ."

She perched on the arm of his chair and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Look, Alan. Last night you asked for it, and I'm scared to death you're going to get it."

"What?"

"Trouble. Lots of it."

He laughed. "There you go. You've been reading another book."

"It wasn't any of your business what Joe Carter was doing."

"Wait a minute, honey." Alan was surprised. "Of course it was my business. Most of those folks were my friends, and Carter was taking them plenty."

"So little Rollo has to get up and speak his piece. Good Lord, Alan—why did it have to be *you?*"

"Forget it. I have."

"You would. But this time it isn't going to get you anywhere."

"How come?"

"Joe Carter isn't going to forget."

"He's got elephant blood, eh?"

"Maybe. Maybe tiger."

"Them's harsh words, Angel."

She made an impatient gesture. "Won't you ever be serious?"

"Not if I can avoid it." He took her hand and said, "Don't look so tragic."

"Maybe it's the twilight hour," she conceded. "And maybe it's because I'd hate to see you completely exterminated by a louse like Joe Carter."

"Aren't you piling it on a bit thick?"

"No, sir. Perhaps you don't really understand what you did last night."

"In other words, I'm not right bright."

"Not about this, you aren't. Now get this, Alan: Joe Carter is out on his ear —permanently."

"He deserves it."

"Sure. But that still doesn't make him love you any more."

"Do you?"

"I adore you—always. I think you're the one perfect male. But dumber than hell."

"Such language, Miss Fremont!"

"You won't get scared—is that it?"

"You're getting warm."

"Warm? I'm sizzling! Listen, Fool-

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ish Person—would it interest you to know that Gene Lyons is as scared as I am?"

"You're kidding."

"I'm dead serious. *Now* tell me what you think."

Alan Hughes continued to smile, but just the faintest apprehension showed in his eyes. If Gene Lyons took this thing seriously . . . well, Gene was known as a pretty wise guy, one who didn't panic easily.

Gene Lyons was the human halfway mark, the dividing line between the two social extremes that met nightly on the common ground of luxurious night clubs. Tall, broad, almost too well-groomed and too handsome; dark to the point of swarthiness; suave; gentle outwardly and hard as flint inside . . . well, a danger which Gene regarded seriously was not to be dismissed with a shrug.

ALAN was genuinely fond of Gene Lyons. Lyons gave the impression of having always done things—with more than a minimum of success. His past was an obscure thing, which he never discussed; his smile was ready and friendly, his handshake firm, his eye steady. And if he was on terms of intimacy with gentlemen and ladies who were not overly addicted to scruples, he also counted among his friends innumerable persons whose names carried considerable weight in New York's more rarefied social strata. Not that he ever visited their homes, but he was a welcome addition to parties they gave at the various clubs he patronized so generously.

Gene Lyons gave the impression of being familiar with every practical aspect of life. He knew the sports world and the men who inhabited it: he knew every horse owner and every jockey on every track in America; he was on intimate terms with prize fight and wrestling impresarios; he numbered racketeers and gamblers among his friends. But if his background was vague, his present was a more or less open book.

Gene Lyons owned and operated the expensive and highly successful Gotham Escort Bureau, which was in the business of furnishing impeccable male companions to lonely transient ladies. The young men who worked for him were gentlemen born and bred, well-mannered, and held to rigid rules of exemplary conduct.

Whatever Gene Lyons' private morals might have been, he tolerated no deviation from the straightest and narrowest of paths on the part of his employees. There were rules which were rigidly enforced. Gene knew that a single breath of scandal would mark the end of his venture, and that was something which he definitely did not desire, since this was the first completely legitimate enterprise in which he had ever been engaged—and the most consistently lucrative.

Gene Lyons, then, was that sort of a man—a person not readily frightened, either for himself or for others. And if he found cause for apprehension in the Joe Carter affair . . .

Alan said, "What am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know. You might talk to Gene."

"How do you know he's afraid?"

"Because he telephoned me just before I called you. He asked me what happened last night, and then told me that Carter was making threats."

Alan rose and drew Angel to her feet. He said, "You're a grand gal, Angel. And thanks for the buggy ride."

"What are you going to do?"

"Just exactly nothing. You see, honey, I can't very well go to the police and say, 'Look, Mister Carter is mad at me.' "

She said, "I'd hate to have anything happen to you."

"Well—I'm not keen about having it happen to me, either."

"And you'll talk to Gene?"

"Profoundly." He reached for his hat. "I've got to run. I swore I wouldn't be late."

"You're always late."

"Tonight is something extra special."

Her eyes questioned, but her lips were silent. Angel was a very wise young lady, for all her superlative blond beauty. Alan read the unasked query, smiled, and answered. He said, "Yep! It's a gal."

"Of course. It always is."

He grinned down at her. "This isn't what you think. It's Miss Clayton."

"I've seen her," said Angel. "I think she's lovely."

"Super-tops, and then some."

"You're pretty fond of her, aren't you, Alan?"

"Lady, there aren't enough words in the dictionary to say how much. We were almost raised together."

Angel said, simply, "I'd love to be like her."

"You're a very generous person. And a very observing one. They don't come any sweller than Judith. And if she wants me to be on time, by golly, the least I can do is to be on time. Except," he finished ruefully—"I'm late already."

Angel laughed and propelled him toward the door. "On your way, Mr. Hughes. And have a good time." Then her eyes clouded once again, and a note of apprehension crept back into her voice. "You *will* be careful, won't you, Alan?"

"Sure I will." He grinned, kissed her again—lightly. "I'll get myself a new slogan: Stop, look, listen and run."

THE restaurant was small, famous and French. There was no music, no noise and the tables were not too close together. Alan smiled at Judith over the rim of his coffee cup and said, "Homey, wot I calls it."

"Just finding that out?"

"I'm not very smart, you know."

"You'll do."

"I'll do what? . . . and be careful how you answer." He lighted a fresh cigarette and regarded her gravely through the smoke. "All right, female: Out with it. I've been patient long enough."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"Why did you drag me here? Why did you suggest dinner together? What's it all about, if any?"

Judith felt her heart pounding, and so she dissembled with words: "Because you're charming and irresistible and all that sort of thing."

"Gal! You ain't comin' clean, and Patrolman O'Rafferty is the lad that knows it."

"All right then, I'm not. But when I do tell the truth, you still won't believe."

"Probably not. But let's have it anyway."

"All right, then." She looked at him squarely. "I want your advice—and help."

He shook his head. "You've got to think of a better one than that. Nobody ever came to Alan Hughes for advice."

"I did. I realize it's probably a record of some sort, but it happens that I'm serious. And I wish you'd be—for a little while."

"It'll be an awful strain," he confessed, "but I'll do my durnedest."

She hesitated a moment, and he had a chance to study her face: the delicate features, the sensitive mouth, and clear brown eyes from which laughter never seemed entirely absent. She was, he reflected, considerable girl, and he approved the slightly provocative gown she was wearing. Her voice, when she spoke again, was gentle but direct:

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“I'm warning you—it's personal.”

“I love gals who get personal.”

“There you go—”

“Sorry, Judith. I'll repress my sense of humor from now on, so help me.”

She said, “Aside from my lawyers, there is only one other person who knows what I'm going to tell you. That's Martha Hastings.”

“I'll keep mum. Cross my heart.”

“It's about Dad's estate.” She drew a little design on the tablecloth with the tip of one slender finger, then looked up at the young man. “Jonas Morgan is doing things to it.”

“What kind of things?”

“Things he shouldn't do. He's the sole trustee under the terms of Dad's will. He's the husband of Dad's only sister. And ever since I found out, I've been worried about what to do.”

“Meaning . . . ?”

“I CAN go to court and demand an accounting. Theoretically, I can. Actually, I can't.”

“Why not?”

“Because I know what would be uncovered. There would be a scandal—and disgrace for the family. I don't like Jonas—in fact my distaste for him is something colossal—but I'm terribly fond of Aunt Katharine. And the twins, Nora and Ted . . . well, they deserve a break.”

“I see . . .” Alan was serious enough now. “Your revered uncle-in-law is taking advantage of his acquired family ties to throw the old harpoon. So what does it add up to?”

“Simply this: That in all common sense I've got to terminate Jonas Morgan's trusteeship in the only way it can be done without scandal.”

“Which is?”

“Take over the entire estate.”

Alan nodded slowly. “And just how can you do that without starting something?”

Her cheeks were pink. “You know the terms of Dad's will?”

“Approximately.”

“He left specific bequests to certain friends and associates, and provided liberally for Aunt Katharine and the children. The balance—which is more money than any girl has a right to own—was left to me in trust. The income is mine until I reach the age of twenty-one and plunge into matrimony. Being twenty-one already, there's only one other condition to fulfill if I wish to take over the estate.”

“You've discussed this with your lawyers?”

“MacDonald & Gruber? Yes. They've gone over Jonas' record—informally, of course, but enough to know what's happening. They advise legal procedure against him—which I won't take—or else . . .” She hesitated.

“Or else what?”

“One guess, Alan.”

“Marriage?”

“Smart lad.”

He exhaled audibly. “Checks it right up to you. Who's the lucky guy you're in love with?”

She looked straight at him and lied: “I'm not in love with anybody.”

“And yet . . . holy smoke! You *are* up against it, aren't you, Judith? And that's what you wanted my advice about?”

“Yes . . .” She was finding things much more difficult now. “Your advice—and help.”

He grinned. “You flatter me, honey—but them words don't make no sense at all. Or even less than that.”

“You not only can help,” she insisted, “but you're the only person in the world who can.”

Alan said, “You've got me mixed up with the two other guys. I'm willing, but futile.” Then he caught her eye, and saw that she was deadly serious. He said, “Excuse the persiflage, honey. Now suppose you tell me what it is you think I can do.”

Judith's lips were dry and her eyes were hot. She leaned forward, and said: “You can marry me.”

(To be continued next week)

From the Diary of S. Dillon Ripley

Continued from page 20

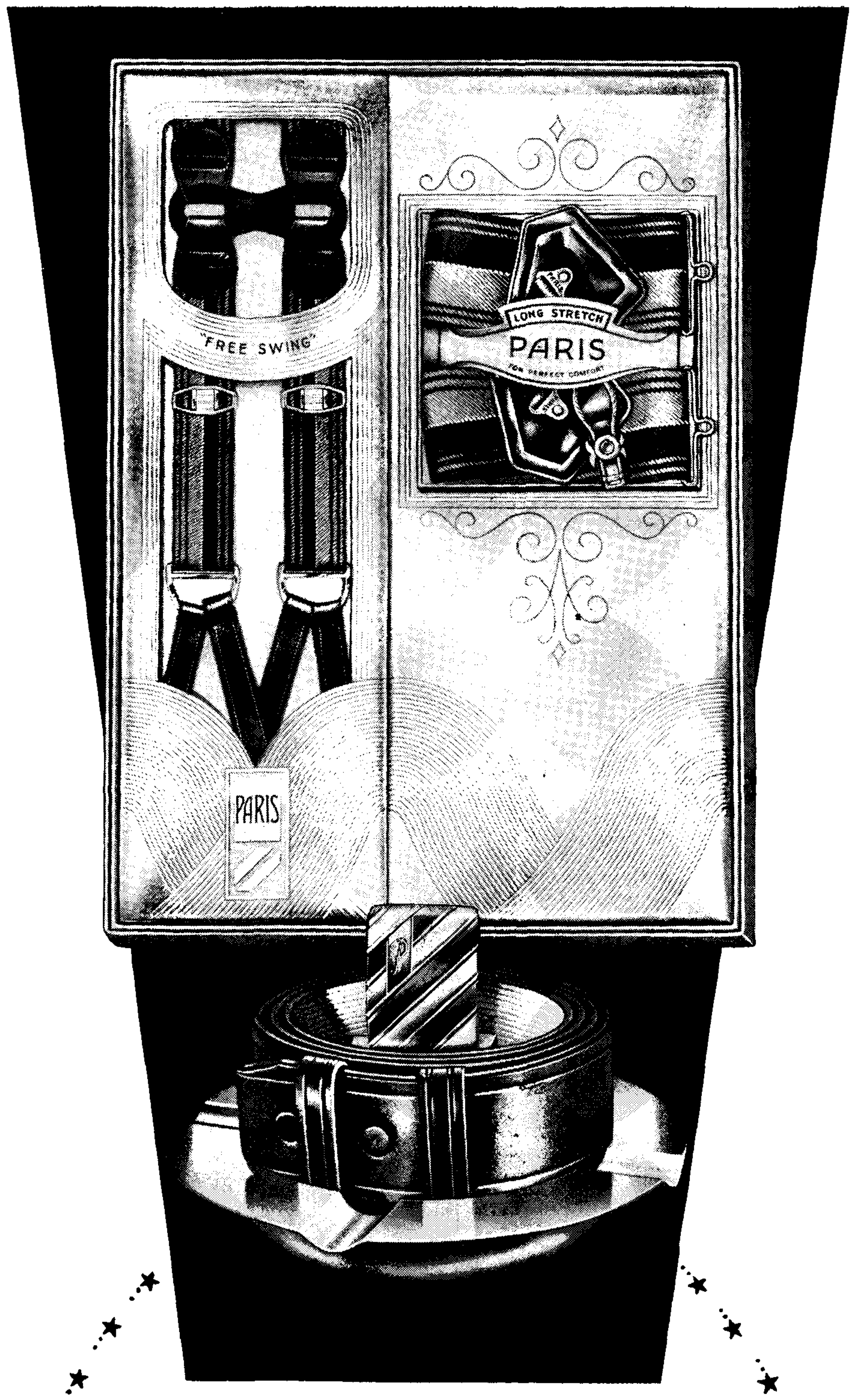
domestic bliss. They pair apparently for life and fly over the jungle together, Mr. Hornbill slightly in front, in formation like airplanes, their giant wings making a loud, swishing, roaring noise that adds to the illusion. But the male hornbill is not particularly kind to his wife during the mating season, for once the nest has been made and the eggs laid he proceeds to wall up the nesting hole in a tree with mud, leaving only a small opening through which he can give her food. Here the poor female must sit for long weeks until the eggs are hatched and the young ones well advanced in size. Then, exhausted by his constant excursions in search of food, the proud parent breaks down the mud wall and allows his family to come out.

LORY—Of all the kinds of birds in New Guinea, parrots are about the most numerous. By far the most beautiful members of the parrot family are the lories, small vivid red, blue, or green birds with orange bills and delicate tongues that are fringed on the upper surface like brushes. These they use for scooping up the scented watery juice in the flowers of certain trees.

A trim little red and blue lory is the favorite pet of the New Guinea native. These birds become extremely tame and some even learn to talk amazingly well. I have often seen a file of natives going by in the jungle, each with his or her pet lory tied by a short string to the pack and chattering for all it was worth. But their most useful occupation is the result of some native's inventive genius. Somewhere, sometime, somebody learned that lories are not averse to catching insects, with the result that nowadays almost every native's pet lory is trained to go through its owner's hair, which it does far better than a fine-toothed comb. Knowing the natives quite well myself, I feel confident that the birds have pretty fair pickings.

SPINY ANTEATER—This creature is about as big as a full-grown beaver and covered on its upper side with an even coat of rows of sharp spines. Laying eggs, suckling its young, the beast has a half-formed rudimentary pouch like a kangaroo. Again, it has fur and claws but no teeth, and, as its name suggests, lives on ants and insects, which it sweeps into its narrow mouth with a long sticky tongue. All in all it seems like a bad dream.

The one I caught could never be let out of its box for any length of time because of its incredible facility for burying itself. Put it down on the ground, turn around once and when you looked again it would be half underground. Curiously enough it never dug in head first but just went down on a level plane like a mine elevator going down a shaft, so that nothing could be seen but the spines sticking up on its back.



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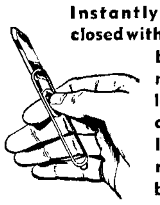

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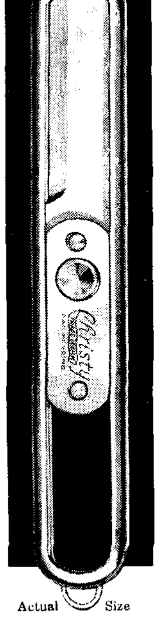

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Fog Loom

Continued from page 15

Annie looked over her shoulder at her sister and retorted:

"Eben? He's too dumb to say anything!"

This Eben Stuart of whom they spoke was a young man not much given to speech of any kind, yet with a sort of eloquence in him; in his eyes, for instance, when he looked at Annie Beal. He was two years older than Annie, a few weeks older than Mary; and for a year now he had been apt to come at odd times to the farm and sit and watch Annie with a hopeless worship in his eyes. He and Mary were on easier terms, good friends enough. Sometimes he helped her with the harder chores, and they might tussle together like two boys; but with Annie he seemed to be stricken dumb, with never a word to say for himself.

Mary, standing in the doorway, watched Annie bathing Joe Saladine's brow and crooning over him, and her eyes were dry with scorn. Annie would always fall in love with anything in breeches! Maybe some day Eben Stuart would see Annie for what she was. Mary, her eyes stinging absurdly, hoped she would be there the day Eben took his eyes off Annie for a minute and looked around to see who else there was to see.

She went to the kitchen to get the hurt boy something to eat, and, passing the open door, she looked out and saw a brig, close-hauled, gliding toward the harbor. Her heart tightened like a clenched fist in her breast, for the brig had gun ports along her bulwarks, and that red speck at her masthead was the British flag!

AMASA BEAL and Eben Stuart and the other Belfast men came tramping home at dusk that day. When they emerged from the forest at the corner of Amasa's upper field, the privateer brig was dropping down out of the harbor on the ebb. They had no need to see her flag to know she must be British, and as they discussed her errand here Eben heard a sound that startled him, a wailing cry from the house ahead. He called to the others:

"Something's happened! That's Annie yelling, Amasa. Come along!"

He sprinted ahead and was the first into the kitchen. The room was full, men and women; but Eben saw only Annie, bowed forward in a chair, rocking with grief and terror. He caught her hands and cried hoarsely:

"Annie, you hurt, be ye? Annie, look here at me! What's the matter?"

Annie wailed: "They took him, Eben! He's the sweetest boy."

He insisted: "But, Annie, you all right?"

"They never touched me; but they took him right out of Pa's bed, and him shot and all bleeding. They're a-going to hang him! Hang him! Oh!"

Amasa took command. "Annie, you hesh!" he said. "The rest of you, too." They obeyed him, and he spoke to his oldest daughter. "Mary, what happened?" he demanded. "What's be'n going on here? You do the talking."

Mary watched Eben trying to comfort Annie. "Annie found this boy in the haymow this morning," she said. "He'd got away from one of the frigates over't Castine. We fetched him into the house. He'd be'n shot, and I 'lowed he was feverish, so I sent Dan Sohier to fetch Doc Hubbard to take care of him. The brig was already in harbor, but Dan went around by the bridge. I dunno how the brig found out the boy was here."

She looked inquiringly at Dan Sohier, and Dan said: "They was looking for him. They'd come for fresh water and money; but they wanted him, too. They said we'd have to give this hurt feller up, or else they'd bombard the town. Some of us 'lowed the hell we would; but little Sam Carver didn't know any better than to tell them he was over here. They sent a boat over to git him before any of us could git back here around by the bridge."

Annie wept aloud. "They dragged him out of bed, Eb, and they're a-going to hang him! Eben, don't you let them! He's sweet! You got to fetch him back to me."

Eben shook his head. "Yo're crazy, Annie. Nothing I c'n do." He went to the door to look for the brig. She was a fair two miles off. There was no breeze to help her, but her sweeps gave her steerageway. Purple dusk flowed across the water, and behind it from the eastward came the fog. He stood there watching the brig while Mary finished the story.

"They come up here," she said. "Six of 'em, two with guns. One of them said his name was Captain Percy. He 'lowed to search the house. We had the pore boy in yore bed, Pa; and I told the captain that was my room and he couldn't go in. He said a kiss was the key to any girl's bedroom, and he tried to kiss me."

She rubbed her flaming cheek; and Eben turned slowly from the door to stare at her. "He did kiss me, too," she said. "Spite of all I could do to stop him. Then he went in and found him."

In the moment's silence as she finished, Eben asked in a flat, lifeless tone: "Kissed you, did he? Said that, did he?"

Mary looked at him in a sudden attention; but Annie cried: "Eben, you can do something! You've got to!"

Eben said, half to himself: "She won't git a breeze tonight. She'll be laying out there in the fog. How many men on her? Anybody know?"

Dan Sohier answered him. "Twenty-five, mebbe thirty."

Annie pleaded: "Eben, you always did say you'd do anything for me."

Eben looked from man to man. Then he said mildly: "If enough of us took some boats and snuck up on her in the fog, we could maybe take her. Anybody want to try?"

Frank Bissel said: "I'll go you, Eb!" Rab Heal exclaimed: "Me, too! I'll take a dig at 'em!"

Eben looked out into the deepening dusk. "Fog's just coming to her now," he said. He turned to face them, spoke to Dan Sohier. "Dan, what'd Alf Johnson do with them carriage guns the militia dragged over t' West Prospect so big and brash—and dragged home again?"

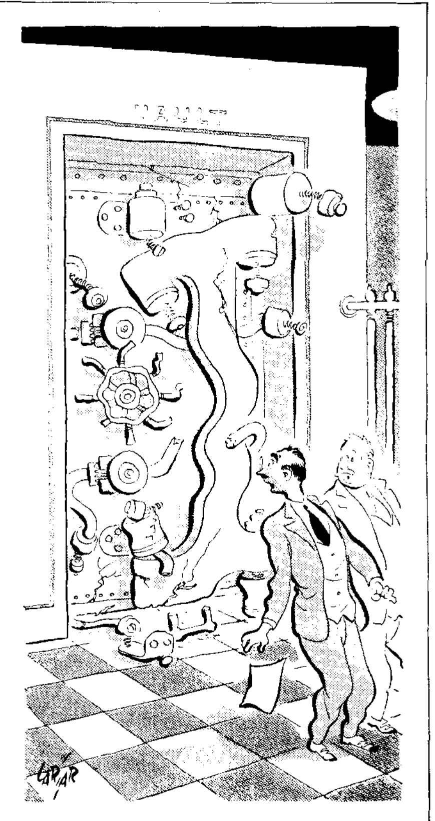
Dan grinned. "Hid 'em in the woods up by Goose River," he said. "I know where they be."

"Guess my barge would carry one of them guns," Eben reflected. Dan Sohier nodded; and Eben said: "It's right handy, up in Goose River cove. We'll cross over t' town, see if there's anyone else wants to come along."

FOUR boats put out from Belfast town that night to grope through the fog and try to find the privateer. Two dories and a whaleboat carried half a dozen men apiece; and there were eight men in Eben's barge. This was a huge, heavy craft like an oversize dory, a full thirty feet long. They had contrived to mount on a platform forward an iron six-pounder. The barge was weighted aft to keep her trimmed; and they had a few bags of musket balls, half a dozen solid shots, wads and powder enough for their purpose.

For personal armament they had two fowling pieces, three muskets, and Rab Heal's heavy blunderbuss. Frank Bissell had made himself a fearsome weapon out of a brush hook; and Dan Sohier had a whaler's boarding knife with an eighteen-inch handle and a three-foot blade. Eben Stuart had a pair of flintlock horse pistols in his belt; and there were hatchets and axes for close fighting if it came to that.

THE barge floated deep; but she floated, and the bay was calm. Eben thought the privateer would have anchored where the fog caught her; but they could not find her. They rowed to and fro for hours, scattering in their search till coming day began to turn the fog from black to gray. When they sighted the brig, she was at anchor, with idle sails hanging; and the fog loom made her seem as big as a frigate. She lay a short mile from them, stern to; and Eben saw her first and he clicked his tongue.



"I guess I slammed it too hard!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Here's luck, boys!" he said. "There she is! We'll have her sure as shooting!"

But Frank Bissell looked doubtfully all around. "Hold on, Eben," he protested. "Where's the other boats?"

Their eyes searched the bay. Dan Sohier made out a dory just landing east of Moose Point. "Yon's one," he said. "But they've no stomach for it in daylight. They've gone ashore." Eben marked a whaleboat making into Little River; but of the other dory they saw nothing; save for the brig at anchor yonder they were alone upon the bay. If the brig was to be attacked, they would be unsupported.

"We'd best cut for shore ourselves," Frank urged. "Before she gets after us."

But there was a stubborn purpose in Eben Stuart. "We'll take her," he said. "We can if we're a mind to. We'll come up on her from behind. Her guns won't point aft."

Frank protested: "Durn it, Eb, they'll blow us sky-high!"

Eben looked along the boat. "Who's for trying her?" he challenged, and he called the roll, naming man by man. "Dan?" Dan Sohier nodded, looking toward the brig yonder in a fine contempt. "Ike? Rab? Johnny? Si? Tom?" None cared to be the first to vote "No." When Eben named Frank Bissell last of all, Frank said grudgingly:

"Well, all right! I couldn't swim ashore from here even if I was a mind to. If the rest of you are fools enough for it, I'll pull an oar."

Thus simply they were committed. Thus simply they accepted Eben's leadership and command. When he had them with him he hesitated for a moment to consider. Then he said:

"We'll aim to drive the men off her decks and then swarm aboard." The gun in the bow was already loaded with musket balls, as heavy a charge as Ike thought safe. "We want to sweep her decks," Eben explained. "We'll come up behind her, and when we get close enough so we can't miss, we'll let her have it." The men settled their sweeps in the tholes. "If you give me way enough to swing her, I'll see to't they don't bring a broadside gun to bear," he promised. "They'll not hit us with anything bigger than a musket ball. Now lift her, boys."

CAPTAIN PERCY of the British letter-of-marque Paragon sighted the barge as soon as the fog thinned. He and his lieutenant inspected her through their glasses with some uneasiness. The brig was shorthanded and undergunned. Prize crews detached to sail captured vessels back to Halifax had reduced her strength to twenty-three men; and she had had to throw overboard all but four of her great guns to escape an American privateer a week before. Also, the ugly temper of Belfast town had been plain enough yesterday.

So he was on his guard now, yet well content, too. The capture of the deserter, safe in irons belowdecks, was a feather in his cap. Mary Beal was a darkly pretty girl, pleasant to kiss even against her will; and to bring Joe Saladine back to be hanged would insure the brig a welcome from the admiral at Castine.

Thus Captain Percy was, when he sighted the barge, in a confident humor. He would be at Castine presently; but in the meantime these Yankees might try some folly or other; so he and Lieutenant Rose inspected the barge with some care.

"Only eight men in her," Captain Percy pointed out. "And no other boats on the bay. I doubt she means trouble, but we'll get the sweeps out," he directed. "Swing us around so the carronades will bear. We'll take no chances."

Lieutenant Rose went to give the necessary orders. Captain Percy kept his glass on the barge. The brig was at anchor now, and tide-rode, so she was slow in responding to the sweeps; but as she began to swing, Captain Percy saw the barge change course to keep directly astern.

That convinced him of her hostile intention. He called sharply to the lieutenant:

"Mr. Rose, clap a spring on the cable! Pass the hawser to starboard. Bring it through the after port and see it hove tight and slip your cable! Smartly now!"

Mr. Rose moved to obey, calling men from the sweeps. Captain Percy summoned four others to loose the breeching on one of the starboard carronades and with spikes and crows to swing it around so that it might be laid aft. Thus two thirds of the brig's men were along her starboard side when the first shot from the barge lashed the brig's whole length along that side with musket balls.

The barge approached to the attack like a terrier approaching a bayed bull to snap at the great beast's heels. The brig, like the bull, was vulnerable aft; and it was against her stern that Eben Stuart's attack was directed.

The little cannon, when they first touched it off, was half full of musket balls. Ike Hills had wedged up the muzzle while Dan checked the elevation, and Eben trained the whole barge so that the gun bore true. Then he warned the men:

"Ready now! Up oars! Let her run!" And a moment later, to Dan Sohier: "Let her go, Dan!"

A blossom of smoke unfolded to shut off for a moment all view of the brig. The recoil brought the barge up short and started her planking, and water began to come into her in many little streams. Eben shouted:

"Take the piggin, Rab! Bail! Keep the water down. The rest of you, drive her all you can. When you're loaded, Ike, I'll bring her to bear again!"

Ike Hills dipped his swab overside and plunged it into the barrel of the gun to drown any smoldering sparks. Dan passed him powder and wads and bags of musket balls, and he rammed them home while Eben watched the brig. Half her sweeps hung idle now; and one, released by a nerveless hand, slid slowly out through the sweep port and fell into the water. Puffs of smoke appeared along her bulwarks, and he heard shots, and bullets were dropping into the water all around the barge. Dan Sohier tipped powder from the horn into the pan; and Eben saw Dan's left sleeve turn red in a spreading blot below the shoulder. Then Dan shouted:

"Ready, Eb! Bring her on!"

Eben steadied the barge and cried: "Up oars! Let her go, Dan!"

The little gun boomed again; and again smoke clouded her bows. The men at the sweeps pulled hard, and Rab bailed like a machine. When the smoke drifted clear, the brig was astonishingly near. Eben heard the thump of a musket ball on flesh, and Ike Hills slumped down on his knees, hugging the muzzle of the little cannon with one arm while he swabbed out the bore and rammed home the charge. Ike was swearing viciously with pain; but he worked with a swift ferocity just the same.

The barge was deeper in the water now, moving very slowly, filling fast despite Rab Heal's best efforts; she would not float long, and another discharge would make her open like a basket.

"Hold it, Dan!" Eben shouted. "We'll board! Drive her, boys! Drive her hard!"

THE long sweeps dug, bending like bows. The heavy barge seemed to leap ahead. Musket fire crackled along the bulwarks as they glided under her quarter, and Tom Field gave a choking cough and slumped forward over the handle of his sweep. Men with pikes and cutlasses appeared along the rail above them; but those men found themselves looking down into the very muzzle of the little gun. Someone screamed with terror, and the discharge riddled the bulwarks, sending splinters flying. Eben swung the barge in. Frank Bissell's oar dragged against the brig's side, the handle knocking him backward off the thwart. Rab Heal dropped the bailing piggin and caught up his great blunderbuss laid along the stern sheets; and suddenly they were all swarming up over the brig's rail.

From the time Captain Percy belatedly realized the reality of this incredible attack by eight men upon three times their number till the barge came alongside, not a quarter hour had passed. The first shot from the barge killed three men and crippled others. The second discharge of the little gun in the barge was as well aimed as the first, and one ball clipped Captain Percy above the ear a glancing blow that left him for a moment stunned. Lieutenant Rose was down with a musket ball through his body; so the survivors of the brig's crew,

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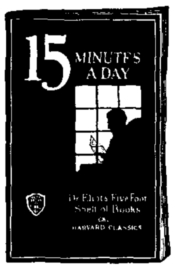

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most of them wounded, were left leaderless.

When the attackers scrambled aboard, there were not a dozen men left able to meet them. The last blast of musket balls had driven the brig's crew back from the bulwarks; two or three ran aft, four scuttled forward, some dived down the hatches, the rest were behind the nest of boats that the brig carried on deck amidships.

Thus scattered, there was no compactness in their resistance now. Rab Heal was the first man on deck, and his great blunderbuss belched its heavy load at the four men in the bows. Two of them went down. Frank Bissell with his brush hook and Don Sohier with that boarding knife brandished like a broadsword leaped around the longboat, driving the men there forward. Eben turned aft, a horse pistol in each hand. Smoke clouded in his face and something hit his ribs a bruising blow. The pistols jumped in his grip as he fired, and one of his own men came plunging past him with an ax swinging. There were shots and cries all around; and Eben flung his empty pistols, one after the other, at figures dimly seen.

Then a face appeared through the smoke in front of him, shouting commands; and Eben saw a bit of gold braid and thought contentedly that this was Captain Percy. He swung his fist hard into the man's mouth and saw him go down; and felt a curious disappointment because the other was beaten so easily. He stooped over him; but Captain Percy was choking and coughing, spitting teeth and blood, too shaken to rise and be hit again.

Eben looked around and realized that the fight was over. Those of the brig's crew still surviving had been driven below. The deck—save for dead men and wounded here and there—was won.

EBEN saw the hatches secured to keep the prisoners below. Poor Tom Field was dead in the barge alongside, now almost awash; and they lifted him aboard, and rigged a whip and swung the little cannon up to the brig's deck. The barge would float. They put it to tow astern; and a little breeze came on from the westward. That would delay any of the British war cruisers at Castine who might wish to inquire into this small gust of gunfire that had disturbed the dawn.

But, also, it would be a long business to work back into Belfast harbor against that breeze. Eben cut the cable and put the brig on the starboard tack, close-hauled, running down the bay; and he and the others took account of their hurts. Tom was dead, and Ike Hills had a bullet through his thigh, and all of them had lesser hurts; but the brig's crew had suffered sadly. There were five dead men on deck, and a dozen others too hurt to move. The Belfast men went to and fro among them, as gentle as women in their attendance now.

Eben kept the wheel till Turtle Head hid them from the view of the frigates at Castine, then called Dan Sohier. "Dan," he said, "you and the others take her into Lincolnville. Colonel Ulmer's there with the militia. Turn the prisoners over to him. I've got to get home."

Dan was surprised. "What for?"

Eben colored a little. "Something I got to tend to," he said curtly. They hove her to while the gig was lowered, then paid off again; and Eben rowed away toward shore and followed the lee back toward Amasa's farm.

ANNIE and Mary were on the beach waiting for him to land. They caught the boat's bow as it grounded, and Eben stood up and turned to step ashore; and Annie cried in swift, anxious question:

"Where's Joe, Eben?"

Eben looked past her at Mary in a stupid way. He looked at Annie. "Joe?" he repeated. "What Joe? Who you talking about?"

Annie stared at him. "Why—the English boy that they took! The one you went to get for me."

Eben said, "Gosh!" He looked down the bay, but the brig was gone out of sight. "I plumb forgot him, Annie," he confessed. "I guess he's all right. I don't know!"

"Forgot him?" Annie almost screamed with rage. "Forgot him? You blamed idjit, it was him you went after!"

But Eben shook his head then. "No, it wa'n't," he said. He turned strongly to Mary. "It was that captain that kissed you that I went after!" he said. "I hit him one in the mouth. He won't kiss anybody for a spell!"

Color flowed up Mary's throat and cheeks in a bright rising tide, and her eyes were warm. Then suddenly she slipped her hand through his arm. Annie stared at them; but they had forgotten Annie. They moved away from her up toward the house thus arm in arm.

Magic Pill

Continued from page 14

meals for those inflamed, protesting throats.

Patients tried to beg off the diet, which was worse than the disease. Spies paid no attention. He coaxed and cajoled patients. He sat beside their beds and poured that gagging mixture of milk and dried yeast into them, and coaxed them to eat raw vegetables. But when statistics were collected for that first batch of 125 patients Spies got his reward. Instead of 54 per cent of them dying, only 6 per cent had died!

But at Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, the institution maintained to treat Jefferson County's poor, they tried the diet treatment and reported that it didn't work. Pellagrans went right along dying at the same expected rate.

By the time this upsetting word arrived Spies had moved along to the University of Cincinnati Medical School, along with his superior, Dr. Marion Blankenhorn. The two of them talked it over and decided something had to be done. So Spies and his helpers went down to Birmingham.

He soon found why his diet hadn't worked. Nurses would leave the trays beside the beds of the pellagrans for them to eat or not as they chose. Enough of them refused to keep mortality rates at par. But when Spies arrived things changed. Once more he passed his electric enthusiasm along to the nurses and once more stuffed his patients like so many protesting geese. The mortality rate fell to exactly six per cent. Still, this wasn't the answer. Most nurses in most hospitals didn't have the time to work over those pellagrous wrecks to make them eat. And even if they did the poor wretches would probably return home, go back to old diets, and come down with the disease again. So this triumph of intellect and energy was pretty hollow after all. Then Spies got that word from Madison, Wisconsin, exciting enough to take the breath.

Up there a lank Norwegian American by the name of Conrad Arnold Elvehjem had been tinkering for months in his biochemical lab in the state university's college of agriculture.

Elvehjem and his co-workers, Madden, Strong and Woolley, had been working with dog pellagra. Oh, yes, dogs get it too, but it goes under the name of black tongue in the canine world.

Elvehjem and his group were working with newly weaned puppies. They would feed them on a pellagra-producing diet and in about a month the pups would have the disease. Their hair would stand on end, their mouths would get Turkey red and pretty soon they would be nothing more than a listless bag of bones.

This torture wasn't, however, purposeless. Hidden somewhere in yeast and liver extract, Elvehjem knew, lay the magic substance that would prevent this misery in dogs, and that other misery, pellagra, in human beings. But finding that elusive something was a job that required months, years and maybe decades of plodding, patient work. It was like this: One component substance in the liver extract would be separated. A little of it would be fed the sick puppies. If nothing happened, if the puppies went right on being sick, that fraction of liver extract would be discarded. The end of the job would come only when a fraction was found that would make them frisky and well.

Elvehjem and his helpers plodded along this apparently endless path: pulling off a new fraction, feeding it to the puppies, waiting for something to happen that didn't seem to want to happen. Then one day it did happen.

A new fraction was given a sick puppy. Within a day the animal's mouth was a normal color. He again had an appetite and was sitting up, interested in the strange life these strange men had devised for him. At this point the job was about over. Elvehjem and his helpers had solved what at one time looked to be an insoluble problem. Routine chemistry would complete the job.

As it turned out, the magic-working substance was nicotinic acid amide, a chemical cousin of the nicotine in tobacco. Straight nicotinic acid, a white crystalline substance, was found to work the same wonders that its amide worked. Puppies on the verge of death got a pill of this stuff and their throats magically cleared. They again wanted to eat. Within a few weeks' period most of them nearly doubled their weight.

But Was the Cure Poison?

Spies, watching over his brood of protesting pellagrans, got this glowing word. Nicotinic acid worked with black tongue! And black tongue and pellagra were the same disease. What would work on one would work on the other. But there was still another point. Maybe nicotinic acid was poisonous to man—like the mother substance, nicotine. Well, said Spies, there was only one way to find out.

He collected the group that had been living and breathing pellagra for those many months: Blankenhorn, the pleasant elder statesman and cautious clinician; Jean Grant, the dietitian who had juggled calories and vitamins into a pellagra-curing diet, and Dr. William Bennett Bean, 28, who was born to the leisurely ways of Virginia and presented a slow-motion contrast to the driving, tireless Spies.

Nicotinic acid, Spies said, would do the trick in dogs. And it would do it in men too, if it didn't poison them. Well, he said, there was only one way to find out. He passed around tablets of nicotinic acid and everyone took one, washing it down with a glass of water. Within a few moments each one's skin began to burn and itch. Then this passed away without any untoward reactions. The group was then ready to go to work on those nearly lifeless human wrecks who were suffering from pellagra.

At Cincinnati General Hospital and at Hillman Hospital in Birmingham nicotinic acid began to get its chance. One of the first cases was a 65-year-old Negress, who had acute pellagra. She had mental symptoms—imagined snakes were crawling over her—and refused nearly all food. What little she did swallow she could not retain. She was in a moribund condition and death couldn't have been more than a few hours off. In most cases nicotinic acid is given by mouth, but in this case it was administered by injection. Within sixteen hours slight improvement was noted. The patient got another shot of nicotinic acid. Four hours later redness and swelling in the mouth were gone. After a month of good diet she was released from the hospital, strong enough to walk several miles to her home.

To date something over a hundred acute cases have been treated in the two hospitals. At Duke University and at other places scores of cases have responded with dramatic suddenness. Among the patients at Birmingham and Cincinnati there have been no deaths from pellagra since nicotinic acid therapy was instituted. Complicating factors—cancer and intestinal obstruction, for example—have accounted for a few deaths, but the white crystals were never supposed to heal these things.

A Preventive and Cure

Meanwhile, another question has arisen. Nicotinic acid is pure magic for acute pellagra. It clears up that fearful lye-bitten rawness of the mucous membranes. It jolts victims back to clear-thinking consciousness.

Blankenhorn is working on a co-operative project that may hold the answer. With the Frontier Nursing Service, the organization that takes medical and nursing care to the Kentucky mountains, they are giving small weekly doses to mountain people subject to annual attacks of mild pellagra. The investigators are making no attempt to change the eating habits of these people.

If this experiment and another like it in Alabama that is being financed by the Macy, Rockefeller and Markle Foundations demonstrate that small amounts of inexpensive nicotinic acid will ward off the disease, the end will be near for this ancient killer. This work is entirely too new to be judged at present, but it is significant to note that no pellagra has appeared since the work began.

One question naturally arises. Will smoking, chewing or snuff-dipping supply this substance and ward off pellagra? The answer is no.

Exactly what this magic new drug is no one can say. It seems likely that nicotinic acid is a new vitamin that belongs in the B complex, which so far has a number of vitamins. At the moment everything indicates that pellagra is a multiple disease, which means that it is caused by the lack of a number of individual vitamins. Nicotinic acid will not, for example, cure the painful neuritis that so often accompanies the disease. Vitamin B_1 is needed for this job. Nor will it eradicate the patches of scaly skin. Good diet—or some as yet undiscovered factor in good diet—does this. But nicotinic acid clears up the mouth inflammation that formerly prevented eating. It is certainly the key to the acute problem. Could the Japanese chemists who discovered nicotinic acid in 1912 and regarded it only as a chemical curiosity have known the importance of those innocent-looking white crystals, tens of thousands of lives might have been saved by now. As it is, we can be thankful that their importance has finally been discovered. From now on no one need die from that devastating plague that strikes at the poor and badly nourished.

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Earmark These Dollars

WE HAVEN'T heard anybody who swings any weight objecting to the additional expenditures the President proposes for national defense, or carping over the extreme likelihood that extra taxes will have to be levied to get up the money.

As William James remarked in his great essay, "The Moral Equivalent of War," war taxes are the only taxes men never hesitate to pay. The same seems to be true of antiwar taxes, which we hope these will be.

But we have heard a number of thoughtful people worrying out loud as to whether all this money actually will be spent for national defense. And we think there is good ground for such worry.

A look at the gasoline tax record is sufficient warning. State after state, as automobiles began to multiply, adopted gasoline taxes—always with pious promises from the politicians that this money would never, never be used for any purposes except road building and maintenance. These promises in their bloom went up in the flume. Gasoline taxes have mounted, and the money is being used for every conceivable purpose, save only in states whose constitutions limit its use to highway purposes. New York State has reached a point where more than half the gasoline tax revenues go for nonhighway expenses, with its leading politicians now piously assuring the public that this is perfectly all right.

Well, as we all know, the federal budget is desperately out of balance and balance day is not in sight.

What is to prevent the government from collecting these "defense" taxes, then spending only part of the money for defense, and soaking the rest of it into relief, debt service, or new WPA bridges or post office buildings at points where New Deal loyalties are wearing thin?

There is nothing to prevent it if the Hopkins-Corcoran brand of New Dealers get a free hand in spending the defense tax money. And, while we think the President's honesty and good intentions are beyond dispute, there are plenty of New Deal heavy economic thinkers who argue very plausibly that any spending that builds up the country's general health in any way is a spending for national defense. Bunk, of course, but persuasive bunk.

You might try sometime to deduct on your income tax returns money spent for gym or athletic club or golf work that keeps you fit enough to earn an income for the government to tax, and see how far you get, absolutely true though your contention may be.

"Defense" taxes should be earmarked for actual defense measures—for more ships, more sailors, more soldiers, more guns, more fighting planes. There is grave danger that they will not be so earmarked unless public opinion forces them to be; grave danger that we shall be taxed extra for national defense and get less than we pay for.

The best way to guard against this is for large numbers of us to write our congressmen and senators requesting that they insist on proper earmarking of the defense taxes and the revenues those taxes bring in. Or you might direct your letter or post card to Chairman, House Ways and Means Committee, Washington, D. C.; or to Chairman, Senate Finance Committee, same town. Or to save the labor of writing a letter, you might just clip this editorial from Collier's and mail it to them.

Legal Clinics

LIKE the doctors, the lawyers have begun recently to talk about ways and means of extending their services to people who need them but can't pay customary fees. Extended arguments on the subject have been going on in both the American Bar Association and the Lawyers' Guild.

The best opinion among the attorneys and counselors appears to favor establishment of "legal clinics" or "legal aid bureaus" along group-practice lines, fees for all services to be insisted on but kept moderate, and care to be taken not to inch over into the field of the legal aid societies that furnish legal service free.

From the lawyers' point of view, the juiciest remark yet to come out of the discussion is this one, by an A.B.A. committee surveying the possibilities: "The aggregate of business thus uncovered will, we feel, be so largely from new sources that lawyers, in general, would gain rather than lose thereby."

The group practitioners would be selected by responsible lawyer committees in each community. They would be mainly lawyers who, though entirely competent, are not making much money under the present system of catch-as-catch-can. It is notorious that the legal profession is so overcrowded that plenty of lawyers are hard put to it to keep looking presentable, let alone to make decent livings.

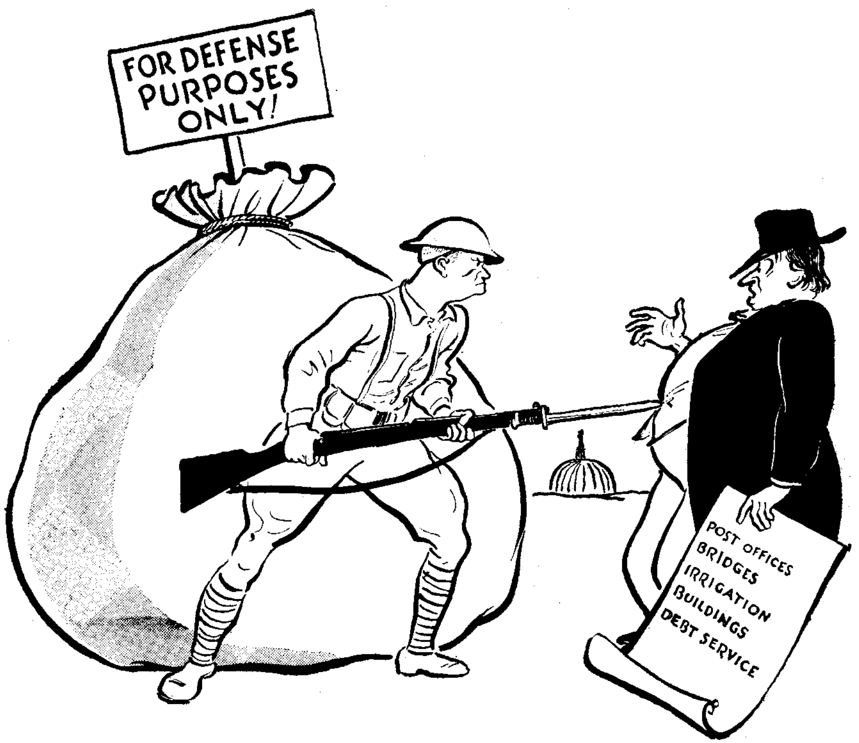
From what we've read and heard of the "legal clinic" idea, it seems most desirable, and we hope it may get somewhere—for at least two reasons.

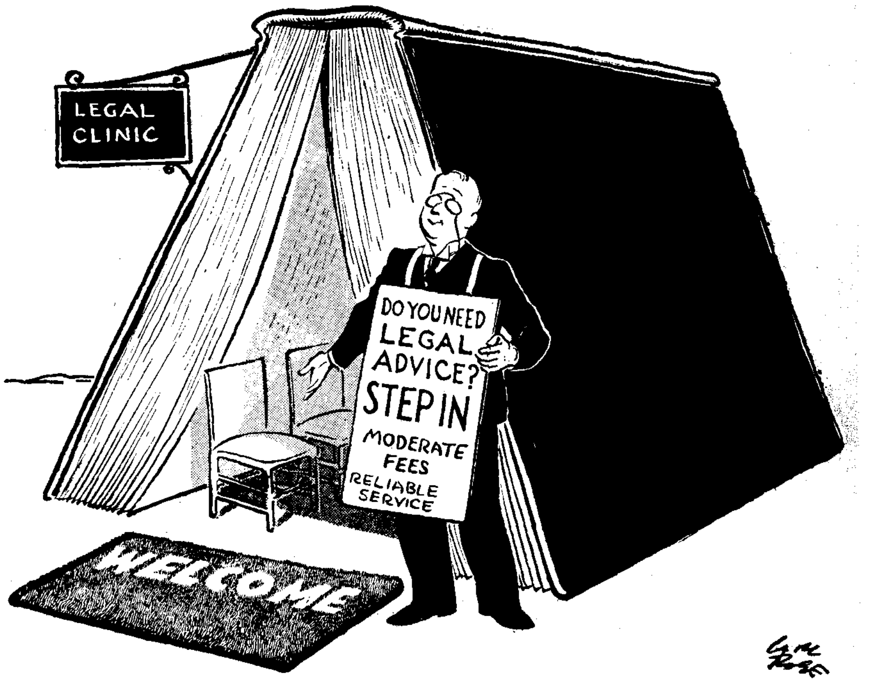
For one, there are innumerable poor people who are forever getting involved in legal mix-ups having to do with wills, leases, bills of sale, wage and rent disputes, garnishments, alimony, attachments, installment-plan repossess proceedings, chattel mortgages, and occasionally criminal law. Competent legal help at prices they can meet ought to be available to these people.

For another reason, the overcrowding in the legal profession has forced many a lawyer into shyster habits, and the general public knows this only too well, and so the general public thinks less and less of the legal profession. The "legal clinic" idea looks as if it offered a chance for the lawyers to kill two birds with one stone—render an important public service and clean house pretty thoroughly.

And now that that's said, here's a free ad for the lawyers: Have you had your will drawn up by a competent lawyer? Do you know and understand what is in your lease, the purchase contract covering your car, the insurance policies on the car, the mortgage on your house in case you own or are buying a house? Do you know ALL your rights and liabilities regarding that note at the bank—or, perhaps more important still, that note you endorsed for a friend in an expansive and maybe expensive moment? And so on and so forth.

If you don't know these things, better make connections with a reliable lawyer. The ideal society would be one without need for lawyers; but we're a long way from that. Meanwhile, all of us need the services of one of these "social physicians," as they call themselves, from time to time. And anything that can be done to raise their average standard will benefit all of us.





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If you are "choosy" about the whiskey you buy, it's likely you have become familiar with one or more of the Glenmore brands ...each a leader in its field, each shares in the proud tradition of Glenmore's 66 years of making fine Kentucky Whiskies. Ask for a Glenmore whiskey when you buy.

The Glenmore Colonel...symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies. Look for him when you want the assurance of quality.

Glenmore

DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE · OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
James Walker—Independent Buyer
—has smoked Luckies for 10 years.
LIBERTY
WAREHOUSE
TOBACCO
A Merry Christmas
LUCKY STRIKE
200
20s
Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

TOBACCOLAND'S FINEST GIFT

Favorite of America's Independent Tobacco Experts

[illegible], The American Tobacco Company

CIGARETTES! An ever-welcome gift! But certainly you want to give the *best.* To be certain of this, give Luckies. For sworn records show that, among *independent* tobacco experts...auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen...Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together.

And, *only* Luckies give you the throat protection of the exclusive "Toasting" process. Toasting takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat.

Sworn Records Show That **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**